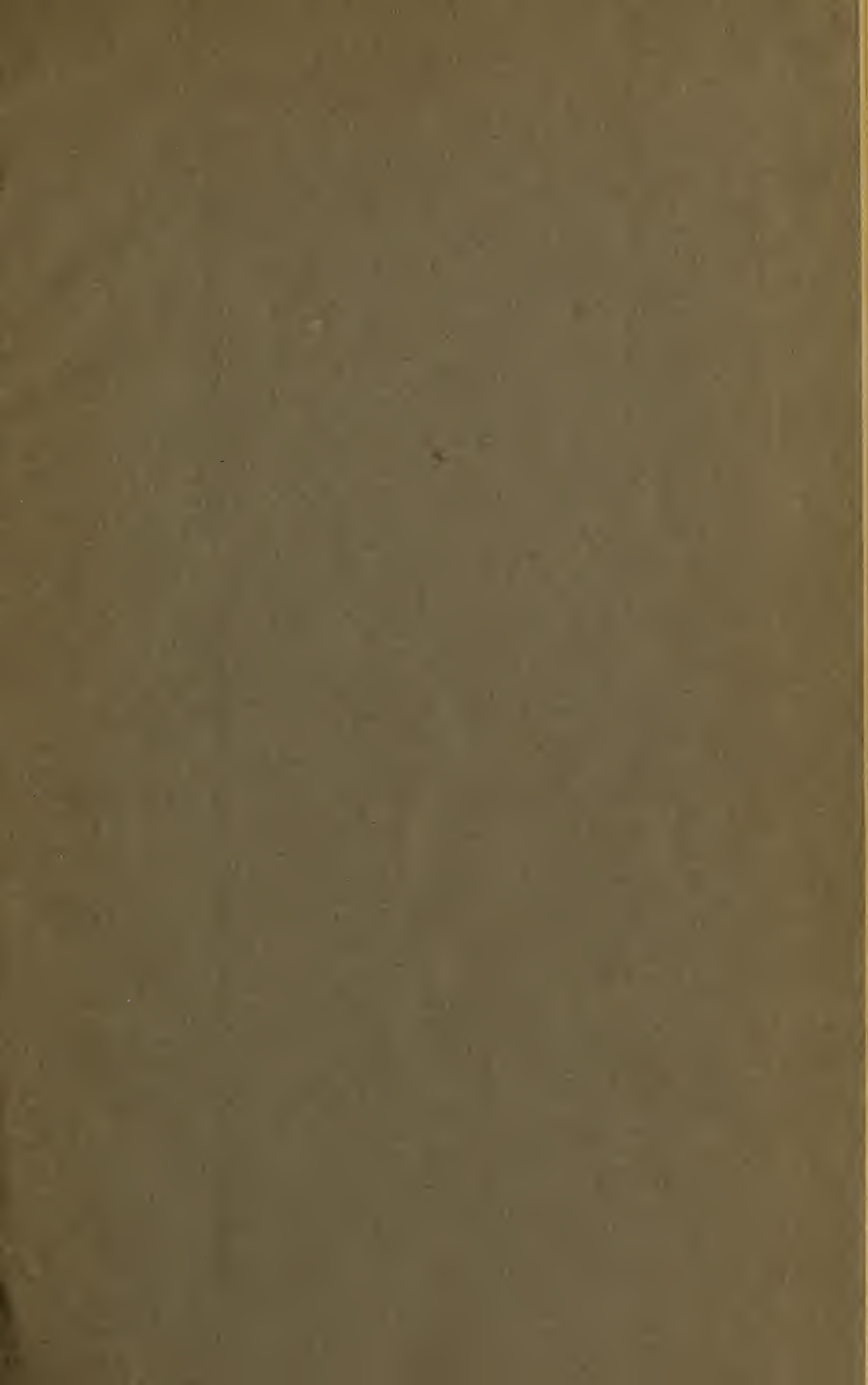


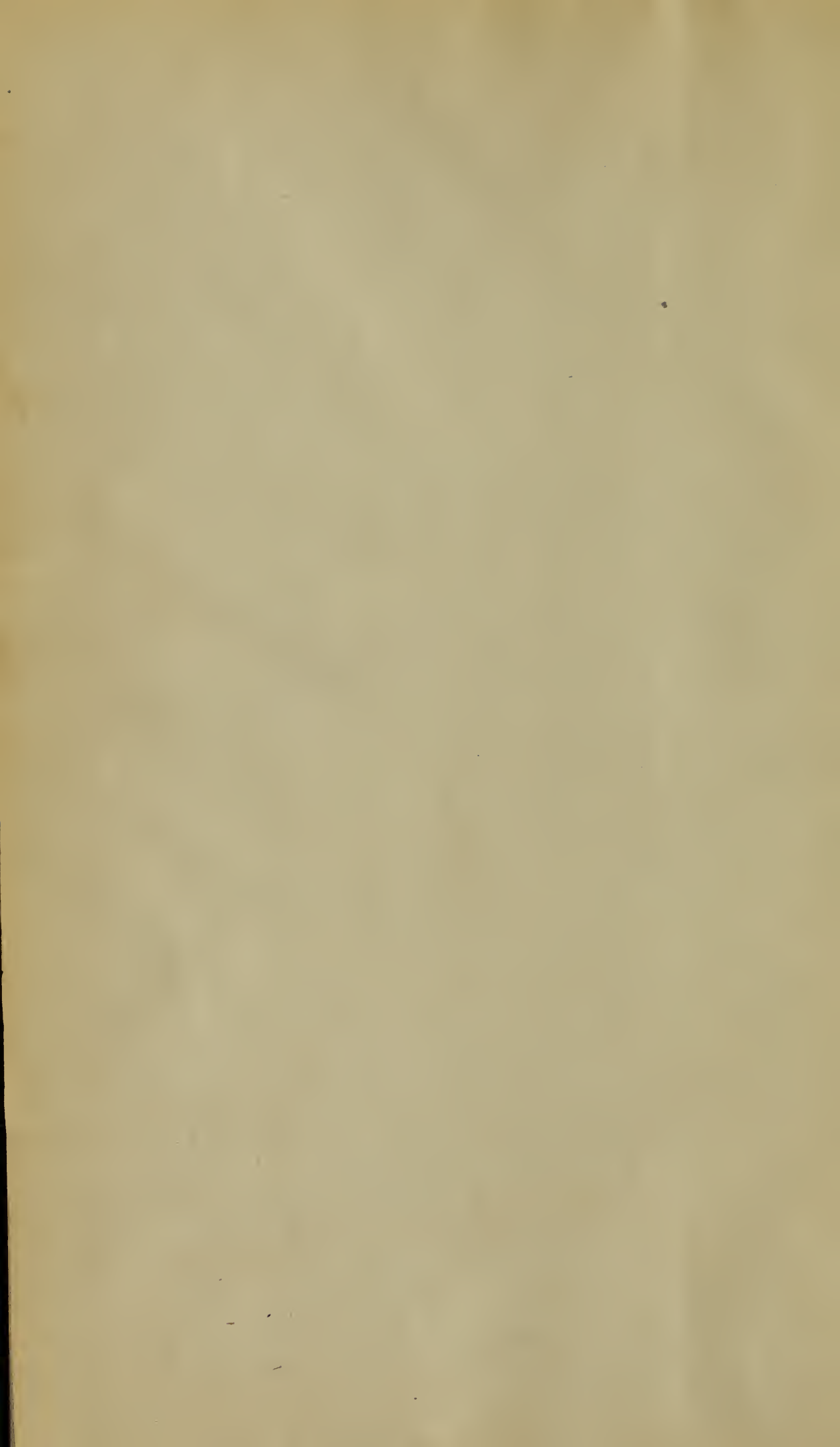
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Vol. 16

DECEMBER, 1916

No. 1

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EDITORIAL

Some day, before many years, we shall be citizens of the United States. When that time comes is it not our duty to exert ourselves to meet the requirements of ideal citizenship? During the recent campaign we have read speeches and articles by party politicians, condemning their opponents. We have heard dozens of men state for whom they intend to vote and many more praise a certain candidate in exalting terms. But did these people, ourselves among them, express their opinions because in their hearts they felt the man of their choice to be the best, the most honorable, and capable of making the most efficient leader of the people? Does the average man take his citizenship seriously? Does he say to himself, "I am voting for this man because I honestly believe he will fill this office to the best advantage?"

Election has been a subject for discussion everywhere. We, in Rogers Hall, have been interested in local as well as national affairs. We have elected our Council, which in turn has elected its president. We flatter ourselves we have done a good job. That done, is our duty over? This seems to be the aspect taken by a surprisingly large number of girls. If a man has voted according to his conscience, does that give him the right to break the law after election is over? How fine it would be if each one of us would remind herself that citizenship in Rogers Hall is a privilege. Opportunities are given us daily, that we may exercise keen judgment, but too frequently they seem so unimportant and trivial that we pass them by, scarcely knowing they exist.

We are subject to few restrictions, our constitution is liberal, and each girl is expected to use her own discretion and common sense in interpreting it. It is only just that for infringements of the law we should suffer.

Intelligent, honorable citizens are wanted. There is no place for any other kind. The old girls know this; let us new girls try to absorb this ideal more and more. Then together

we can all resolve to appreciate each girl at her true worth, that we may continue to elect our representatives with regard to their efficiency, and strive to make our community an example of good government, creditable citizenship, and unity of purpose—to educate ourselves to be worthy citizens of Rogers Hall and when the time comes, of the United States.

ESTHER H. WATROUS

DESTRUCTION

The fire alarm had sounded five minutes before and now we were all standing, shivering, on the old stone bridge which crossed the Oriskany.

Less than fifty yards away the gristmill was rapidly becoming a charred ruin. The flames were lighting up the sky in all directions and the brilliant light cast lurid shadows on the snow-covered ground. Below, the water's blanket of ice was tinted a glorious pink and the banks of snow reflected the same vivid shade. The crowd, standing near enough to feel the excessive warmth of the fire, moved slightly as the heat became more intense. Their faces reflected the flame color as did the other surroundings. The flames mounted higher, extending their colors still farther into the darkness. Then a murmur of excitement was audible, the crowd became tense, there was a noticeable feeling of suspense—then the great beams of the building toppled over in a smoking, crumbling heap.

The old mill, one of the early landmarks of the town, was now a thing of the past, but a more beautiful way of complete destruction could not be found.

ESTHER H. WATROUS

CONSIDER THE TRAMP

Consider the tramp in his tatters,

Consider the king in his robe ;

And tell me what thing of earth matters

While one can be king of the road.

Pavilions may stretch o'er the monarch,

But when come the first days of June,

I'd far rather be by the wayside

'Neath the warm mellow light of the moon.

Can't you see how the spirits are trooping

Through meadows where starshine gleams fair ?

When Spring beckons flowers from dreamland,

To be here, is to want to be there ?

In the city, grey, dim, and forbidding,

From my cell of a house I gaze far

Through the streets over factory buildings,

Where through thick yellow smoke gleams a star.

Could I follow it over the river

Through the glamour and gleam of the night,

I should come to the haunt of all Beauty,

By the clear, moss-lined stream of Delight.

Has it sung through your dreams, dull-eyed workers,

Oh you kings, do you know what you've lost ?

If you did you would give all your treasures

For a glimpse of the moonlight's hoar frost.

You'd give wealths of the world for a sunset,

Alone by the sea with your God,

But convention has crowned you with customs,

And has dubbed you a tool and a clod.

You may sing of the world's many toilers,

Whom grim lust has placed behind bars,

But save your best thoughts for the vagrant

Who sings by the light of the stars.

KATHRYN KENNEY

THE MIRACLE OF ST. JOHN

“The blind shall see, and the lame shall walk.” The child thought of these words very often as he climbed up the long, steep hill. The road was so rough and dusty, and the sun so unusually hot—would he ever reach the top? Every step seemed an effort, and he had to stop frequently to rest. His leg ached terribly, and it was no wonder, for never before had he ever dared walk as far as this. Why, he must have walked miles and miles since he had left his grandmother’s cottage, early that morning! It made him feel very sorry that he had to run away in this fashion, but what else was there to do? Had he told her his plan, she would never have allowed him to go. But she would forgive him everything when he returned, he felt sure. And the hope came back into the boy’s eyes, and he smiled, happily to himself, as he thought again of grandmother’s story about the wonderful hill which he was now climbing.

Many, many years ago, long before grandmother was born, a strange man, dressed in strange garments, had appeared in the village. Nobody knew why he had come or what he did, for every morning, except Sundays, he disappeared very early, and did not return to the village until nightfall. The evenings and Sundays he spent visiting and comforting the sick, and doing good wherever he went. The people learned to love him and trust him, and go to him with all their troubles. No one knew what his real name was, but some one had chanced to remark that he looked like St. John, so ever after he went by that name. One evening, after he had lived in the village for about two years, he gathered all the people about him, and addressed them thus:

“My people, ever since my presence among you, you have all been most kind and courteous to me. Never have you pried into my affairs or done anything to hurt me. These last two years I have spent in building you a church, which lies at the very top of yonder hill, entirely concealed from the eyes

of the world. To-morrow I must leave you, and probably shall never see you again, but I beg you all to go to my church next Sunday.'"

The people were all very sad to hear that St. John had to leave them, and they all promised to attend his church. The next morning St. John was gone, and the village seemed very lonely without him.

That following Sunday all the villagers, men, women and children, climbed up the hill to keep their promise to St. John. The old and feeble were helped by their relatives or friends, and not a soul remained in the village. When they had all reached the summit, they discovered the church hidden in a great thicket of trees. Old Adam Morris, the oldest man among them, led the way in. There, way down in the front of the church was a life size picture of St. John. The people all ran forward and knelt before it and prayed. And a strange thing happened. Mary Green, who had been born blind, and who had instinctively knelt down with the other people, discovered that, at last, she could see. The lame discovered that they could walk, and the sick and feeble became well and strong. What a rejoicing there was, and what a thanksgiving!

As the child pictured this scene, an eager and determined look came to his eyes, and he started forward again with renewed effort. On and on he plodded, glancing up to the summit to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the church. Visions came to him of seeing himself run down the hill like other boys instead of always slowly limping down. He thought of all the games in which he could share, of how, too, he could help his grandmother instead of being a burden to her, and nobody could laugh at him any more or mock him. With these thoughts in his mind, he gradually climbed to the top of the hill. He almost ran to the thicket of trees. Yes, there was the church, just as grandmother had pictured it, old and shabby looking, but the boy did not stop to notice that. Opening the door quickly he stepped inside. There, hung upon the walls were the crutches which had been left there by the lame people, who having prayed before St. John's picture found themselves able to walk. But the boy's gaze was drawn toward the front of

the church, to the picture. With a cry of joy he ran forward with one last supreme effort, knelt before the picture and prayed.

Late that night they found him there, lying before the beautiful picture of St. John. Upon his little face, soiled and swollen with weeping, there was a look of utter tragedy and despair. The age of miracles was past.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF

CHRISTMAS

The very best of holidays
Which come throughout the year,
Is Chris'mas-tide with gifts an' things,
With dolls an' jumping-jacks on strings;
And lots an' lots of cheer.

I like the prickly holly,
The greens an' mistletoe;
The tree with shiny balls so bright,
That glisten in the candle-light;
And outdoors, drifts of snow.

I like to poke the bundles
Before I go to bed,
An' wonder if I'll get a clown,
Jus' like the one I saw down-town,
Dressed up in white an' red.

I like to see the pig's head,
All decked with garlands gay,
The flaming pudding full of plums,
The mince pies, even to the crumbs,
We have each Chris'mas Day.

An' when the dinner 's over,
I watch the Yule-log burn,
'Til, as at sunset it dies down,
In comp'ny with my new clown,
I once more bedward turn.

ELLEN BURKE

ON WITH THE DANCE!

It was a warm spring afternoon. The leaves were just coming out on the trees and a faint, greenish haze had spread itself over the shrubs and bushes during the night. From my position between two fond mothers, I watched the ten little boys and the ten little girls of the "Lebanon Junior Dancing Class" perform. A soft breeze blew in through the window, gently ruffling the hair of the ten little boys, who stood in a straggling line on one side of the room. On the other side sat the ten little girls, beruffled and beribboned within an inch of their young lives.

Above the shuffling sound of small, awkward feet, and the discordant tune of the piano; above the rustle of little girls fluttering their fans, and the husky whispers of proud mothers, the teacher's voice rang out monotonously.

"One, two, three! step, slide and together! One, two, three step, slide and to—, Master Rhodes, you are not keeping time to the music! You should begin with your left foot, now! One, two, thr—no, no, no! Master Rhodes, you are using your right foot again! Try once more. One, two, three! step, sli—Master Rhodes, which is your left foot?"

Master Rhodes, thus questioned, gazed thoughtfully out of the window. The teacher repeated her query and he looked back at her. After a moment of hesitation he said:

"Th—this one."

He stuck out a slender, slippered foot for her inspection.

She looked at him despairingly.

"No, no! the other one!"

Master Rhodes sighed, but showed no other signs of chagrin. He glanced wearily at the pianist and then his gaze reverted to the open window.

"Dear Roderick," murmured the lady at my right. "He is a child with a delicate, high-strung, nervous temperament. Miss Luther does not understand him, but he is so patient! So sweet, so kind to animals!"

There rose to my mind the vision of Roderick as I had first seen him: a trowsled, excited juvenile, the central figure of a

crowd of boys, engaged in tying a tomato can to the tail of a stray cat. Somehow Mrs. Rhodes' statement did not seem to coincide.

Again I contemplated the scene before me. The little boys had sat down and their places were taken by the little girls. Gracefully they balanced first to the right, then to the left. The little boys watched them pityingly. They, too, despite their sex, were companions in misery. The teacher clapped her hands; the music stopped and the little girls resumed their seats.

For a few minutes there was a dead and unreal silence; even the fond mothers had stopped their whispering. Then:

"Young gentlemen, take partners for the waltz."

The little boys all made a rush for a slender little girl, whose fluffy, light curls were topped by a big, blue bow. Roderick and another little boy reached her first. The little girl hesitated; then with a sudden sweep of his arm, Roderick pushed the other boy aside, and made a deep, correct bow to the little girl. But the other boy was not to be so unceremoniously ignored. The next instant he had a long lock of Roderick's hair in a tight grasp.

Roderick's howls drew the attention of the teacher. She came quickly to the scene of disaster and with a single movement of her hand, she loosened the grasp on Roderick's hair. Then she turned to the other little boy.

"There is no excuse for this, Master Lang. I will see you after the class. Go and dance with Miss Cox," and she indicated a pale, spectacled, little girl, who was sitting alone in one corner.

Sulkily, Master Lang advanced towards Miss Cox.

"She says we gotta dance," I overheard him announce in a sullen voice, "C'm on."

The music started and they began to dance. All the little boys wore a look of anguish on their faces as they piloted the little girls around the room in a stiff waltz.

So I watched the members of the "Lebanon Junior Dancing Class" as they waltzed and two-stepped away the golden hours of a fresh, spring afternoon, and I thought how I, too, had toiled through the perplexities of those steps, until now I was ready to say, "On with the dance!"

ELLEN BURKE

FRIENDS

The Man was restless. The endless round of gaieties, teas, dances, civilized affairs was palling upon him. The voice of the open called to him with irresistible appeal. He would go to the heart of the woods and find Life, real Life as he had known it when a boy. For a companion he took The Dog, The Dog that always understood and never complained. They left the hot city together; The Man breathed a sigh of relief, The Dog sighed too, partly because he always did what The Man did, and partly because he, too, was glad to leave.

They both loved the Life, it was new to both, yet old to both. They lived in a log cabin and shared one bed. The Man cooked, but The Dog always did his part; he dragged home big, dry branches, which The Man chopped up for firewood, he could kill small game with his fine, strong teeth and bring it back. The two shared and shared alike, in enjoyment as well as work. They ate together, walked together, and took their morning swim together.

One morning the lake was cold, and when The Dog, first this time, went in, he whined and came out and told The Man in the language which both understood that they should not go in. But The Man did not listen, and, in spite of the pleading look in The Dog's eyes, he went in and swam, even a little longer than usual, a little farther than usual. When he came out he was chilled, so he went up to the cabin and drank some hot coffee and tried to imagine he felt all right.

The two went to bed as usual, but The Man tossed all night long and muttered in his sleep, and in the morning he did not get up. He did not even know The Dog, but looked at him with strange, unseeing eyes. At noon The Dog went out, and he did not come back till late in the evening, but when he came, it was with food. The Man was ravenous and seized it and ate it. For over a week The Man lay sick, and for over a week The Dog stole food, and sat by his master and licked his feverish head and hands. Then The Man grew better and knew The Dog. Soon

he sat up, and then got up, but he was still too weak to do much so The Dog continued to steal, and to bring water up from the lake, now at The Man's bidding. One morning The Man said, "Tomorrow I shall cook our meals again and we will pay for the things you have stolen," and The Dog understood. He started on his last journey as usual, but it grew dark and he did not come back; The Man became worried, stood at the door, stared into the night and called, but The Dog did not come. He couldn't go to find him, for he was still too weak, and he did not know the way, so he just stood and waited, and waited.

Very late in the night he saw The Dog coming slowly; The Man cried out to him in his joy, and told him to hurry. But The Dog gave no sign of having heard, just came on slowly and dropped at The Man's feet with a howl, and lay still. The Man saw blood on The Dog's white coat—he had been shot through the breast. He bent over him but it was too late. Once The Dog opened his eyes, glazed with pain, and looked for the last time at the heartbroken man, The Man, who loved "not dogs, but A Dog."

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

To-day when the first bit o' sun
Touched the mountains with purpling glory,
I thought of the lass that I won
In the land of girls, goblins, and story.

Then two soft Irish blue eyes,
And a song that is brimful of blarney—
My thoughts fly away to the skies,
While my heart goes back to Killarney.

KATHRYN KENNEY

A STUDIO IN McDOUGAL ALLEY

Washington Square, at one time the most fashionable residential district of New York, has in recent years become the most Bohemian quarter of the city, the haunt of artists, sculptors, musicians, and poets. The Square, bordering on the Italian district is frequented by picturesque people roaming the streets and they made me thrill with a delicious fear lest I be pounced upon by a desperate Italian with his tiny jewelled stiletto. Thank fortune, I was spared this awful experience!

While in this extremely interesting portion of New York, I had an opportunity to visit one of the almost numberless studios in the famous artists' street known as "McDougal Alley." Most of the studios were originally stables of old residences on the Square; the one that I visited was of this nature and belonged to the sculptor, Miss W——.

We entered the studio by a large wooden door which had huge iron hinges to swing upon and a curious old knocker for ornament. Miss W—— herself ushered us in, and to my surprise she was not at all the romantic artist type I had pictured. I had always thought of an artist as being tall and angular, with dark hair rather promiscuously caught up, a gayly colored smock, and about her neck some quaint little piece of jewelry. On the contrary Miss W——, rather short and square of build, had light brown hair, carelessly done up, wore a soiled blouse, a tweed skirt, and some shabby shoes which were, I am sure, only selected for comfort.

After examining the sculptor from head to foot, I turned my attention to her surroundings. The studio was one very large room with a high ceiling which conveyed to my mind the interior of a junk shop, for the room was filled with everything conceivable. The walls were hung with heavy hangings and queer paintings; a great deal of furniture of the massive type was strewn about giving the appearance of the Middle Ages. In one corner there was a piano, a couch that, I imagine, was made into a bed at night, and a table containing a large lamp and piled high with books, pictures, and little sculptured images.

To one side was a partition beyond which, I later learned, was the kitchen; in another corner was what I deemed the studio proper, filled with Miss W——'s clay models; modeling board and numerous bronzes, weird little figures and statuettes of women, young boys and dancers. None of her work is life size. One figure which particularly appealed to me was that of a boy kneeling with a peacock caught in his arms. It was extremely odd because of the subject as well as the fact that it was vividly painted. All Miss W——'s work is of the most fantastic nature and it reminded me of the figures in the Russian Ballet. Very little in the room escaped my notice, for this was a new experience for me, consequently I was not going to miss any of it. In my endeavor to see everything I only hope that I was not rude.

During our visit a young girl came, who I judged was a struggling artist that Miss W—— was helping. She came nearer to being my ideal artist, for she wore a long smock, arranged her dark hair more as I would have her and spoke very broken English. She immediately made herself at home and began to play with a large black mother cat and her one small kitten, which to our amusement, she fed from a spoon. Neither Miss W—— nor her fellow artist seemed to be very busy, and I wondered when they did their best work and if their existence was always so apparently purposeless. Miss W—— has had many honors in the annual exhibits in New York and other cities. As I sat there watching her move idly about her studio modeling with her strong, stubby fingers a small lump of clay into the figure of the playing kitten, I wondered if this was the way a real artist worked instead of with the feverish intensity of which we read in novels.

DORIS M. JONES

THE SHIP THAT PASSED

In the harbor the great expanse of water lay quiet and motionless. As far as the human eye could see, not an object stirred. Suddenly a tiny speck appeared on the horizon, which gradually grew larger and larger until it took the shape of a ship. As it neared the harbor, it appeared to be empty and to float

unguided along the top of the water rather than to plough its way through the water. At last the name could almost be seen. It seemed to spell Education. On looking closer it changed to Genius, then to Ambition. But when the ship sailed into the harbor, the name was clearly seen to be Ceaseless Effort.

Two men stood on the deck. One of them climbed down a small rope ladder on the side of the boat to the dock where a young girl stood watching the proceedings with interest.

She raised her eyes to look at the man, then spoke to him a bit shyly perhaps, but unhesitatingly.

"Where has this strange ship come from?"

"We come from the 'Land of Success.'" The sailor spoke with a strange aloofness which stirred a queer feeling of awe in the girl.

"Are you here to stay?" Inquired the girl.

"No, we shall return in a fortnight with a certain number of persons from here who have the required qualifications for the journey. It is a hard, rough trip and even the picked ones do not always reach their destination."

As the man spoke, a desire to return in the ship was inspired in the girl.

"Is it a pleasant place? Tell me something about it, please. I should love to go back in the ship with you."

The sailor glanced sharply at the girl.

"Yes, it is a very beautiful place, this 'Land of Success.' Happiness, virtue and beauty dwell there in abundance. It is lovely all the time."

"Do you think I have the required qualifications to return in the ship?" The girl asked this anxiously.

"Come with me on the ship and the captain will give you the examination."

The girl followed eagerly. The sailor left her with the captain. A little later she came out of the cabin with a happy smile on her face.

"I am returning with you in a fortnight," she said simply.

"I am glad to hear that," the sailor replied. "You must be here the night before as we are likely to leave before day-break."

"I'll be here," and she moved happily away.

In the evening, thirteen days later, the girl was ready to leave. She left for the harbor alone as it was still light. On her way she met a very old friend, a man who had once loved her, who was curious to know where she was going. He asked many questions which the girl tried to answer.

"But why do you go aboard so early if the ship doesn't leave until dawn? It is only seven o'clock now."

"Yes, I know, but I can't be out alone after dark, and I must be aboard sometime tonight."

"Well, if that's all that bothers you, all right. Now I want to take you to a little dance, and as this is probably the last time I'll see you for ages, it's only right that you should give your consent to go with me. I'll get you down to the boat in plenty of time. Will you go with me?"

The girl hesitated, but the man pleaded with her, picturing the dance so vividly that at last she gave her consent to go.

As this was their last night together, they tried to have as gay a time as possible. The enchanting music seemed to cast a spell over them, as they danced and danced. The hours flew past. It was not until the clock struck midnight that the girl, stopping short in the middle of a dance, remembered the ship waiting in the harbor.

The girl rushed from the ballroom and was half way down the stairs when the man caught up with her. He begged her to stay for just one more dance. At first she would not listen to his entreaties, but he was so eager that at last she yielded. The one dance lapsed into a second and still they lingered for a third before the girl at last tore herself from temptation and left for the harbor.

They hurried down as quickly as possible, but it was too late. The ship had gone. Far out on the sea of opportunity a faint red glimmer of light was seen, which gradually grew dimmer and dimmer until at last it disappeared entirely.

JEANNETTE RODIER

SCHOOL NEWS

THE OLD GIRLS' DANCE FOR NEW GIRLS

October 6th—

I should be willing to wager that it will be quite a long time before a new girl forgets October the sixth. Of course, we had all heard a lot about the New Girls' Dance but we hadn't the faintest idea what it was going to be like.

Right after dinner each old girl hunted up her charges and we went over to the Gym. First of all we had a grand march and each new girl was presented with a rose, either red or yellow according to the club to which her partner belonged. At first we stood around against the wall waiting for "bids" to dance, but soon we were flying around getting dances for ourselves and acting perfectly at home. Soon everybody stopped dancing and rushed for one corner. There could be only one possible explanation—"eats." After we had consumed as much ice cream, orange ice, and cakes as possible, we danced some more and then it was time to tell Miss Parsons what a wonderful time we had had. It's funny that every party is just lots nicer than the one before, but it's true, now isn't it?

HANNAH McCONKEY

ROBIN'S HILL PICNIC

October 7th—

"Look at the funny-shaped hedge!" To be sure it was, for looming up before us on the road was a massive evergreen hedge with cornucopia-shaped figures, jutting out from the top. Through a crevice in the hedge, one would expect to see a wonderful English estate but instead a quiet, simple New England home nestled very near the ground, apparently desiring seclusion behind this great barrier.

We had left school about an hour before and now after a "jiggly" ride on an open car, we were wending our way up a long, winding road. The brilliant autumn foliage bedecked the road on both sides, and oh such apple trees! For once in our lives we made thieves of ourselves as well as pigs, but picnickers are privileged characters! We were not pardoned, however, by "friend farmer" when we proceeded to climb his stone wall in order to reach the top of the hill. Some in our midst, who had spent the summer riding around in cars and lounging leisurely on front verandas, soon began puffing and declaring that the hill was worse than the Alps in Switzerland.

The fun began in earnest when fifty girls tried to roast "hot dogs" all at one time and were at last forced to stand in line to procure their meal, which consisted of a bun and between it either bacon or a "hot dog" with always a dab of mustard and a pickle on the side. Shrieks went up when the time came to boil the corn, for the smoke from the manufactured stove was blowing in everyone's face. A few people were found in tears, not real tears for they were having too good a time, but just because the heat from the different fires was too much for them. Knives and forks were unknown implements and all of us used our fingers for everything, creole cake and all. A marshmallow fight ensued soon after, which furnished great amusement and was almost the cause of one girl's falling off the ladder to the tower. You ask what is the tower? It is a regular high tower with a long ladder leading up to a lookout, where a man is stationed to watch the surrounding country for forest fires. "Come on up; the scenery is great," called down one, but the ascent is more easily said than done, and oh the sensation of coming down! With our excellent bravery acquired from the hockey field, many summoned enough courage to climb up.

"Will every girl please bring me her coffee cup, and will some of you put out that fire over there?" 'T was a sad utterance for these words betokened the dreadful summons to go. Hills have a peculiar way of being more easily descended than ascended and Robin's Hill is no exception. We gradually reached the bottom where the car met us and took a pretty tired though satisfied lot of girls, back to school. DORIS M. JONES

THE DRIVE TO CONCORD AND LEXINGTON

October 14th—

On Saturday, the fourteenth of October, most of the school clad in heavy coats and furs started out for Lexington and Concord. It was a clear, sunny day and we went over some pretty country roads. Upon reaching Lexington we drove by the famous Lexington "Green," where the monument of the minutemen stands. Then we went on to Concord where we passed the Louisa Alcott House, next to which stands the Hawthorne House. A little farther we came to the place where Concord grapes were first grown. Then we drove to the battle ground—

“Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

Some of the cars drove to Sleepy Hollow Burying Ground where Emerson and Thoreau and many other well-known men are buried. On the way home we stopped to read a memorial to Paul Revere, stating that it was on this road that he was taken prisoner by the British after his famous ride.

Our drive back was a cold one and the girls were glad to find chocolate served in the pantry. ELIZABETH AKEROYD

THE HARVARD-CORNELL GAME

October 28th—

We were to start for Cambridge at one o'clock. When one o'clock arrived, we all went outside, full of hopes and very much excited, eager to get on our way. Everyone was bundled up in sweaters, heavy coats, and furs, and some of the girls had steamer rugs flung over their arms.

We waited and waited and waited and the automobiles did not come. When they did come at twenty minutes of two, we were ready to start. Miss Orcutt took the lead in her car and we went tearing down Nesmith Street at a pace that surely showed we were making up for lost time.

The noises that issued from the engine and other parts of the car which I was in were terrible. The motion of the machine was most peculiar too. First it went tearing ahead at a great pace, then suddenly it almost stopped. Such things as railroad crossings, "thank-you-mams," or ditches were considered as mere details by our driver, and he went speeding over them at the same reckless rate regardless of the comfort of us poor occupants, who went bouncing from our seats at each incline or decline of the road.

We had driven seven or eight miles when the most peculiar noise greeted our ears; the bumps in the road seemed to come more frequently and we soon knew we had a flat tire. After a short delay on the roadside, we secured a car from a nearby garage. We discovered that this machine was a vast improvement on the other. It sent out no noises and was most comfortable.

The rest of the drive to Cambridge was delightful and we arrived at the stadium a little after three. The score was then nine to nothing in favor of Harvard, which pleased the "Crimson" enthusiasts immensely.

The game was most exciting. First Harvard had the ball, then Cornell. At one time the Cornell cheerers felt sure of a touchdown but the Harvard team pushed the Cornellians back and got the ball. Some very brilliant playing was done on both sides and excellent team work was shown. The entire crowd fairly held their breath when the Harvard team was on the point of making a touchdown. When the last white line had been passed, a general pandemonium reigned; some were joyful and others downcast. The final score, twenty-three to nothing in favor of Harvard, was rather unexpected as Cornell beat Harvard thirteen to nothing last year.

Between halves both the Harvard and Cornell enthusiasts cheered their teams with yells and songs. The Harvard men finally ended with their well-known song, "On the field where the fight is raging." There was also an initiation, a farce which took in about ten boys. One was supposedly a fairy, in a short white skirt and low-necked waist, who waved a wand wildly

about. Two were dressed for fencing and fought a duel for five minutes or so, at the end of which one contestant lay vanquished at the feet of the other.

After time had been called at the end of the last quarter, we all hurried to the automobiles which were waiting outside. Our drive home was wonderful though not as eventful as the one going to the game. We arrived back at R. H. about seven o'clock, all of us very enthusiastic over the game, even though for some, it had not turned out as they had wished.

ELIZABETH GLEASON

MISS MERCHANT AND THE PRAIRIE PLAY-HOUSE

November 3rd—

To all those interested in the development of drama and the progress of stage art, Miss Merchant's lecture was most pleasing. Her strong personality and character charmed us immediately, and we felt that whatever she had to say would be of great interest. Illustrating her words with accounts of her own trials and tribulations when endeavoring to establish a small theatre in Galesburg, Illinois, she gave us a more intimate knowledge of herself and her subject than would have been possible otherwise.

It is most remarkable to think that three people could establish a theatre entirely unassisted, and Miss Merchant quoted many amusing occurrences connected with the difficulty of this task: among others, one balcony scene, where at the heroine's words, "Look, see the moon rising in the Heavens," one of the three managers was supposed slowly to lift the moon into the sky. This would have been very effective, if he had not taken the opportunity to enjoy a quiet snooze,—however, on being rudely awakened he shot the moon upward and saved the act.

I do not think we realized before, how slow the people have been to appreciate good drama and how liberal-minded they are now in comparison with a few years ago, at the beginning of the struggle for worth-while plays.

I hope the fact impressed itself on the girls, that it rests with us alone whether the sickly, sentimental and meaningless productions of the present day are to be encouraged or whether, at last, drama will come into its own.

JOAN BUCKMINSTER

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

November 4th—

It was a moonless night, but white patches, strangely like moonbeams, dotted the lawn and danced from tree to tree. Finally these formed figures shrouded in white, which glided from Cottage to House, House to Hall, Hall to Gym and at last gathered in the House drawing room and formed a long snaky line, led by an unknown figure in white. This figure uttered strange, fierce noises and gave people to understand that the occasion was a very serious one and that no one was to joke with spirits.

We were led into the "Gym," which was lighted only by three or four jack o' lanterns, under a ladder up into the balcony where each girl was pinched severely as she passed between rows of seats.

From the balcony our leader never ceasing her moaning and shrieks of agony led us behind the big mirror, over beak boards, and behind the stage where various spirits warned us, "Beware." Finally we descended the stairs into the cavern of the swimming pool, where we were greeted by an icy handclasp, which caused such shrieks and confusion that they threatened to break up our orderly snake dance. Weird colored lights and noises greeted us as we walked slowly by the showers and dressing rooms.

At the head of the stairs, reached after these nerve-racking experiences, more spirits met us and everyone was given a number and a slip with numbers up to seventy. We were told to prove our ingenuity, which in this case consisted chiefly of recognizing eyes, and to guess as many people as possible. Pairs of spirits robed in white could be seen in various parts of the

"Gym," peering into each other's eyes, then a suppressed howl of triumph would escape and then a wild dash to write down the owner of the eyes.

After about fifteen minutes of guessing, Miss MacFarlane said it was time to unmask. Each figure was called in order and unmasked. This performance was greeted with shrieks of laughter as a person everyone knew was Mary, upon being unmasked, proved to be Helen, or Margaret, or Jane. Under her sheet and pillowcase everyone was clad in the comfortable costume of middy and bloomers.

"Go and try all the Hallowe'en charms, if you wish to know your future and have good luck in the years to come," announced a deep voice and no one was slow in obeying this command.

In the balcony were three marvelous fortune tellers attired in the costume of the Orient, who told wonderful tales from the palm by the help of a "bug" light.

As we came down from the balcony, a mysterious sign about written prophecies of the future greeted us, but when we went to see what ours was, we were greatly disappointed by receiving a blank slip of paper. Our doubts, however, were entirely dispelled, when we were told to hold the paper over the magic stove on the table and when we did, we saw mystic writing appear. Now we turned doubt to wonder as each girl read her future, and after much laughing went to bob for apples.

This bobbing game was very popular as everyone was hungry for an apple, even though it meant a good wetting. On the other side of the room was a drier, but much harder way of getting apples. They were suspended on strings and we were supposed to bite into the apples without touching them with our hands.

"Come into the Chamber of Horrors and receive the 'Gifts of the Gods,'" cried a ghostly messenger and there was a dash for the "Chamber of Horrors." Here hung a sheet with six slits in it. Three girls could stand on one side and stick both hands through these slits. The gifts were not to be kept, but just held for an instant as a great favor (woe be unto her who drops them!) and passed on to the next girl. These gifts proved to be rather unpleasant to handle, especially as the responsibility

was so great,—a chestnut representing a baby porcupine; a hot potato, burning lava from Vesuvius; and an oyster, a sea serpent from the Indian Ocean.

After these wonderful contributions we came to the table of the skeleton signature. Each wrote her name on the crease of a folded piece of paper, pressed it closed, then opened it and found how she would look after her death. "T is a pretty picture," I heard someone remark and she certainly spoke the truth.

Then, last but not least, was the chestnut-popping. Two chestnuts were placed on a shovel and allowed to rest over the flames or ashes. One you named for yourself and one for a man. If the man popped toward you, well and good, and if you jumped toward him or you both jumped toward each other, still well and good, but if he popped away from you and into the fire your future happiness was ruined and your fate sealed.

Miss MacFarlane then announced a Cae-Kava pillowcase race and all the Kavas lined up on one side and the Caes on the other and a pillow and case were given to each club. Each girl had to take the pillow out of the case, put it back, and pass it on to the next girl. Soon the "Gym" rang alternately with shouts of encouragement and groans of despair as one would do it quickly, then another would fumble badly. Finally, a second before the Caes, the Kavas held up the pillow and were acknowledged the victors.

At this point, the weird black cats on the slips of paper tacked on the walls seemed to draw some irresistibly to guess what word the inscription written beneath them meant. Each word had to contain "cat" as one syllable, and as a result many words were catalogued.

Some girls more romantically inclined decided to see their future husband instead of guessing cats. To see your future husband it was necessary to walk down the steps to the pool, backward with a mirror in your hand. You were supported on each side by spirits to keep you from falling down the stairs, and also to hold you up, if you fainted upon recognizing your future husband as a lad of your acquaintance. Of course many fainted and some were overjoyed.

But the rattle of dishes was heard above the din, and it was queer how everyone gathered around the stage whence came tantalizing odors of doughnuts, cheese, and pop corn balls. When the curtain was drawn back, a wild shout went up, which subsided only when Miss MacFarlane announced that we were to sit down on the floor and be served from the stage. Then doughnuts, cheese and pop corn no longer remained an odor, but became a delicious reality. There were also cider, peanuts, apples and then the wonderful charm cake.

After everyone had eaten as much as her individual capacity would allow, someone started the victrola and we danced until ten o'clock. Then Miss Parsons called us together and we thanked the very able committee for the nicest Hallowe'en party ever given at Rogers Hall.

KATHERINE Y. WILSON

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

November 10th—

Not very often does a school girl have the opportunity of meeting so famous a personage as Charles Rann Kennedy. That was our privilege on Friday evening, November the tenth. The moment Mr. Kennedy was presented to us in the drawing room we realized the magnetism of his wonderful personality. He is a strong wind which sweeps you along with the force of his convictions and doctrines.

Those of us who were so fortunate as to dine with Mr. Kennedy dared the dazzling glory of the lime light and stepped into England with him. There we met (as an old pal) Bernard Shaw, "the purest soul that ever lived." We heard Hilaire Belloc accept the hospitality of the Kennedys and of Gilbert K. Chesterton for another visit, knowing that he lived with his friends because he was too poor to keep lodgings of his own. Some husbands are merely figureheads whose names are made famous by their wives, and some wives are only the "mesdames" of some "misters" of fame. Not so with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy is better known as Edith Wynne Matthison, an actress of high rating. Mr. Kennedy wrote "The Terrible

Meek'' for Mrs. Kennedy. After having first become acquainted with the man we were much more able to appreciate his reading after dinner.

A few friends of the school were invited in to hear Mr. Kennedy. We waited in eagerness for eight o'clock. Mr. Kennedy first read some passages from the New Testament for us. I never realized the literary beauty in those passages before I heard them that evening. They became stories of light and shade, stories that were too sacred to applaud. I am sure Mr. Kennedy felt our appreciation in our thoughtful, sympathetic attention. He read his own play "The Servant in the House" to us. The play always wonderful to read, became more wonderful by his own interpretation. Mr. Kennedy uses the divine Christ in all his plays. No one who has ever heard him can doubt his religious sincerity. At our request he read "The Terrible Meek." All the experiences of the lonely hill were our sorrows for the time being.

It was with reluctance that we heard Mr. Kennedy's "good-night." He had read for us until he was hoarse, still we hated to give him up. But it was with joy we heard him say, "Good-bye, I am taking you all away in my heart," and I am sure our own hearts went with him.

MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY

MRS. PARKE'S QUARTETTE

November 11th—

Once in awhile it is rather nice to have music come to you instead of having to go to some concert hall and sit in a stiff seat for an hour or more. Such was the case, when on Saturday evening, November eleventh, Mrs. Parke's Quartette gave us a delightful programme in the schoolroom. Her Russian selections and Fairy Dance seemed to fit our mood, for as we all sat informally about, knitting and embroidering, we felt more deeply the quality of the low notes of the 'cello and the singing of the violins. Mrs. Parke from time to time has entertained us but we all agreed that this evening was the best of all.

DORIS M. JONES

MR. RICE'S RECITAL

November 16th—

On November sixteenth, Miss Parsons took the girls who are especially interested in music to a concert in the High St. Church. Mr. Rice, tenor, sang a large variety of songs, one of the most delightful of which was "Morning," which was written for him. He was assisted by Miss Gish, violiniste, and Mrs. Rice, pianiste. Miss Gish played in a masterful way and the charm of her "Orientate" will not soon be forgotten. Mrs. Rice although playing no solos, accompanied beautifully and we all felt we had spent a profitable evening.

THE ANDOVER-EXETER GAME

November 18th—

"An-dover, An-dover, An-dover!" such was the lusty cheer that went up at intervals as we speeded along in the trolley-car to the Andover-Exeter game. Several old girls could be heard recalling the trip a year ago to the Thé Dansant. As we passed the little settlement along the river front, we laughed at our recollections of the romantic names on some of the cottages. The game was called at two o'clock; the boys came running onto the field in their new and very clean canvas suits. I say clean for as the game proceeded, they were gradually enveloped in mud, inches thick and we could hardly distinguish one player from another. One minute our hopes were up, or at least the hopes of those who were for the boys in blue, for Andover only had a few yards to go before making a touchdown; the next instant, Exeter had the ball and was making a desperate attempt to plow through Andover's line. Finally they succeeded and in the last period scored against our neighbors 6—0. We left the muddy field feeling rather down in spirits. Our depression was deepened by the cold we were experiencing and oh, how our feet

were suffering! Our private car was waiting and inside we found refreshments being served. A happy thought had struck Miss Harrison before we left, that some hot chocolate and sandwiches would be mighty welcome when a cold, two-hour ride was before us. This warmed us sufficiently to put "pep" into everyone and soon the car rang with cheers and songs, from the time of "The Old Apple Tree" to "Pretty Baby." A little competitive singing was also heard from members of the Kava and Cae clubs which lasted until we pulled up to Rogers Hall at six-fifteen.

DORIS M. JONES

PROFESSOR COPELAND'S TALK

November 24th—

Interpreters and lovers of Rudyard Kipling are many, they vary from the country school teacher who rants about "The Road to Mandalay" and what she fondly fancies is great insight, but with the same expression that she would use in reading "The Road to the Pasture Gate," and not nearly so much understanding; to the harassed college professor who tries to read "Fuzzy Wuzzy" in spite of an impediment in his speech.

But good interpreters of the kind that make your hair gently rise and cause you unconsciously to slip off the edge of your seat, that make the blind see, and the deaf hear, are born, not made, and are exceedingly rare.

Professor Copeland stands out distinctly as an example of the latter class. Unassuming, and without any sonorous tones intended to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest and usually resulting in causing giggles to issue from the throats of the simplest, and devoid of any dramatic motions characteristic of the amateur, Professor Copeland took his place before the audience quiet and self-composed but fairly bristling with personality.

Preliminary to starting his readings he made a few dryly humorous remarks not intended apparently to put his listeners at ease, but rather to stimulate them into a state of irritated attention.

He first read "Mandalay" as it was intended to be read, from the view point of an English soldier and with the accent of a veritable Tommy Atkins, using the rising inflection characteristic of the English instead of employing the unrythmical downward pitch used by the aforesaid narrow-visioned school teacher. From among his other groups of poems the one most worthy of mentioning is "The Bell Buoy" which he read with a great deal of insight and power, imitating with his voice the sound of the echoing bell in the words "Shoal 'ware shoal, not I!"

Using "The Man who walks like a Bear" as his theme, Professor Copeland cleverly worked in a "preparedness" talk and in conclusion read a humorous sketch, Mr. Dooley's opinion of Rudyard Kipling and his works. "A foine man, Mr. Henessey!" says Dooley "this Mr. Kipling is. He writes poetry off the bat, no cold storage stuff for him!"

Then Mr. Copeland left us, as most great things do in this life, quietly and before we realized it, with the thought that here indeed was a champion of whom all Kipling lovers might well be proud.

KATHRYN KENNEY

"MRS. OAKLEY'S TELEPHONE"

November 25th—

An Irish cook, very important; a love-sick maid, very green; an engaged girl; and a blissful bride—each is interesting enough in herself, but combine the four as the characters in a well acted, prettily staged little play and what more could one ask for a happy evening?

"Mrs. Oakley's Telephone" was the play. Under the direction of Mrs. Corwin it was charmingly presented on our gymnasium stage, Saturday evening, November twenty-fifth, for the benefit of the R. H. Red Cross Society. The stage setting showed us an attractive room of a dear, little house built for two. The soft color tones were blended in the rose draperies and the

green, gray blues and soft pinks of the costumes. Of the characters, Doris Jones, fat, funny, and Irish, was a perfect Mary, the "Kuk"; sure and we liked her! Doris answered the all important, ever-ringing telephone and opened the play with her ridiculous conversation and our hearty laughter. Elizabeth McCalmont as Emma the maid, with neck out-thrust, arms flapping, scuffled to the stage to tell us about her Adolph. She was decidedly love-lorn and decidedly German. We wondered how any man who had once been engaged to a girl like Constance, interpreted by Salome Johnston, could let his pride keep him away from her for a year. Certainly we understood how he came back and they all lived happy ever after, for who could help but be happy with Constance in view? Katherine Wilson, the beautiful bride, was just what all brides should be. She ordered two onions and having lately acquired a taste for rice, ordered a barrel.

There was no pause in the enjoyment of the evening, for between the two acts Kathryn Kenney sang for us, and after the play Mary Jeannette McJimsey, Sonja Borg, and Kathryn Kenney pleasantly prolonged the programme by reading for us. Altogether, it was one of the happiest evenings we have had this year.

MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY

RED CROSS NEWS

MISS LORING'S TALK

November 9th—

People's opinions as to what constitutes bravery seem to vary. An illustration of this is the story of a French soldier who attempted to throw a bomb. He did not use enough force and it fell back towards his own troops. With extraordinary presence of mind he sat on it an instant before it exploded, and

a few minutes afterward his companions carried what was left of him to the hospital. Incredible as it may seem, he recovered and was decorated for bravery. A visitor in the hospital asked him if his wife was not proud of him, and handing her a letter he replied, "You may judge for yourself." The lady read as follows: "Dear Jean, I cannot understand why you should be decorated for bravery. If your commander knew you as well as I do he would know that the only thing you can do is sit down."

This was one of the interesting anecdotes told us by Miss Loring on Tuesday, November ninth, when she came out to help us reorganize our school chapter of the Red Cross. I think all of us have known members of the militia who have been at the front during the past months so that our interest was especially aroused when she told us of the relief work done by the Red Cross on the border. During their trip to Mexico the men were met at various stations by members of the Red Cross, who served coffee, sandwiches and other refreshments. Hospital conditions at first, were all they should be from a professional standpoint, but the men were depressed and consequently failed to gain. As soon as the Red Cross took charge of the hospital, the attitude of the men changed; under the influence of good cheer and friendship they improved rapidly.

Without the services of the Red Cross in the European war the suffering would have been too horrible to think about. We have all heard something of the awful agony involved by war, but this wonderful international society has done so much to alleviate it that its services cannot be overestimated. Among the many Americans who have done such splendid work among the wounded is Dr. Ryan, who had charge of a base hospital in Belgrade. He was decorated by France and other nations for his distinguished services.

All over the United States, Red Cross chapters are working for European and domestic relief, and they need the co-operation of every available person. Miss Burke of the Middlesex branch urged the help of every girl in Rogers Hall and interested us greatly by her account of the First Aid Classes which some of us intend to join. The United States has long been conspicuous

for its lack of members in the Red Cross and an active campaign is being carried on to increase the numbers. We hope and believe this will be entirely successful and will try, I am sure, to do our part in the humane work of this great organization.

ESTHER H. WATROUS

November 13th—

At an open meeting of the Red Cross Association on Monday, November 13th, the following officers were elected:

Chairman—Doris M. Jones.

Vice-Chairman—Hannah McConkey.

Secretary—Elizabeth Johnston.

Treasurer—Dorothy Hunter.

Faculty Adviser—Miss Jeannette McMillan.

We are planning to organize a class in first-aid work this year and so far many names have been entered. It is an opportunity which few girls should neglect. It is bound to be of use to us in the future and now is the time to learn, for at any moment we may be called upon to serve our country.

The work of our chapter for the coming year is as nearly decided upon as possible, at this time. Before Christmas we are sending boxes filled with candy, writing material, hosiery, tobacco, etc. to supply one company on the border. After the holidays, we hope to raise enough money to enable us to equip at least five beds in one of the base hospitals. This will require not only money but the making of bandages and bed clothes and the purchase of hospital supplies as well.

DORIS M. JONES (Chairman)

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT,

Edison says: "Genius is two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration." This might be said of athletics also, for what a girl accomplishes must be the result of steady, persistent work. From all indications we have with us this year girls who are willing to work, and work hard. The hockey season has been very encouraging. A number of the girls have grown into dependable players, a development due to a certain extent to the fact that practice has been enthusiastic and regular. This has been a record-breaking season without a single day of field work being missed. One day the enthusiasm of the girls carried them through practice in an unpleasant drizzle which undoubtedly would have driven less persistent devotees indoors.

The new girls are doing excellent work in swimming, and a number of them promise to develop into very credible representatives of both Cae and Kava.

There were many entries for the informal tennis tournament which was arranged for the new girls.

The following are lists of the new girls as they have been divided between the Cae and Kava clubs:

CAE

Elizabeth Akeroyd
Joan Buckminster
Dorothy Beeler
Mildred Barger
Bessie Baldwin
Ruth Graves
Salome Johnston
Hannah McConkey
Virginia Muhlenberg
Brunhilde Patitz
Mary Jane Pattee
Grace Redman
Kathryn Kenney
Sarah Scott
Alcey Stevens
Eleanor Taylor
Helen Weld

KAVA

Florence Armstrong
Frances Brazer
Marcelle Barnum
Amy Curtis
Louise F. Grover
Pauline Goodnough
Margaret Hussey
Emily Jane Judah
Christine MacGregor
Mary Jeannette McJimsey
Mary Frances Ogden
Elizabeth Pinkham
Jeannette Rodier
Nora Belle Simpson
Ruth Sleeper
Esther Watrous
Margaret Withington

The officers for the year are as follows:

Cae—Elizabeth McCalmont, President; Marcia Bartlett, Secretary and Treasurer; Elizabeth Akeroyd, Elizabeth McCalmont, Hannah McConkey, Gertrude Pritzlaff, Executive Committee; Brunhilde Patitz, Kathryn Kenney, Cheer Leaders.

Kava—Almeda Herman, President; Doris Jones, Secretary and Treasurer; Marcelle Barnum, Elizabeth Johnston, Anne Robertson, Jeannette Rodier, Executive Committee; Mary Jeannette McJimsey, Jeannette Rodier, Cheer Leaders.

THE ALUMNÆ GAME

Out from the city's busy throng,
Clear on that cool October morn,

Came the clamoring alumnæ horde
To see what sport they could afford.

The clustered buildings of Rogers Hall
Stand out clearly, white and tall;

Round about them the willows sweep,
Guarding the white fence, silent and meek,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When the alumnæ answered the varsity's call.

The alumnæ and school-team marched out on the field,
To see which nine could win or yield.

The first half ended with score three to four,
The alumnæ triumphant, the school team floored!

But up rose Almeda Herman then
Strongest of all the school-team men—

Between the goal posts the ball she set,
To show that her side was fighting yet.

The game ended, five to four,
The alumnæ victorious, the school-team sore!

The game was over, the alumnæ had won,
But the school-team felt their day would come.

So a cheer they gave for the alumnæ's luck,
A cheer for their daring and their pluck.

To descend from poetry to prose I just wish to say that the Alumnæ came out on a Saturday afternoon in October to play the varsity team. A very delightful informal luncheon was served before the game, during which we became acquainted with the old girls. After the luncheon we all went down to the hockey field, to witness a very exciting game which the Alumnæ won with a score of 5—4. The following girls played:

ALUMNÆ		SCHOOL-TEAM
Hilda Smith	Left Wing	Gertrude Pritzlaff
Ethel Hockmeyer	Right Wing	Elizabeth Akeroyd
Florence Harrison	Bully	Almeda Herman
Leslie Hylan	Inside Forward	Jeannette Rodier
Margaret Wood	L. Half Back	Katherine Jennison
Marjorie Wilder	R. Half Back	Anne Keith
Mary Holden	R. Full Back	Marcelle Barnum
Elizabeth Whittier	L. Full Back	Elizabeth McCalmont
Betty Eastman	Goal	Marjorie Adams

Goals made by Alumnæ—Hylan, Hockmeyer, Smith, Harrison (2).

School—Herman, Rodier, Pritzlaff (2).

GRACE REDMAN

THE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP

Friday, November twenty-fourth, saw the blue and orange of the Kava Club once more triumph, a hard earned victory this time for which the two teams fought valiantly and the Kavas won because of just a shade more accuracy and coolness.

The star of the game was easily Gertrude Pritzlaff whose long, brilliant dashes down the field were the thrilling features

of the day, one in particular in the first half when she broke away on the Kava seventy-five line with the ball and dribbling down the field, eluded Marcelle Barnum and then with one final dash raced by Marjorie Adams and scored the Cae's first goal. While Gertrude was always a menace to the Kavas it was due to the determined guarding of Marcelle Barnum that she was not fatal to the Kavas' hopes. Three times only, during the game, did Gertrude really shake her off, a record that speaks well for Gertrude's persistence.

Aside from Gertrude, the game boasted no particular star. The Kava victory was the work of a team that hit hard and straight, had few weaknesses, and played with grim determination. The best playing was done, as might be expected, by the girls who were playing their second year on the team. Anne Keith, the captain, Marjorie Adams, and Katherine Jennison in the back field and Almeda Herman furnished the offensive strength of the Kava team. The excellent work of Marcelle Barnum, a new girl, on the defensive has already been commented upon. The others played steadily if not brilliantly and the substitute, Frances Brazer, proved not the weakest spot on the team but one of its best scoring assets. Playing a position almost new to her, she kept her place and her head, and was always down with the ball into the circle, making two of the goals. The coolness and relentless quality of Almeda Herman's playing had much to do with the fact that during most of the game the ball was in Cae territory. There the Caes showed unexpected strength, as it had been generally conceded that their back field was none too strong, and it was only after the hardest kind of a struggle that the Kavas could score. Time after time Mildred Barger, Sara Scott, Hannah McConkey and Elizabeth Gleason, under the shadow of their goal, drove the Kavas back. During the first half the Caes were obviously nervous but in the middle of the second half they started with a rush, played the Kavas at times almost off their feet and it looked as if they would not be denied the victory, but in spite of two goals made brilliantly and with startling rapidity, the Kavas kept cool and confident in their lead of one goal. They had the extra reserve to prevent another score. The margin of

victory, one point, represents with fair accuracy the measure of difference between the teams. The Kavas were steadier, better unified, in spite of a bad break in the forward line caused by the inclination of both center forward and bully to crowd to the left, and above all, they were superior in stick work. Seldom indeed did a Kava hit a ball out of bounds; while the Caes with all their individual brilliancy and stubborn defense, again and again lost the ball through knocking it over the side lines. If the Kavas had not somewhat offset this by too numerous fouls, this weakness would have resulted in a more one-sided score.

The second half of the game kept the audience wild with alternating anxiety and joy, and when the final whistle blew, the Kavas trooped onto the field and formed for a snake dance through the goal posts. That evening victors and vanquished sat down together, amid cheers and songs, for their hockey dinner. The Hockey Cup, which was presented by Hazel Coffin, captain of the Kava 1915 Team, was given to Anne Keith to be kept by the Kavas for this year. It must again be fought for as it is not to become the permanent property of a club until it is won two years in succession. A unique feature of the hockey dinner was the wonderful birthday cake that came to Anne Keith from her mother and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. The old favorite "Happy Birthday to You," seemed hardly necessary on such a joyous occasion.

The line up for the game was as follows:

CAE CLUB		CAVA CLUB
Gertrude Pritzlaff (Capt.)	R. Wing	Doris Jones
Brunhilde Patitz	Inside Forward	Margaret Hussey
Leslie Hylan	Bully	Almeda Herman
Eleanor Taylor	L. Wing	Frances Brazer
Elizabeth McCalmont	R. Half Back	Anne Keith (Capt.)
Mildred Barger	L. Half Back	Katherine Jennison
Hannah McConkey	R. Full Back	Elizabeth Whittier
Sara Scott	L. Full Back	Marcelle Barnum
Elizabeth Gleason	Goal	Marjorie Adams

Score: Kava, 4; Cae, 3.

Goals made by Kava—Herman, Hussy, Brazer (2).

Goals made by Cae—Pritzlaff (2); Hylan (1).

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

OUR NEW ALUMNÆ TRUSTEE

Carrying out the vote of the 1915 biennial meeting of the Rogers Hall Alumnæ Association, the President appointed Julia Stevens, '97, and Harriet Nesmith, '05, to serve with her as a committee to request the Board of Trustees to give our Association direct representation on their board. This request was presented to the Trustees at their meeting in April, 1916, and was received with favorable action although no vacancy was then existent so that no candidate could be considered.

Since a vacancy occurred in the late spring, a nominating committee, Josephine Morse, '07, as chairman, Eleanor Paul, '94, and Marion Needham Torrey, '01, was appointed and ballots were sent to every member of the Association with the names of Harriet Coburn, '95, and Julia Stevens, '97, as the candidates for the Nomination of Alumnæ Trustee. As the result of this vote, the polling committee, consisting of Caroline Wright, '03, Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, and your President found that Harriet Coburn had received the nomination. Her name was presented to the Board of Trustees at their annual meeting, October 3rd, and her election was unanimously confirmed with the understanding that the term should be for two years.

Harriet Coburn was enrolled at Rogers Hall in its first year and was graduated in 1895. She entered Smith that Fall and received her degree of B. L. in 1899. She returned to Rogers Hall to teach History and Literature for almost ten years, and during this time "Miss Coburn's" name became a familiar one to many of the old girls. After a year or two of travel and rest, she studied in the School for Social Workers at Simmons College in Boston and since then has devoted her training to the interests of the Lowell Guild and the Lowell Social Service League.

Harriet Coburn is especially well fitted to be the first Alumnæ Trustee for besides her close identification with Rogers Hall as pupil and teacher, she was one of the founders of our Alumnæ Association, serving as Corresponding Secretary in 1899—1901 and as President for two years when the Association was reorganized in 1907. HELEN FAIRBANKS HILL, President

June 28th, Clotilde Hart was married in Minneapolis to Mr. Richard H. Robinson and they were at home in Havana, Cuba, after July 15th.

July 31st, Rachel Morehead, '09, was married at New Castle, Pa., to Mr. Rufus Cole McKinley. They will be at home after December 1st at 509 Moody Avenue, New Castle, Pa.

August 19th, Virginia Goodier was married in Albany, N. Y., to Mr. Roy Edgar Chapman.

October 14th, Eugenia Meigs was married in St. Anne's Church, Lowell, Mass., to Mr. Thomas Talbot Clark, and they will be at home after December in No. Billerica, Mass. Genie's wedding was very much of a Rogers Hall affair since Betty Meigs was her maid of honor, Marjorie Fish Billings, '08, matron of honor and Helen Nesmith, '10, and Gertrude Parker, '12, were among the bridesmaids.

October 17th, Blanche Thompson was married in Haverhill, Mass. to Dr. George F. Worcester. They will live in Merrimac, Mass., where the doctor has his practice. Dorothy Burns, '15, and Elouise Bixby were two of Blanche's bridesmaids.

October 21st, Agnes Kile, '14, was married in Akron, O., to Mr. Delmar S. Albrecht. They will make their home in Boulder, Col.

October 28th, Lydia Langdon, '13, was married in Vincennes, Ind., to Mr. Clive Edward Hockmeyer and they will be at home after December 15th, at 15 Astor Street, Lowell, Mass. Lydia's attendants were all Rogers Hall girls, for Ethel Hockmeyer, '13, was her maid of honor while the bridesmaids were Dorothy Kessinger, '13, Katharine Kessinger, '10, Helen Smith, '14, and Katherine Wilson, '18.

November 15th, Helen Towle, '14, was married in Bangor, Me., to Mr. Maynard I. Creighton. They will make their home in Berkeley, Cal. for a while and later go to a small town, Giant, where Mr. Creighton is the head chemist for one of the Du Pont powder plants. Lillis Towle, '13, was her sister's maid of honor and Emilie Ordway Wentworth, '13, and Helen Eveleth, '15, were two of the attendants.

November 2nd, Dorothy Castle was married in Austin, Ill., to Mr. Rufus Sisson and they will make their home in Potsdam, N. Y. Dorothy Woods was maid of honor for her roommate.

Mrs. Thomas Clarke, (Eugenie Meigs) Isabel, and Helen Nesmith are assisting Mrs. Butler Ames at the Pottery Table of the "Allied Bazaar" which is being given in Boston in December. Mrs. Oakes Ames (Blanche Ames, '95) is one of the Boston women who is prominent in organizing this Bazaar.

June 9th, a daughter, Diane, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dana Wingate (Mildred Mansfield, '10).

June 30th, a daughter, Elizabeth Ringwalt, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ringwalt Morse (Hazel Horton, '09).

July 23rd, a son, Kilburn Fox, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Karl H. Pitcher (Marjorie Fox, '08).

October 5th, a daughter, Caroline Frances, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Proctor (Marjorie Wadleigh, '11).

August 5th, a daughter, Annette Helen, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Youngs (Ruth Lowell).

In October, a second daughter, Jessie, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Marshall (Jessie Ames, '99).

November 3rd, a daughter, Julia Roberts, was born to Mr. and Mrs. William R. Carlton (Etta Boynton).

November 14th, a son, Walter, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Woodman (Frances Billings, '09).

In June, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Morse (Alice Pickering, '98).

June 5th, a daughter, Eleanor, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Russell A. Richards (Alice Davis).

August 29th, a son, Edgar Dean, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Crumpacker (Cully Cooke, '10).

In June, Dorothy Bramhall announced her engagement to Mr. Richard E. Waterhouse, Jr.

In July, Dorothy Doster, '10, announced her engagement to Mr. Benjamin E. Cole.

Helen Gallup, '11, spent a month of the summer with Margaret McKindley Amundsen in Duluth, Minn.

Sara Stevens is a Sophomore at the University of Wisconsin and writes that she enjoys to the full being "an old girl." The Committee on Advanced Standing in the University gave Sara twelve credits for her English and History courses at Rogers Hall.

The girls entering College this fall are Edith Stevens, '15, at Bryn Mawr; Hilda Morse, '16, at Smith where Betty Huston is also a Freshman; Jessie Eleanor Knorr and Ruth Spearman of 1916 at Wellesley; Louise Jennison, '16, at Radcliffe; Katharine Nesmith, '16, at Vassar; Ethel Kingsley at Wells and Elizabeth Caverno, '16, at Jackson. Margaret Wood, '16, has entered The Sargent School of Gymnastics for the regular course and Marjorie Wilder, '15, is at the Beauvé School of Gymnastics. Elenore Lee is a Freshman at the University of Iowa and an enthusiastic sister of the Pi Beta Phi Sorority. She spent a part of the summer in Colorado and met Gertrude Hummer in Estes Park.

Ruth Lowell Youngs spent a busy winter with her house-keeping and teaching, in the afternoon, in one of the Commercial Schools in Bangor; and this summer she and her husband enjoyed a vegetable garden of their own planting and even included a small hen yard.

Hazel Coffin, '16, was so enthusiastic over "preparedness" this summer that in July she joined the Messenger Corps of the Pennsylvania Militia. In time of actual warfare her duties would include the carrying of messages from one camp to another and the provisioning of the soldiers who might be passing through to the front. Later in the summer she had Hilda Morse as a guest.

On her way home from Elizabeth McConkey's house party in June, Margaret Bigelow, '15, visited Mary Lucas and Marion Sibley. Marion, as a result of one of her Drexel courses, had created some beautiful hats. (Old girls, take note that Miss Mudge's new millinery class will challenge competition at the end of the year!)

At the opening of school this fall, Elizabeth McConkey and Cora Robertson came on to enter their respective young sisters, Hannah and Anne. They stayed for a visit of several days while

they instructed the new girls in the traditions of 1916 and showed them how to start the various societies and clubs in the school.

Hilda Smith, Margaret Wood and Marjorie Wilder came out to play in the hockey game and their valiant service on the Alumnæ team backed by the Lowell girls, can be seen by a glance at the score given in the athletic department.

Alice Billings, '11, is one of the workers at the College Settlement House in Boston and finds her days filled with her new and fascinating work, though she spends her nights at home in Belmont.

Belle Shedd is planning a trip to South America to escape our Northern winter.

Charlotte Greene Blaney, '12, is again living in Lowell, Clitheroe Street, since her husband has accepted a position with a well-known landscape artist and gardener in Boston.

Helen Smith, '14, visited Margaret Sherman, Polly Piper, '15, and Agnes Kile, '14, during the summer, while Margaret and Agnes were camping in Maine.

Agnes Kile had a brief visit with Kathrine Kidder in Woodstock, Vt., before returning home for her wedding preparations.

The Alumnæ Editor can testify that Kathrine is an excellent guide for the beauties of Woodstock and that she is tireless in using her little Buick as a jitney!

Margaret McJimsey Kiplinger's younger sister, Mary Jeannette, and Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer's cousin, Emily Jane Judah, came this fall to occupy the "Vincennes" room in the Hall. Jeannette Rodier also came back to school to graduate with 1917. Leslie Hylan's cousin, Mary Jane Pattee, is also entered this year.

Margaret McJimsey Kiplinger acted with the Hughes Campaign Committee in Illinois and was very effective in her canvass for votes, so that her husband wrote that he would be glad to escort to the polls his wife who had gained more than a half-dozen votes by her personal work.

Mary Anne Aley, '14, has had to postpone her wedding until December since her fiancé is still on guard duty with the Kansas Militia at the Texas border.

Dorothy Johnson, '16, has postponed her marriage, likewise, until the summer of 1917.

In October, Margaret Bigelow and Mary Lucas drove over one morning and at luncheon had an opportunity to meet old and new friends.

November 6th, Miss Parsons and Florence Harrison gave a Bridge in honor of Alice Faulkner Hadley who was visiting in Lowell with Babs before going to find a home in Chicago whither Mr. Hadley has removed his business. At tea-time Babs was brought over and easily became the chief attraction of the afternoon to the many old girls who had come for this jolly reunion.

Several Rogers Hall girls are interested in presenting Lady Gregory's "The Jackdaw" and "The Rising of the Moon" in the Unitarian Church in November, Gertrude Parker, '12, acting, and Julia Stevens, '97, Leslie Hylan and Elizabeth Talbot, '12, being on the committee.

Bonney Lilley, '11, was re-elected Chairman of the Suffrage work in the Seventh Senatorial District and she was one of the delegates to the National Convention in Atlantic City this summer.

Helen Sands Linn spent most of the summer touring with her husband and they visited Maude Hall Blair (Mrs. J. Leo Blair) in Warren, Pa. Helen gave high praise to Maude's daughter, Joan Margaret; and Mary Weiser and Genevra Whitmore wrote that they also were captivated by the beauty of the baby.

Elizabeth McConkey and Mary Weiser motored with some friends to Lowell one Sunday in November, and the girls stayed over night at school. The Cae Club eagerly welcomed their first president and she hoped that she left them good luck for the year. Both clubs have now had the inspiration of a visit from their old president.

Margaret Wood has been chosen Treasurer of her class at Sargent and she is on the Varsity Basket Ball Squad, although the team is not yet picked.

Rachel Hoyer and Hazel Coffin have been chosen on the hockey team of the Germantown Cricket Club, an honor eagerly

sought for as the Club is usually the champion in its section. Hazel won cups for swimming and tennis in several summer competitions.

Genevra Whitmore and Clarice McCargar are studying kindergarten in one of the training schools in Buffalo, N. Y.

Cornelia Cooke is entered in several courses at Read College in Portland, Ore., for she has daily work in the Art School and a bi-weekly course in Modern Drama and Philosophy. Also she is studying The Problems of Real Estate—Its Development and Management, a course given by some of the leading business men of Portland. Cornelia was chairman of a dinner for four hundred people given to Inez Milholland Boissevain during the presidential campaign, and also of a mass meeting for Mrs. Kent, wife of Congressman Kent of California. Cornelia wrote: "He is chairman of the Wilson Non-Partisan League but Mrs. Kent is campaigning for Hughes on the suffrage issue. Gifford Pinchot was one of the speakers at this mass meeting."

Carlotta Heath and Amy Condit passed their Red Cross examination in First Aid successfully and this summer they helped with the surgical supplies of the Red Cross unit in New York.

Aida Hulbert, '14, is teaching in one of the kindergartens in Seattle this year.

Marion Sibley is a Senior at Drexel Institute and she has received credits for her Drama and History courses at Rogers Hall, an exceptional privilege in the policy of the Institute. She writes, "I carry this year twenty-four hours of work and have to spend twenty to twenty-four hours in preparation and practice teaching besides. My class consists of ten young Polish mothers of about my own age, who know nothing about sewing, and yet decide to make clothes for themselves and their babies, all at the same time!"

In November, Dorothy Kessinger, '13, announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Jessup of Vincennes, a graduate of Leland Stamford.

Marjorie Stewart, '08, in November, announced her engagement to Mr. Earnest Thayer Clary of Worcester.

Ethel Stark, '14, is taking a course in home decorating at the Wauwatosa Agricultural School of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

Margaret Clarke has won an unusual honor at Boston University where she has been elected by a student vote to be the only girl proctor with the four men proctors for this semester at the College of Business Administration. Margaret was chosen from more than thirty other girls. She is taking the regular freshman course in the newly organized department of secretarial studies. The Boston Traveller in a short article upon her appointment quotes her as saying, "the best opportunities for women in the commercial world are to be found through secretarial service."

Anthy Gorton, '05, is serving on one of the committees of the Blue Cross Association, that is doing relief work among the horses and other animals suffering in the European War. Her committee begs for any animal-suggestive contributions for the table at the Allied Bazaar to be held in Boston in December. She says, "We can serve 'horses' necks' if only some kind person will add a supply of lemons and sugar since the ginger ale has already been promised."

On the day of the Kava-Cae hockey game, Thelma Berger made a visit to the school and was an enthusiastic onlooker of the game.

Jessie Eleanor Knorr and Ruth Spearman, who are at Wellesley, spent a week end during November at the school.

Louise Parker Scarritt has been in Lowell for several weeks visiting her mother, her second child a little girl, Alice Parker, was born here September 26th.

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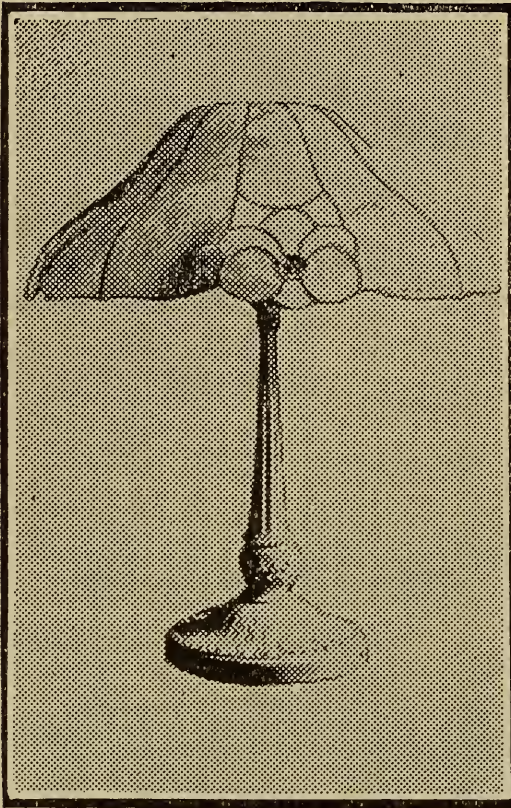
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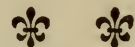
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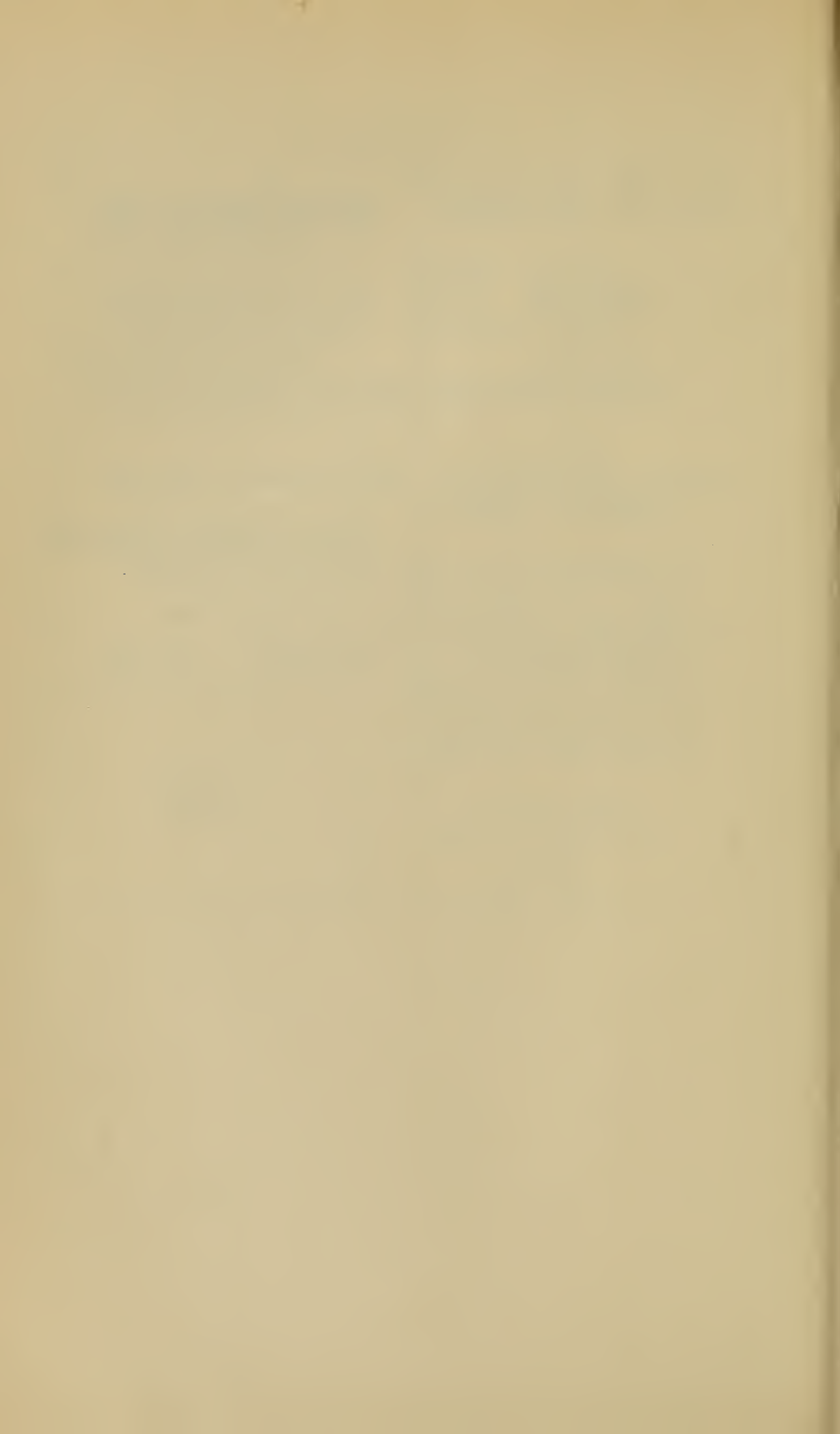
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EDITORIAL.

"Don't trouble Trouble, 'Til Trouble troubles you," runs the old couplet, and when people are inclined to worry, it is an excellent rule to follow; but the fault with most of us is, that we never seem to do any worrying at all, that is, we never stop to think very long of the morrow and what may happen to prevent our carrying out our plans. We keep putting off unpleasant things until the last minute, and what things we do do, are accomplished on the spur of the moment. A good many of us seem to carry out to the letter the proverb which some writer has transposed and which is said to be the idea of the Oriental, "What you can put off until tomorrow never do today." This seems to be true not of Orientals alone, but of us Americans, who are supposed to be the people always in a hurry. It is so much easier to postpone an unpleasant task, yet when the time comes and it must be done, it seems all the harder to accomplish, and we wonder why we have delayed so long. Certainly, delay does not make it any easier; harder, if anything. Procrastination, it appears, is our middle name, and a good many of us live up to it.

Yet, if everyone went through life procrastinating, we should never arrive anywhere. The success of a contractor depends entirely upon his fulfilling his agreement within a stated length of time. If he is not extremely particular about punctuality, even on trivial points, he may not be able to fulfill his contract besides losing his good name as a contractor. It is just the same in our everyday life: if we promise to do a thing by a certain date, we should try our utmost to fulfill our promise.

Every month, we editors start in to try to find the best possible material for SPLINTERS as soon as we can, so that when the magazine ultimately goes down to be printed, there will not be the usual "grand scramble" to have everything ready. But nearly always there is some one thing which a girl forgets to finish, the need of which postpones the making up of the entire magazine, until she finally hands it in at the last minute. Then, this piece of work has to be carefully gone over by the

editors, and if it is not satisfactory, something else has to be substituted. Of course, there are times when this delay is excusable, but on the whole it seems as if it would be just as easy to do a thing when one is asked to, as to put it off until it can be put off no longer.

So, in the behalf of the editors of *SPLINTERS*, I should like to state that we want all the girls who can write to do their utmost in making the magazine a success, but most of all, to hand in their stories or write-ups on time. A good slogan for us to adopt for nineteen seventeen would be, "Do it now!"

ELLEN BURKE.

THE SONG OF THE NOMAD.

Night fell over the desert, silent and shadowy sweet;
The stars pricked the heavens with glory, the soft sand burned
 'neath my feet,
As far through the land hushed by Allah, where the misty moon
 shone through the blue,
To the twilight garden of palm trees, I came, Bedouin girl, to you.

Afar through the warm night and darkness shone the foamy
 fringe of the sea,
Catching the stars in its rise and fall, reflecting their radiance
 in thee.
I am young with the wonder of boyhood, and your face, lonely
 and white,
Yearns with a cry as flowers adrift, across the dim, sweet night.

The haunting strain of the Arabs' flutes comes softly through the
 gloom,
In flowing robes, like sheeted ghosts, they pass beneath the moon.
I see no more, for far across the desert the south-wind sighs,
And you are waiting, Bedouin girl, with a glory in your eyes.

KATHRYN KENNEY.

THE BEACHCOMBER.

An eager, faraway look shone from the luminous brown eyes of the child kneeling at his mother's feet.

It was a shabby room in which the two sat in the dusk of a closing day. The furnishings, meager, though homelike and comfortable, bore the aspect of long usage. The carpet on the floor was dingy and foot-worn, and rather faded paper covered the wall. A marble-topped table stood in the center of the room, a long, low couch was at one side, and an old-fashioned grand piano, massive in size, made the somewhat small room appear even smaller. A number of portraits in large frames hung from the ceiling and soft, clingy curtains gave a warm and cozy appearance.

It was home to the boy. Yes, home—for had he ever known any other place in the twelve short years of his life? To be sure, he had read of far distant lands where fame and fortune were to be had, but he was his mother's only man; was to stay by her side and study and learn from her lips the lesson of life. So she had told him.

As now she sat reading a portion of the Psalms on this Sunday evening, one could see a face wearing a sweet and patient expression. Silver touched the soft hair coiled loosely on her head, softening the lines about the mouth which showed the signs of sorrow and long suffering borne and not overcome during the years.

"They that go down to the sea in ships: that do business in great waters." The book slipped from her hand and once again she unfolded the story that was closest to her heart. He had heard it in part many times, but each time it was as fresh as was any tale of the sea to the mind of the child.

Ten long years ago the boy's father had sailed for southern shores. The call of the water flowed in his veins as it had in his father's before him and as it now flowed in those of the son. The father had roamed the ocean from early life. She had entreated, urged him not to leave on this particular voyage. All in vain. He laughed aside her fears. How well she remembered the jovial and irresistible smile that had transfused the kindest

of faces as he bid her farewell and bent over to look once more at the sleeping child and to push back the tangled locks from the flushed face. He could see in the cradle the joy and hope of his future life; the times when he could return and tell the story of "the home on the ocean wave," of the danger and peril, but of the very magnetism which should make his little pal thrill and long to hear more and to share in his Dad's adventures! The mother's heart was anxious, but the mother's courage was strong, and she watched her husband go with tearless eyes, but with a dead, dull ache in her throat.

Weeks passed—she heard from him once, twice, then letters ceased to arrive. Weeks passed into months, and still no message from the faraway. Was her premonition to be fulfilled? At length the news came. The ship had been sunk, the entire crew had perished. No alternative,—wind and wave had done their best—had left a crushed and ruined mass of rigging and sail on a rock-bound coast to tell the tale of their victims—human lives that had sought rest in the depths of the sea.

The mother stroked the boy's hand, fondled and caressed him, and, as the darkness deepened, sang in low and vibrant tones the hymns by which she had hushed him to sleep from a babe. Ah, could she but know the feverish and confused thoughts lurking in back of the outward simplicity of her only child. Something called. Should he follow? A vision of which he had often dreamed appeared before his eyes. An unspoken intention was born and was goaded on by determination. He could resist it no longer. How hard it would be, but he could—would—and must do it.

The mother lighted the candle, slowly mounted the stairs to the little room with the small white bed. She heard the prayer, tucked him in, gave the goodnight kiss and left him there; then returned to the deep armchair where she might give herself up to recollections of the past, to thoughts of what might have been, but, as always, to find comfort in the boy who had been given to her as her only solace in the lonely time.

That night a very small figure passed stealthily down the stairs with heart beating quick and fast. The lower step was reached, the door softly opened, and the figure stepped outside.

In the dim light from the street the outlines of a boy were visible, clothed in a rough coat, a cap pulled well down on the head, with a bag in hand. Later, at the wharves, where lay a ship ready for sailing in the morning, no one on its deck noticed the boy scale the ladder, slip on board and steal quietly along; no eye perceived the little stowaway secrete himself in a dark corner in back of boxes and barrels.

Morning came. The ship sailed.

* * * * *

The low moaning of the waves as they rolled gently in on the long stretch of open shore was all that could be heard on that dreary and desolate island. But what can be that dark object far up on the beach? A seemingly lifeless figure, washed in by the tide, lies close to the water's edge. Far away sound the strange and hollow tones of a weird, foreign melody sung by voices which grow clear and yet more clear. From around the jutting rocks, skirting the beach, three natives drowsily wend their way. They spy the object near at hand. Fearful at first, yet curious, they approach. Making strange gesticulations, they near the figure, bear it up and carry the unconscious form of a youth back to the thatched hut hung with skins, and lay him down.

Several hours pass and a slight stir is made by the youth on the bed of straw in the corner. He opens his eyes, large, brown and thoughtful, and they at once rest on the figure of a maiden, strangely beautiful, watching over him. His gaze is held.

The past holds no recollections for him. His mind is void, his senses dulled, and for him there is naught else than what is now.

* * * * *

In the warm rays of a tropical sun, serenely content, a dark eyed maiden lounges in the sand. The almost bronze of her skin sets off peculiarly the brilliancy of her eyes, and the whiteness of the teeth that gleam as a captivating smile transforms the otherwise wicked countenance. Long, coarse black hair falls abundantly over shoulders and arms, reaching far below the waist, and many bracelets glitter and sparkle at her wrists. She laughs and sings in turn to the man at her side. The man—so changed in appearance from the boy who was found that day on the beach so long ago—hair long and matted, bushy eyebrows, and a

shaggy beard give a wild and uncouth appearance to a face, prematurely old. His dress is that of the Continent, but so tattered and bedraggled as to be scarcely recognizable. He is a derelict, a being of power oddly deprived of the faculties of memory and reason.

The voice at his side grows to be in the far distance and seems calmly to lull his senses. The Oriental strain apparently dissolves into "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." Ah, they are strangely familiar words and the tune so sweet! Where had he heard them before? Of course, he has it now—it is—it is the voice * * * * * The words die away.

He starts, eagerly seeking the picture, that of a woman by a window, a book in her hand, but sees before him the face of the maiden.

He smiles, leans towards her. Doubtful questioning is laid aside; reconciliation comes.

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

TEN.

Happy-go-lucky, and only ten!

Nothing serious matters then.

Clouds may gather, school-bells ring,

But the heart of a child is like joyous Spring.

Ever eager, rarely sad,

Mostly good, a trifle bad;

Full of mischief, full of love,

Trusting Man and the God above;

Now a soldier, now a tramp,

Now a woodsman in lumber-camp;

Sometimes statesman, sometimes king,

Often Lord of Everything;

Playing truant 'neath sunny skies,

Catching fish and butterflies;

Making gardens, planting seeds,

Growing up like witch-grass weeds;

Lordly, carefree, trusting, gay,
Sometimes puzzled by Man's strange way;
But nothing, no, nothing, matters when
You're happy-go-lucky and only ten.

ELLEN BURKE.

"MY BIGGIN."

(The explanation of an unfamiliar word used as a test of imagination in the Psychology Course.)

My Biggin is the part of me that comes away from the rest of me and sails about in the Anywhere I Want To Go Land.

My Biggin and I usually get along very well together in the winter time, but when a warm, bright-blue, spring day comes, she slips away from me somehow before I realize it. She is the glad part of me who is related to the tops of waving wheat fields and the fluffy single clouds that float all alone on a clear summer sky.

It sometimes happens that when I am motoring in the country on a warm, bright day, I suddenly find the Biggin part of me up in the sky in the heart of a bird who is sailing through the air. That is an especially happy thing to do; the little bird-heart throbs with the effort of its song and the joy of the day. Then, before I know it, perhaps, I tumble into the red of a rose. That is such a fragrant, velvety thing to do! You forget about everything except the perfection of color and the sweetness of honey. An old bee came along one day and disturbed me, so straightway I joined him in the flakes of yellow powder around his head. He buzzed at my Biggin self and scolded, so I left him to ride on the soft tail of a baby bunny-rabbit. The bunny hopped along into a big, deep-green wheat field. It was restful to be in the cool green of the undergrowth. But I was afraid he would run into his home in a hole in the ground; he did, and we were lost in the darkness. Perhaps that was because it was really night time, for we had ridden all the afternoon.

My Biggin came back to the soul of me with rather a thud, for Daddy was carrying me into the house for Mother to put me to bed. You see, we are a very little girl still, my Biggin and I.

MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY.

FAIR PLAY.

Lord Andrew Archibald Wallace M'Cairn was a wirey, sandy-haired lad of thirteen, with shrewd, grey eyes, which looked upon the world with bitterness, and a shrill voice used to giving orders. He was an orphan and he lived alone in a grim, old castle in northern Scotland with a pious Scotchwoman for a housekeeper, and a sour old bagpiper and two ugly sheep-dogs, Wully and Bruce, for companions. To be sure, numberless tutors came and went trying their best to give his young lordship an education, but either they failed to get on with Andy, as he was generally called, or else he refused to get on with them. In any case, their sojourns at Lair Castle were short and tempestuous, and Andy was never happy until they departed. When they, with their luggage, had left, Andy always sat down at the big oak desk that had belonged to his father, and wrote a short note to his guardian informing him of the fact. Why he always wrote Sir Robert MacLeod that the tutor had gone, Andy never stopped to reason out; he disliked Sir Robert from a matter of principle as he disliked the rest of the world, but that was no reason why he should not "play fair." Sir Robert always sent him word when another tutor was coming, and, therefore, Andy felt that it was his place to write to his guardian and tell him when the tutor had gone.

You can see by this, that Andy was very particular about playing fair; indeed, it was almost his only scruple. He had no scruples whatever about hating Sir Robert MacLeod without seeing him, or even lying when that course was easier than telling the truth, but he was very particular about fair play. Thus it was that on a certain crisp morning in October, Andy stood by the window in the library that had been furnished and stacked with books by his forebears, scowling savagely, and with a mixed feeling of annoyance and freedom in his heart.

The cause of his displeasure was Robert Geoffries, the tutor whom his guardian had sent to Lair Castle a month before. Geoffries was the only man who had ever commanded respect and admiration from Andy, and he only commanded it now because

he was the exact opposite of his pupil. Andy, as I have said before, was wirey, but he was also lanky, the possessor of a long, rugged face and a fierce temper into the bargain. Geoffries, on the other hand, altho tall, was well-proportioned, good to look upon, and not easily provoked. That very morning, Andy, who had not been in the best of humors since he arose, had become unaccountably enraged upon being asked to correct some French exercises, and in a sudden moment of rebellion had told Robert Geoffries that the sooner he left Lair Castle, the better. Geoffries instead of being dumbfounded as Andy had hoped, had merely laughed and gone out of the room, saying that he was off for a walk and expected Andy to hand in the corrected exercises to him on his return. Andy now stood by the window raging against the world in general and Geoffries in particular.

Ever since his dispute with Geoffries, he had been trying to think up some good reason why he should not correct the exercises. At last he made a wonderful discovery. It was Saturday and therefore a holiday! As this thought came to his mind, his scowl partly disappeared and his mouth twisted into a wry smile. He would show Robert Geoffries that he was master of himself! He would go away to the Wee Loch and stay there for a few days, so that the tutor would become worried! As Geoffries did not know the way to the Wee Loch, everything would go along nicely, for Tammis, the bagpiper, and the only one beside Andy who knew how to reach the place, could easily be bribed into silence.

Going out into the hall, Andy woke up his two dogs, Wully and Bruce, who were peacefully sleeping by the empty fireplace. Then he stood at the foot of the stairs and shouted to the house-keeper.

"I'm gaen oot," he called when that lady appeared, "Gae me a scone an' some cheesies."

The good woman disappeared and returned in a few minutes with a tin box in her hands. Andy took it from her and went out, followed by Wully and Bruce.

As he paused at the foot of the steps, the sound of pipes came up the long drive, and he stood for an instant listening. Around the curve trudged a wizened little man in kilts, blowing his pipes for all he was worth.

"Tammas!" called Andy.

The little man stopped a few feet away.

"Yer lorrdsnip?" he said, pulling off his Glengarry.

"Tammas," continued Andy, "I'm gaen tae th' Wee Loch. Coom on! I ha' some cheesies an' scones."

Tammas hesitated.

"'Tees twa mile," he ventured.

"Hoots!" exclaimed Andy with disgust, "Coom on!"

There was a delightful snap and twang in the air as the man and boy tramped up the steep, rough path. Tammas blew his pipes while Andy unloaded his grievances and bribed the bagpiper into silence with a shilling. When he had finished, Andy was almost happy again, for he had let his vocabulary loose on Tammas, so to speak, and felt considerably 'relieved. He walked gayly along whistling accompaniments to Tammas's shrill tunes, now and then racing with Wully and Bruce, sometimes stopping to pick up a stone and throw it.

As they neared the pool, which Andy always termed "th' Wee Loch," Tammas slung his pipes over his back, and Andy, for the time being, ceased to whistle. They walked on for perhaps ten yards in silence, and then turned sharply to the right and took a steep, twisting path down the hillside. In a few minutes they came out on the pond, which was about a quarter of a mile in length and not quite so wide. It was formed by the brook's widening as it reached level ground and flowing along for a mile or more.

Tammas seated himself on a boulder by the water's edge and commenced playing his beloved pipes again, while Andy stood by him throwing sticks to the dogs who were racing around on the clear places on the hillside. Tiring of this, he sat down beside Tammas and began to explore the contents of his lunch box; but the old Scotchman played on unheedingly, one tune after another, sometimes a gay air, sometimes a sad, often an old Scotch ballad. At last he reached Andy's favorite—"Bruce to His Men at Bannockburn." Andy stopped tasting the cheesies and scones to hum the words.

"Wha will be a traitor knave?"

Wha can fill a coward's grave?"

he sung, and then stopped short as a sudden thought came to him.

Was he being a coward, or wasn't he? Could it be called cowardice to run away from correcting French exercises? Certainly it was not playing quite fair, for Geoffries expected him to do the work; in fact, he had taken it as a matter of course that his pupil would do nothing else than hand in those hateful exercises when they were due. When they were due! Why, they had been due for two days, and that very morning he had told Geoffries that he had no reason for handing them in! Andy groaned to himself. No, he certainly was not playing fairly; he who made such a point of it, who had boasted to Geoffries that he always was square! There was only one thing for him to do: to go back to Lair Castle and correct the exercises before Geoffries found out that he had been gone.

"Tammas," he said, rising, "I'm gaen back. Coom on. Ye can eat th' cheesies an' scones on th' way."

"Gaen back!"

"Ay. Coom on, Tammas Baxter, dinna sit there like a dolt. I ha' telt ye I'm gaen back. Coom on!"

"Yer lorrdsip," said Tammas, who much preferred to eat his lunch sitting down, "I'm an auld mon—"

"Hoots!" replied Andy, with contempt, "Hoots! coom on," and ran, as if pursued by demons, across the hilltop and down the other side.

When he reached Lair Castle, he sought out the housekeeper and asked whether or not Geoffries had returned. She was very sure that he had not, and Andy went to his desk with a relieved mind. There was still time—again an unpleasant thought came to him. Would it be playing fair to let Geoffries think that he had at once done the exercises when he really had not meant to, and had run away to avoid doing them? A groan escaped him; he would have to make a clean breast of the whole thing; it would be unpleasant, but he could do it.

He sat chewing his pen, wondering what the word for church was, when the sound of pipes advised him of Tammas's approach. Andy stuck his head out of the open window.

"Coom in," he called, "I'll be wi' ye in twa minute."

Tammas had been at the castle too often the preceding summer not to be as much at home there as in his own humble

dwelling four miles away, so he marched boldly up the steps, and, entering the library, made himself comfortable in a big chair by the fireplace, where he commenced to play, "The Campbells Are Comin'."

"Dinna pipe," said Andy, "I dinna ken th' worrd for kirk, an' I canna think wi' ye playin'."

"Alricht," returned Tammass cheerfully, and began to tease Wully and Bruce, who had just come in.

"'Tees done!" cried Andy at last, "coom on back tae th' Wee Loch!"

Tammass shook his head.

"Na," he replied, "na, I'm an auld mon, lad, an' I'm gaen hame."

"Hoots!" answered Andy, "ye're coomin' wi' me."

"Na, lad, I'm gaen hame. 'Tees twa mile tae th' Wee Loch, an' I dinna feel like gaen again," and he turned determinedly and sent off down the drive, still piping, "The Campbells Are Comin'."

Andy looked in his direction with disgust written on his face, and then he once more started in the direction of th' Wee Loch, with a light heart and feeling virtuous beyond words.

The Wee Loch was Andy's favorite place of refuge, for he could remain there unmolested and puzzle out things that bothered him. The crisp air made him walk briskly to keep warm, and now and then he raced along the path with the dogs, where an hour before he and Tammass had gone together. As he reached the last bend he halted suddenly, for there was the sound of someone whistling beyond the furze. Andy frowned with annoyance. This was the first time that anyone had trespassed on this particular part of his land, for the path was irregular and faint. Then as Wully and Bruce brushed past him, he heard a familiar voice call the dogs by name. He whistled softly to himself, for he knew that it was Geoffries, but how the tutor found his way through the intricate twistings and turnings of the path, puzzled him.

"Naw I'll ha' tae tell him a' about it," thought Andy, "an' I'll hav' tae say't in English! Hoots!"

He started forward and came upon Geoffries with his back turned towards the path. Andy whistled sharply. Geoffries

turned on his heel and called a greeting to the boy. But Andy was in no mood to respond; his lightheartedness had left him, and he was thinking of the unpleasant task which lay before him.

"Mr. Geoffries," he said, "I—I have corrected those exercises, and—"

"Oh, that's all right, Andy, I knew you would. Why didn't you ever tell me that there was such a great pool on your land? You must have fine fishing here, in season!"

"But that is not all about the exercises, sir," continued Andy, doggedly, trying to talk proper English; and then he explained the whole thing to the tutor, who listened with a grave face.

"Andy," he said, when the boy had finished, "you're a jolly good chap. You've given me what Americans call 'a square deal,' a lot squarer than I've given you. I didn't mean to tell you now, but it's only decent that I should: I'm your guardian."

"Na' Sir Robert MacLeod?" gasped Andy.

"Yes," replied the other, "I couldn't see why you didn't get along with your tutors, so I thought that I'd come and find out. I admit that it wasn't fair, but then, it wasn't quite right of you to hate me so fiercely without ever seeing me."

"It wasna fair," said Andy, reverting to Scotch again.

"No," returned Sir Robert, "but hereafter we'll play a square game together, won't we, Andy?"

"Ay," responded Andy, delighted to find that he had not been so unfair after all, "An' we'll see who plays best!"

ELLEN BURKE.

THE BALANCE.

Snow was falling, not in large, soft, velvety flakes, but in tiny, dry, biting grains, which the wind hurled recklessly around and around as if in an angry passion, then dropped with a low moan of despair. The long, desolate stretch in the road was bleak and barren except for a dull grey limousine which was standing by the curb. Evidently, the owner had had some

trouble with the car, as the one passenger was sitting in the tonneau with a rather worried, impatient expression upon her cold though beautiful face, while the chauffeur was hurriedly putting away some tools. No other sign of a living thing could be seen. An old ash barrel rested against an ancient oak tree. On the other side was deposited what seemed to be a pile of old rags. The wind blew and howled around the old oak, and it swayed and bent as if it could not hold its own much longer. The bundle of rags beneath the tree stirred, rolled over, and a pinched, hungry-looking face appeared. The face was that of a man, but the body was that of an eight year old boy. He feebly raised himself to his feet and shivered violently, as the crisp, sharp snow was blown against his shriveled little face and through the holes in his ragged clothing. His hands, purple with cold, were thrust into his almost useless pockets, as he slowly stumbled down the desolate road. Catching sight of the luxurious car, the queer little ragged creature approached, gazed as in a dream, and stopped. He shivered from head to foot, drew a little nearer, and slowly extended a pitiful hand, shriveled and blue with cold. The woman turned her head impatiently in the middle of the pathetic motion, and took no more notice of the little shaking figure. The car drove away, leaving a bunch of rags huddled by the curbstone.

* * * * *

Several hours later the same grey limousine drew up before the children's home and stopped. The same handsome woman alighted and stepped up to the door. The matron welcomed her cordially, and seemed to know her mission, for she said immediately:

"Yes, yes, I have all the little boys from six to eight in the big playroom. That was the age you said, wasn't it?"

"Yes, from six to eight. If you have one I like, my husband will be the happiest man in the world this Christmas."

"Step right this way, please."

As they entered the room, the little boys all stood up in a line. The lovely lady looked slowly and carefully down the

line with no apparent change of expression until she neared the end. Then the coldness melted from her eyes, and, as if by magic, a wonderful light of love transformed her face. She slowly raised her arms and held them out pleadingly to a chubby and beautiful little cherub of six. All the love which had been dormant for years within the woman had come to life, and was concentrated upon this one exquisite baby. She waited expectantly, with arms outstretched, for the child to come to her, but he shrunk back and hid his frightened face in his arms. The woman's yearning arms dropped to her side in a despairing gesture, for the child would not yield to any of her entreaties. The woman turned towards the door and slowly stepped out into the now violent storm.

JEANNETTE RODIER.

STARLESS NIGHTS.

Marion Larabee's small room on the fourth floor of a boarding house "For Ladies Only," as the bizarre gilt letters on the severely straight brown stone front declared, would most certainly not have been called a "downy nest," even by the most imaginative. The only way in which it resembled one in the least was in situation, "far above the madding crowd," as she described it when writing home. A sagging iron bed, unadorned save for an alarm clock, which hung suspended from a faded ribbon at its head, a table and a chair, included the principal objects in the room.

To find Marion Larabee in a room such as this was like stumbling upon the first violet in the dreary monotony of a walk in the wintry woods, or like suddenly coming upon a pot of gold at the rainbow's end. There were violets, too, in the room, big and purple and velvety, crushed together in intimate sweetness in a glass bowl on the table. The girl rose and went over to the window where she stood looking down on the quiet, misty city, which lay like an open sepulchre with its houses dim as vaults under the wide, dim sky where the morning star slowly died, and

where, in the east, rosy words like those of Judgment Day were written. But even in the wan light, her face was attractive. It would be next to impossible to imagine a light which would not make lovely its wonderful expression and eyes. If eyes are windows of the soul, then, indeed, one could have stood in awe and reverence before the altar of Marion's, so white must it have been, so untouched by meanness, so oblivious to surroundings in its fearless strength. For a moment she buried her face in the violets, his violets, and the only thing that she had ever let him give her; but flowers were different, she reflected, and to Marion, country born and bred, they were almost essential. As she raised her head, her eyes met their reflection in the mirror, and, for all its dinginess and clouded surface, it could not blur their clearness. It was a remarkably spotted, splotchy mirror, too, that made one look like a chimney sweep, even after the most vigorous scrubbing. But the girl did not see its imperfections any more than she saw the imperfections in life; it only showed her a bright, hopeful face, with eyes of courage.

Marion aspired to write, not things that are found every day in second-and third-rate magazines, but to write something a part of herself, imbued with her own personality, something that would help her struggling sisters to see light in their joyless lives.

It is always hard for dreamers to reconcile sordid fact and light-winged fancy, and to Marion one of the most deplorable things in the world was the fact that man must work for others through the eyes of others, not doing the thing as he sees it for "The God of Things as they are." She had left the little home at Biddeford, Maine, with its wide verandas and distant view of the sea to go to New York, where jacks of all trades are welcomed if they will work, and where the only verandas are fire escapes, savoring of imprisonment rather than of escape, and where the sea never speaks except through one's dreams.

But there was something else which spoke through Marion's dreams; it was the voice of Carleton. She was thinking of him, now, as she stood looking out over the city, for, while he was often in her thoughts, she liked really to think about him during the quiet moments of her busy life, early mornings

and wakeful nights. Like a miser, she counted over the hours which they had passed together from the time of their meeting. This had taken place at a startlingly futuristic play which she had attended with a group of East side enthusiasts. To this man of the world, her wide, deep eyes and animated face were the most attractive, and at the same time the most elusive things he had seen for months. As for Marion, he impressed her very favorably; she liked to watch the light flicker and change in his brown eyes, and to hear the deep, tenderly vibrant tones of his voice when he sat near her, one hand resting on his knee, carelessly flecking the ashes of his cigar. She had never known anyone quite like him; Jack, the man back home, entirely faded from her memory, as she began to see more and more of Carleton, and compared his easy, polite manner with the rough, homely one of Jack. As the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, she decided quite definitely, even to herself, that she liked him. He had a peculiarly alert and well-trained mind; she would sit looking at him in admiration when he was engrossed in conversation, for he always seemed to hold the upper hand with such ease.

Then he was very good to her. He never forced his attentions upon her, but he seemed to feel her loneliness, and was constantly doing little things for her which a woman likes so much, and of which a man rarely seems even to think. It was one day when she mentioned this that he had told her about his mother.

"Mother used to be an awfully jolly sort," he started out. "Dad had died when my brother and I were young, so the three of us just kept on living in the old home in England. I wish you could have seen that place, Marion, the 'out-of-door house,' I called it, because its interior corresponded so well to the world outside. The rugs were deep blue like the sea, the candles in their dull pewter sticks gave such a soft glow in the evening that it was hard to decide which was the sweeter, the starlight without, or the starlight within. The flowers which grew around Mother's sun dial in the garden always stood by the piano, and when Mother came in evenings in her soft white dress, I used to cuddle down in a dark corner, and, little imaginative shaver that I was, listen to her sing until it seemed as if I could stand the joy no longer, for the whole house and garden and outside

world seemed blended into a perfect whole. We, Bob and I, grew up very thoughtful of Mother. Then," the man turned his face a little, and the light falling more directly upon it, brought out the old look in his singularly boyish face, the grey beginning to show at his temples, "one night, Mother's birthday, I remember, I came home with roses for her, and then after dinner when we were all talking together I said quite suddenly, 'Mother, I am going to America.' Never, if I live to be one hundred years old, shall I forget the look on her face. It was the same look that she wore when I was a little boy and told her that I wanted to grow up. She only smiled, though, a smile that mothers have sometimes, and said, 'All right, son,' in her even, composed way. But I have never forgotten, and when they told me a year later that she was dead it seemed for the moment as if I should die, too. Dear Mother! I can see her bending over the old-fashioned flowers in her garden, frail in body, but with the resolute spirit of a saint shining out of her eyes. They somehow made me think of the Madonna's eyes at the cross of Christ—" he stopped abruptly.

"Marion," he said gently, "Your eyes are very like my Mother's, dear, and I love you. I want to take you back to the old home in England, and have you wear a white gown and sing in the candlelight. Very suddenly I am weary of this eternal grind for the ever-powerful dollar, I want my happiness while I am young. Will you come with me, Marion?"

The girl looked up, a soft light in her eyes.

"But my work," she faltered. He laid one hand over her lips.

"Say you love me, dear," he pleaded softly.

"I love," she began—but his lips had stopped the words. "Your violets," she finished. "Oh, Carleton, take me to England quickly."

In an inconceivably short time everything was arranged. He was to meet her at the boat a few minutes before sailing time. The hour came, but no Carleton. Sick at heart, Marion heard the words, "All ashore." With a kind of numbness stealing over her heart, not knowing what to do, she stood on the long pier and watched the great liner slip into the sunlit sea.

And England, like a ghost, slipped out of her heart. As the liner floated away, only one thing she knew, Carleton had failed her, and the cries of "Goodbye," from the remaining friends on shore, seemed a farewell to her happiness. The bitter part of it was that she had trusted Carleton, and in that moment there came a tired expression into her happy eyes and an old look into her face. She felt that she could not go back to her work half-heartedly and with her faith broken. She realized that to be successful she must be a part of the work, and now—well, that could never be.

Presently she found a telephone and called Carleton's apartments. No, his valet said he was not in, and had not been in for several hours. With a heavy heart the girl climbed the stairs of her boarding house to the top flight where a streak of dust-filled air shone through the keyhole. How could she ever face the world. Perhaps—Her eye fell upon a letter which had been slipped underneath the door and now lay seeming to glare up at her from the worn carpet. With trembling fingers she picked it up and hastily glanced at it. A little stab of disappointment went through her as she did so—it was from Jack, the man back home.

"Dear Marion, (it started simply.)

Can't you give up the city soon and come back to me? The spring is wonderful here in the country, and the sea looks as though it is lonesome for you, too. You do not have to work, dear, because—well, you know, I love you.

Jack."

A warm little thrill came over the girl as she read it, and then her eyes happened to fall on the bowl of violets—Carleton's violets. Every little face seemed pleading with her to wait a while, not to give up love so easily, and so, yielding to their voiceless entreaty, she sat through the long afternoon and doubly long evening, and then, very resolutely, she packed her bag and turned her back on the room and the violets. If she could no longer work for her people, she would not be tortured by working among them.

All the way home she tried to make herself believe that she hated Carleton, not knowing that love is not so easily subjugated. She could not bring herself to think that he was wholly bad. Sometimes, when she thought of his mother, a tear slid down her cheek. It was the sob of one broken heart for another.

At the train, in response to her telegram, Jack met her, big, quiet, uninteresting Jack, with comforting words, and no attempt to learn why she had failed. That the failure had been faithful, in his love for her he did not doubt. He wanted her to rest and forget the time that had passed since her departure. His love was of the quieting kind. It did not stir Marion in the least. Instead, it irritated her.

"Spring in England—now," her heart repeated over and over in the days that followed. Jack was persistent in his intention. He had not had enough experience to think for an instant that the change in Marion was due to a love which had gone out of her life. She was tired, that was all,—but she did not have the happy light in her eyes she used to have when she looked at the sea. It was because the ocean stood for something else to her now; it meant England was beyond it, and the out-of-door house, and ghostly white figures with happy eyes shining in the candle light, and hawthorne bushes white around the grave of Carleton's mother, and thrushes calling throatily from the coverts in the bursts of sunlight between the slanting April rain. Often she could see Carleton, too, walking in the garden under the austere English stars or sitting by the fireside with golden-haired children on his knee.

Then one day Jack asked her to marry him, and all dreams stopped for a while. She did not love him, she only wanted someone to love her and care for her, and she knew that she could make him happy. So they were married in the picturesque little church, and, as Marion took the marriage vow, she felt as if, in the sight of God at least, she was committing sacrilege.

One day in the autumn Jack came into the room with a peculiar look on his face.

"Such a queer thing, Marion," he said in a puzzled way. "A letter for you addressed in your maiden name."

Marion could say nothing; she just stretched out her hand dumbly, imploringly; something in her face made Jack go away and leave her alone. For a long time afterwards Marion sat looking out over the waves that shifted color in the sunlight, scarcely knowing what to do. Before she had looked at the handwriting she had known it was Carleton's. There is a queer additional sense which develops when one is in love that is like a weather vane telling which way the wind blows. Finally, she opened the letter and read it, dully.

"Dear—[it began briefly.]

If you only could have known how I have suffered mentally keeping you in suspense as to what became of me on that eventful day in our lives.

I'm afraid I was pretty badly smashed,—it happened when I was hurrying to meet you, so engrossed in my thoughts that I never heard the machine coming. I had on a new suit of travelling clothes with no identification cards in them, and so, for four months I was in the hospital hovering between life and death—and rather favouring death. Then, when I was well enough, I began to search for you, and when I found you had moved I was frantic. I went up to your room to look for you, and what do you think I found, dear? My violets, withered and dry, in the bowl on your table. Finally, I managed to find your address, and if you still want me, dear, we can go to England—now!

Remember, I love you—when may I come—oh, girl with the eyes of my mother?

Yours,

Carleton."

When Marion finished this letter she looked up, and into her eyes there had come something of the old happiness and peace. Her love was real, it was great, it could overcome, and Carleton, the man whom she loved, was not false to her, but true.

But Marion Larabee did not have the eyes of a martyr in vain. They stood for the spirit behind, as much now as in other braver, brighter days. If she had new ideas in some ways, she had old ones in duty. Presently she sat down, and, with the same exultant look in her eyes, she began to answer Carleton's letter.

"Man of my dreams—" [She felt that she could be extravagant in her phrases now that it was the last time that she was to write. Many things may be said in parting.]

First, Carleton, I am married—now you can understand.

Oh, man of all the dreams I have ever had, I can never go to England with you now; Fate has intervened in our happiness. Perhaps we were too happy—Many nights have I lain and pictured how perfect our life would have been back in that old English home. Night after night I have stood at the window wondering where you were in the moonlight night, in the pale green light that was like the light of dreams. Watching the stars march across the heavens, I have wondered if you cared. Now that I know you do, my heart is at peace.

Do you know what I believe? I believe that a love like ours will outlive death, will laugh in the face of time, will live with the moon and the sun and the stars forever. Go back to the English home, and I will be with you in thought; sit alone in the candlelight and I will come and sing to you. Everywhere that the stars shine, I will be with you. It is a great love to be able to feel that we will meet in another life—until then—oh, my dearest, I can never look at the stars again.

Forever yours,

Marion."

The girl read it over slowly, and had just sealed it when her husband came in.

"Will you mail this, Jack?" she asked, holding the letter towards him. Then, in answer to his inquiring look, "A life friend." She did not add, "all my lives."

"You look so happy tonight, Marion, it does my heart good to see you. I should like you to go out, but the sky is clouded over."

Laying her hand on his arm, Marion looked up into his face.

"I should like to go to prayers tonight," she said. "If the sky is clouded, I do not care. I shall not want to see the stars."

KATHRYN KENNEY.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

Long ago two sisters, who were weavers, dwelt in a kingdom far away over the seas. Very early in the morn they rose, and the noise of their shuttles could be heard all day in the hut of their widowed mother. The older sister sat under the west window and there she worked, always with a frown on her discontented face. The younger sister sat under the east window, and there she worked continually humming a quiet little song. They were busy till the last rays of the setting sun were gone, for the people of the country were taxed heavily, and the sisters were very poor. The only wealth left them by the father was their little plot of ground, the hut, and a case of foreign dyes, which he had accepted in trade for some woolen cloth.

At night, after they had partaken of the humble supper prepared by the old mother, the elder sister would fall grumbling onto her cot. Hers was only a life of toil: she had nothing, she would never have anything, she even had no hope. But the girl who had the courage to sing also had the courage to express herself in something beautiful. She had taken some of the yarns from the spindles and had dyed them in the rich old colors in her father's chest. As she sat in front of the fire during the long winter evenings, she started to weave a tapestry. She worked very slowly, but, as the weeks passed, the tapestry caught brightness and life. It reflected the color and joy she had nursed in her childhood, all the sunlit happiness of girlhood days, and the starlit beauty of nights; her hopes, her fears, her very soul, she wove into her picture.

One day a messenger came from the king's treasury to collect the tax. He was a shrewd man, accustomed to consider life only in measures of silver and gold. He saw the tapestry in the hut, and realized at once its value, and was clever enough to offer to take it in payment of the tax, but the girl would not sell the song fabric of her soul so cheaply. She waited.

The messenger went back to the palace and told the keeper of the treasury about the tapestry. The keeper wondered, and

told his wife, who was a lady in waiting on the Queen. So the Queen heard the story. The first day the royal couple were riding out they stopped at the lowly hut. The King and Queen were two of the few people who truly live and feel and think. When they saw the tapestry they appreciated it; they knew it to be woven of the fibres of a heart. So they took the girl back to the palace with them, and her tapestry was hung in the very throne room. She now had the best of looms to work with and exquisitely colored yarns. She became famous throughout the whole land as an artist of the needle. Her life was well worth while; she was happy.

Back in the hut there were no more taxes to worry about, for the younger sister often sent goodly sums of money. The older sister still sat by the west window, now with folded hands, brooding her life away in dreamless weariness.

MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY.

RETRIBUTION.

It was in the early gray dawn, and the cold was so intense that the branches crackled under their burden of ice. Snow lay over everything, a dingy white in the mist of the early morning. A peasant woman, with a shawl drawn closely over her head, stumbled along through the drifts, muttering to herself.

"Curse them all! My sons were indeed too good, too good to be driven to slaughter like that. Dogs! Ach, it is not patriotism, that! Mein Gott! They shall pay what they owe me!"

She plunged on, unmindful of the drifts, and stood at last before the sentry.

"Let me see the general once!" she pleaded, "Ach, I must! My news is good, Yes!"

"But, my good woman, it is too early for any messages
* * * * Well, if your news is so important, follow me quietly. This way!"

Once inside the general's tent, in answer to his gruff "Well," she told her story in a stolid voice.

"They took my sons. They forced them to fight! It is my country, but I do not love it now. The dogs shall pay! Ach, I know! At seven o'clock the main division attacks you in the west. But they shall not surprise you! No!"

She finished her story, and went out through the door, stumbling blindly through the snow, with head hanging, and uttered short, hard laughs from time to time.

At the outskirts of the village a squad of Prussians stopped her. The leader seized her arm roughly, uttered an oath under his breath, and said in his native tongue:

"Why are you walking this early? From where do you return to the village? Answer, or it will be hard for you!" The bent figure straightened, and the woman's eyes gleamed strangely, as she answered, proudly, it seemed:

"You took them! You killed the only things I loved! You do not care. But listen! Do you hear it? They know, the French know. They are ready! It was I who told them. Hark! Do you hear?"

An oath, a sharp command—ten muskets cracked sharply as one, while the snow glistened in the rosy dawn, and the twigs crackled in the silence.

ANNE KEITH.

A NIGHT IN ALGIERS.

The dusk was losing itself in total darkness, the soft, tangible, blue darkness of a southern night when I started out through the streets of Algiers toward the house of Ab-d-el-Kadir. The narrow, constantly winding streets, always mysterious, and savoring of the unreal, even under the tropic sun, were like subterranean passages seen in dreams except for a warmly glowing saffron moon hanging above them in a sky of stars.

Dim figures, sheeted and mysterious, crept by in their softly slippered feet, and glided from the ghostly light without into the inky blackness of doorways. Now and then I caught the deep, reverberating note of the tom-tom, or saw a gleam of faint light shining from behind fretted windows. Once I caught the brooding strains of a Bedouin love-song, and again the far-away murmur of guttural voices. Before the Arabian gateway of Ab-d-el-Kadir's courtyard I paused, hardly knowing whether to dare the mysterious known for the mysterious unknown. Then I went on through a passage softly gleaming with white tiles. In the courtyard a fountain fell smoothly with a scarcely perceptible sound into a placid pool as dark and sodden as the eyes of my Arab friend. Around it white flowers hung, drooping, their fragrance heavy on the air, while against the white stucco of the house a spear of papyrus shot up aimlessly, brilliantly red by day, wondrously fantastical by night. After the thick, sweet, Arabian coffee had been brought in, some musicians from behind the palm trees struck up a plaintive love-song to the accompaniment of guitars. Such was a moment forever unknown to the hurrying westerner.

KATHRYN KENNEY.

SCHOOL NEWS.

December 7th—

Mr. George Perkins of New York was the guest of honor at the annual meeting of the Commercial Club of Lowell. As he is a friend of Miss Linthicum's he came out to the school to have tea and talk to us. After many amusing anecdotes, which set us in gales of laughter, Mr. Perkins spoke upon the underlying principles of the Progressive Party. He called our attention to the need of changing our political theories, due to the fact that the increased facility of communication has so welded the world together that the policy of the state can no longer be guided by local issues.

We enjoyed the informal way in which we heard such an interesting and forceful man.

ALMEDA W. HERMAN.

SERGEANT-MAJOR MIDDLEMISS.

December 8th—

To see a man blinded by the present war addressing an audience which he cannot see, telling in a simple, heartfelt manner the story of how he came to lose his sight, is indeed a greater appeal to the people than all the elegantly phrased speeches of an orator who has "been at the front." Certainly, "a touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and nature is very near us in the common soldier, who has spent his life in active service for his country.

Sergeant-Major Middlemiss is, undoubtedly, an out-of-door man. His service, which has been long, has been performed for the greater part in the Soudan and in India. He has come to America to make a strong appeal for unfortunate blinded men on the other side. It takes a great deal of determination and earnest desire to be truly helpful, to bring yourself to a point where you can talk before an audience of strangers of your own recent misfortune and the feelings with which it has left you.

Sergeant-Major Middlemiss might well have been the frontispiece for one of Kipling's works, so typical was he of the English soldier. He told of the enormous number of men blinded, like himself, in the war, of the desire to take his life when he first realized that he was to be nothing but a burden instead of a vigorous man with his place in the world's work. Then he had heard of the school for the blind, and he had begun to have hope. Life would not seem so unbearable if he could still support himself. So, in the interest of those men who not only had paid the price, but would continue to do so until death, he had come to America to solicit aid. The men who died for their country will be set in glory forever; may not the men who have had the misfortune, blinded, to be spared their lives, be honored too and taught so that their minds may be occupied and they may not be in mental agony forever?

KATHRYN KENNEY.

THE ANDOVER DANCE.

December 9th—

Being the first dance of the year, the coming of the Andover Glee and Mandolin Clubs was looked forward to with a great deal of enthusiasm, made doubly exciting by the fact that most of the girls had never before seen the men they were taking. Many and varied were the conjectures as to the appearance and dancing of their partners. At five-thirty we assembled in the gym, where the concert was to be given. The opening number was "When the Boys Come Home," followed by a mandolin selection. The concert ended with "Old P. A.," sung by the combined clubs. Then came the introductions and the reception; supper in the schoolroom followed. That over, we returned to the gym to dance until ten-thirty. The music was lively, and the men good dancers, so, needless to say, everyone had an enjoyable evening. Soon the special car arrived to convey the men back to Andover, and, after giving a rousing cheer for Rogers Hall, and another for Miss Parsons, they departed.

MARCELLE BARNUM.

MR. VIEH'S CONCERT.

December 13th—

On Wednesday evening, a Japanese operetta was given for the first time in St. Louis. Now St. Louis is many hundreds of miles away from Rogers Hall, and yet, all of us here were rather intimately interested in its presentation. The only thing lacking at this first performance was its composer. That, however, is exactly "where we come in," for we had the composer—Mr. Vieh! And what's more, he played and sang his opera for us himself. It was most entertaining—the music characteristic and original, fresh and sparkling. With Mr. Vieh's explanations, it was easy to visualize the actors, the action and the stage-setting.

In addition to this treat, Mr. Vieh played us a song he had written for a concert of a choral society in St. Louis. The subject was spring, and the whole composition, which was beautifully melodious, was vibrant with the delicacy and joyousness of the spring-time. A staccato selection and "The Jelly Fish," a highly descriptive composition of Mr. Vieh's, ended the evening.

VIRGINIA MUHLENBERG.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

December 20th—

Listen, my readers, and you shall hear
Of the Christmas party which we held here.
'Twas December twentieth, the year sixteen,
We had more fun than has ever been seen.
'Twas the night before leaving, and all through the school,
Every girl was stirring with heart brim full
Of the spirit of Yuletide that comes when you know
That it's time for old Nick to plough through the snow.
The drawing rooms—all—had been trimmed with best care,
Ah—yes—Miss Parsons had surely been there.
The brightest of holly and soft firelight
Made a background most pleasing for girls dressed in white.
Then, suddenly, voices so soft and so sweet,
Came faintly, more clearly, till words were complete:
"Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem" and beautiful "Holy Night,"
The carolers sang out in the dim starlight.
Then to the festive hall we went,
With all our minds on feasting bent.
A warm, red glow suffused the room,
Which gave each cheek a rosy bloom.
From chandeliers red bells were hung,
From branches of tiny fir trees swung
Big shiny balls and trimmings bright;
The whole was surely a pleasing sight.

It seemed there was nothing the occasion did lack,
When Santa was with us, a bag on his back.
He bustled in, with manners most droll,—
Assured us all he came straight from the pole.
A gift for each one, and a funny one, too—
Where they did come from each one of us knew.
Our jolly old man was discovered to be
None other than our own Mary Pattee.
The evening wore on, with songs and gay laughter,
And that night we'll remember for many years after.

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

January 12th—

At lunch, Miss Parsons announced that Harriet Stevens had invited the school to her home to tea. Harriet's home is on a hill about a mile outside of Tewksbury, to which we took the car. From there we walked to the Stevens' home. It was a very cold day, so sweaters and furs were popular.

There was a large open fire in the living room, and here Harriet poured the tea—We had delicious little cakes and thin slices of buttered toast.

The clock struck five several hours too soon, and, after telling Harriet what a good time we had had, we started for home. The wind had died down, and the sun was just setting, and we all enjoyed the walk. The road was just one solid sheet of ice, and we came skidding into Tewksbury only to learn that we had missed our car, so we went into the little corner grocery store to wait. On the way home, we all agreed that it was one of the nicest teas we had ever been to, and lots more fun than the dressed-up sort.

HANNAH MCCONKEY.

HALL BABY PARTY.

January 13th—

Children and children from all directions greeted the eyes of a small, bashful girl as she entered the Rogers Hall gymnasium on Saturday night. There were little boys in white suits, and boys in grown-up "knickers"; there were little girls in lacy, frilly, exceedingly short dresses, and others in play-day clothes. And in the hands of each one of this multitude of youngsters were a delicious lollypop and a bag of the two-for-a-penny grocery store variety of candy so dear to the hearts of childhood.

Grandma graciously received the bashful little guest, and made her feel quite comfortable. Her safe feeling was dispelled, however, when she saw a scandalous young scamp by the name of Penrod Wilson hammering a rather overgrown girl in a most ungentlemanly fashion. To her further amazement, she saw, standing in a corner, the queerest little animal at the whole party, a most scholarly-looking creature, with great spectacles and tight pigtails, and toes pointing in.

Much to the little girl's relief, the games began: London bridge, with its momentous question as to which you preferred, rubies or emeralds; going-to-Jerusalem, with its mad scrambling; farmer-in-the-dell; spin the plate; and many other favorites. These were capped with a nursery rhyme contest, which was very easy for all properly educated children, and they must all have been that at Rogers Hall. The "party" finally came in the form of ice cream and cake.

In the course of the evening, the youngsters had mysteriously added enough years to their baby ages to become dignified, though somewhat tired, young ladies of Rogers Hall. However, before they had entirely outgrown their clothes and games, Miss Parsons (alias Grandma) presented to Penrod (soon to become Katherine Wilson) a booming drum, which gaily sounded the goodbye to childhood, and goodnight to our schoolmates. The most successful imp of us all led the way home from the party, which we Hall folks hope was a happy one.

EMILY JANE JUDAH.

"A SCRAP OF PAPER."

January 16th—

On Tuesday evening, we really dissipated, or at least the members of the Drama class, chaperoned by Miss Miller, did, in going to see "A Scrap of Paper," given for the benefit of the Equal Suffrage Fund of Lowell. It was in a very good cause, but in a very cold "Playhouse." However, after wrapping up well, we settled down to see Victorius Sardou's comedy in three acts for an amateur production, very well presented.

Mlle. Suzanne de Ruseville's subtle, yet winning, personality was cleverly portrayed by Miss Bonney Lilley, an old Rogers Hall girl. Mathilde, her cousin, a frivolous and flirtatious young person, was none other than Nan Sibley. The parts of Prosper Couramont and poor abused Anatole approached the nearest to professional standards, and between the two, kept the enthusiastic, though frozen, audience in convulsions.

A cup of hot chocolate and wafers made by "everybody's friend," Mary in the kitchen, warmed us up before going to bed, and we felt benefited by our evening's dissipation.

DORIS M. JONES.

MR. BROWN'S CONCERT.

January 17th—

On Wednesday evening, some of us went down to Colonial Hall to hear a very delightful concert given by Mr. Albert Edward Brown. Mrs. Brown accompanied him, playing difficult music exquisitely. The program was, for the most part, dramatic. His rendering of "Der Erlkönig" and "Der Wanderer," by Schubert, was especially beautiful. It was an evening well worth while.

ELIZABETH MCCALMONT.

MUSICAL.

January 20th—

On a Saturday evening at eight o'clock, Miss Parsons, assisted by the girls, received a number of our Lowell friends and some out-of-town guests at a very delightful musical. After the formalities in the drawing-rooms, we assembled in the schoolroom to hear Mr. Herbert W. Smith, the soloist of the evening. Mrs. Smith accompanied her husband. He has a rich baritone voice, of exceptionally good quality. The selections were, for the most part, songs of soft, subdued character, delicate in coloring. But his voice was at its best in his interpretation of Leoncavallos' dramatic "Pagliacci." It takes a true artist to sing "Pagliacci" as it should be sung. The audience showed its appreciation in enthusiastic applause.

The last four numbers on the program were compositions of our Mr. Vieh's. The first was a love poem by Bliss Carmen, set to a sweet, melodious tune; the second, a little French song of Victor Hugo's; the third had a rhythm, weird and beautiful, just right for Simon Frug's "The Night is an Ancient Sorceress"; the fourth, a musical version of Grace Howard Conkling's "Rheims Cathedral." We were, indeed, fortunate in having the composer of the charming songs at the piano, and to hear such an artist as Mr. Smith.

No evening seems quite complete without dancing—so, after the program, we danced until time for goodnights. We really felt as though we were in our own homes that night, entertaining our own guests. It was a very happy evening—one of our "best times ever" at Rogers Hall.

ELIZABETH PINKHAM AND MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY.

MR. GIBSON'S READING.

January 22nd—

If you were an English farmer, with a family dependent on the proceeds of a small dairy business, and you were called to the front at the time of a crisis on the farm, shouldn't you feel worried

as to the outcome? You ought to, anyway, and yet most of the girls laughed when Wilfred Gibson, at the Middlesex Women's Club, read "The Question."

Gibson uses to the fullest advantage the material he finds at home, following the examples set by Burns and Wordsworth. His poetry deals largely with everyday life, and often with the tragedies in it. To the supposed speaker in "The Question," the death of a cow meant a great deal, materially.

Many of Mr. Gibson's short poems are of the same type as this; of the longer ones, "The Night-Shift" left the most lasting impression. The utter despair, the blackness of the future, which the death of Robert means to his mother, the awful burden under which she staggers after the horrible news comes, the anxiety she feels for the poor wife and little babe, all are painted with an artist's touch. It is a wonderful piece of work, and one which is suited to the poet's style of reading; by this I mean the monotone which Mr. Gibson uses constantly, and which is so much in vogue among the advocates of the modern school.

One girl said she wanted to scream before the reading was half over. The gloomy, despondent tone of his poems seemed unbearably irritating to her. The experience of others was the same. Probably this feeling exists because one has to become accustomed to the oppressive monotony of his reading and the tragic element in his verse.

Mr. Gibson's personality attracted me more than his poems, for his appearance suggests, the typical poet. Tall, awkward, embarrassed, at my first glimpse of him, he did not prepossess me, but after a while I found myself intently watching him. He seemed so unusual that he fascinated me, and his drawling syllables reminded me strongly of Masfield. The American people must learn to know the chanting which both these poets advocate, for, until they do, they cannot appreciate their poetry at its true worth.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

THE LOWELL CHORAL SOCIETY CONCERT.

January 23rd—

All the girls and members of the faculty who were present at the concert of the Lowell Choral Society were, I am sure, delighted with the program and the soloists' voices. It has been the custom of the Society to give two entertainments yearly, which the Rogers Hall girls have always attended in large numbers.

The program opened with Theodore Dubois' "Seven Last Words of Christ"; the solos were sung by Miss Belle Godshalk, soprano, Mr. John Barnes Wells, tenor, Mr. Charles N. Granville, baritone, and the chorus work was, of course, done by the Society. By common consent among the girls, Mr. Wells was the most liked of the soloists; his voice is very pleasing and strong. The chorus showed the results of excellent training in their wonderful technique, and the sense of reverence which they created throughout the number, as well as the feelings of the multitude, in their cries of "Take Him, take Him, let us crucify Him!"

During the interlude, Mr. Wells, Miss Godshalk, and Mr. Granville each sang several short selections. All these were more like encores than songs which are usually sung at concerts, and two, which were composed by Mr. Wells, were very amusing.

The program closed with Longfellow's very well-known "Hiawatha." Mr. Wells sang all of the solos in this, and the Society interpreted the chorus work beautifully. Their representation was truly marvelous, and one could not help noticing the clearness of their enunciation.

We were all sorry when the cantata was over, and all agreed that it had been the best concert that had been given by the Lowell Choral Society for a long while.

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

THE TRIP TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

February 1st—

All of us, no doubt, have read many times of Whittier's cold New England winter, the winter in which one looks in the morning :

“Upon a world unknown,
(On nothing we could call our own.)
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament;
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow.”

Though this kind of scene is common in poetry, it had always seemed entirely fictitious till the morning after our arrival at Intervale, New Hampshire, we woke to a realization of the glistening white valley surrounded by the snowy peaks of the White Mountains, with Mt. Washington defined against the brilliant blue of the sky.

To climb to the top of one of those distant peaks, even if it were only the comparatively low summit of Mount Surprise, seemed a worthy aspiration. The cold, dry air made us very ambitious, so we were delighted to have Mr. Bassett announce the climb for that morning. His jolly presence and his assistance in outfitting us made him a welcome guide.

To reach the steep mountain-side we had to snow-shoe along foot-paths through the “Cathedral Woods.” In spite of many falls and lost snow-shoes, so deep was the heavy snow underneath the dark green pines that the ground was never touched. The steep climb gave us warmth and zest, for many toes had grown cold in the long walk through the deep snow. The ascent was especially hard for one who lost a snow-shoe. From the summit there was a wonderful view of all the surrounding peaks, and, far below, our little snow-piled valley walled in on all sides by the mountains.

On our return to the hotel, the great dinner gong was heard with delight, and the tales of the amount which we ate sound unbelievable.

Again we were living in a scene from “Snow Bound,” for many hours:

“Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door.”

The blizzard raged till the mercury reached eighteen degrees below zero. With the whole hotel to ourselves, we were most snug and cozy, writing, reading, and talking in groups around the huge fireplace.

"The hard, dull bitterness of cold" certainly described the out-of-doors, and made tobogganing in the face of the wind and the long return climb much less pleasant than skiing. Not a soul went on the memorable trip but tried skiing, and, consequently, there was no one who escaped being buried at least to the waist in some drift. The hard exercise required, the swift motion, and the rather sheltered course, made this the most popular sport.

Saturday night, in many additional stockings, sweaters, and coats, twenty of us reached the climax of the trip when we piled into a sleigh and drove to "the movies."

"The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the whole range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow or some sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back,"

describes our moonlight drive, except that the shining white birches along the way-side are not in his scene. And "the movies"! Well, the drive to Conway and back made up for any faults in the entertainment.

Although everybody hated to have Sunday, our last day, arrive, we were anxious to have the long-promised sleighride to Jackson, eight miles away. We sat three in a row on the long sleigh which was pulled by six horses. We drove around through narrow valleys, past the mountains shutting in our own valley, past New England farm-houses and huge summer hotels, and beside rivers. Shouting about cold noses and toes, we fell out of the sleigh when we reached the hotel, and rushed madly for our last meal at Intervale.

A real New England winter would certainly be a delightful one, at any rate, at Bellevue Hotel, and with Miss MacFarlane and Miss Harrison in the party.

EMILY JANE JUDAH.

THE COTTAGE RED CROSS VAUDEVILLE.

To begin at the end, as they say the sailor does with his meals, the proceeds of this affair were thirteen dollars, a goodly sum in helping to support our French orphan. The Cottage girls arranged this vaudeville in a very short time. It blew over the horizon into our view just as does a summer thunder storm, and, while it lasted, it did so with a vengeance.

Among the many laughter-provoking features were the "announcer," a stunning creature attired in a remarkably striking costume of green and orange, and either led by or leading our little black Nixie, attached by an orange band; a lady lecturer, who informed us that the daisy could always be distinguished by its long, slender, green stem; a stage-struck little girl whose memory played tricks on her during the reciting of her "piece"; a clever sketch entitled "The Belle of Bingville"—the "belle" appearing in a stunning costume which we feel sure must have been the inspiration of Bingville's leading modiste; a touching scene between a little girl and her "doll"—a most original creature as to size (enormous), composition (mostly potato bags), and backbone (minus quantity). In another scene, which threatened to be a tragedy, a poor Italian hurdy-gurdy man, having allowed his "monk" to escape up a tree, was getting a vigorous upbraiding from his wife, when the wayward animal appearing upon the scene brought everything to a happy ending, and the audience to gales of laughter. A prize fight proved horribly brutal and most realistic. The performance ended with songs and recitations, after which we danced for a short time.

This impromptu affair was "piles of fun" for all concerned, and we all feel that a great deal of credit is due every girl who participated in it.

VIRGINIA D. MUHLENBERG.

DEPARTMENT OF RED CROSS.

The splendid spirit which the girls of the chapter have shown in entering into the work this past term is certainly more than appreciated by all who are closely connected with this great

organization, but, after all, isn't the giving and doing for others the source of our own happiness? There are so many, many things that we can do, but so few things that we really may do, owing to the fact that we cannot devote all our time to them.

Two things we did accomplish, however,—firstly, the making of “keepsake” bags for soldiers in France. Mrs. Jackson, of the Blue Cross fund of Boston, aroused our interest in the making of the bags for the Allied Bazaar. There they were sold for twenty-five cents each, and the buyers were asked to give them back. The money for which they sold went to the Blue Cross fund, while the bags, now twice given, went to the French soldiers.

Secondly, we sent to Capt. Edward Croft, Company A, 26th Infantry, one hundred individual Christmas boxes to be distributed among his men. These contained candy, writing material, reading matter, tobacco, cigarettes and other articles which the girls chose to enclose, wrapped in white tissue paper, and carefully tied with red ribbon. The express on the shipment was too large for our treasury, so a candy sale was given before Christmas, at which we paid our expenses as well as adding a few additional dollars to our balance.

Many of the girls have received letters of thanks from the different soldiers. One which we all thought to be very appreciative is as follows:

Harlingen, Texas,
Dec. 31, 1916.

Miss Dorothy “B,”

Kind Friend,

I do not know whether or not this note will ever reach you, nevertheless, I take the liberty of thanking you for the delightful little Christmas box I received yesterday.

As soon as it became known among the Company that there were two large boxes at the depot, many and varied were the conjectures as to their contents. However, it is my pleasure to say that all of us were pleased, and pleasantly reminded that we were not forgotten, and be assured that the kindness and thought-

fulness of our friends at Rogers Hall will not soon be forgotten.

Again thanking you, personally this time, Miss Santa Claus, and wishing you the best of good fortune for the coming year, I am

Sincerely yours,

R ————— F. —————

Co. A, 26th Inft.

January 19th witnessed the second open meeting of the chapter. Desperate appeals had come to us for clothing and shoes for the poor Belgians, and so the girls were asked to collect all for which they had no further use, and we hope soon to send a well equipped box to the Belgian Relief Fund in Boston.

Means were suggested for raising additional money with which to continue our work. One suggestion was that we give a vaudeville, another a circus, and still another that we have a tea-dance at which half the girls come as boys. The chairman was empowered to select a committee to confer with Miss Parsons as to which we might follow with the best results. It was decided to give a vaudeville on January 27th. This increased our treasury to the extent of fourteen dollars.

The vote passed that we adopt a French orphan. We are now attempting to raise the seventy-three dollars which will feed and clothe a fatherless child for two years.

DORIS M. JONES, (Chairman).

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

Very little has been done in the line of athletics since the successful hockey season. The presidents of the clubs have been out once a week practicing basket ball and discovering what material they have for their teams, also planning some of their plays. Skeleton practice, as well as regular games, composed of practically raw material, have been played, and good foundations are not to be found lacking in either club.

The pleasant revival of skating has usurped all time previously given over to other athletics. Both tennis courts, as well as the hockey field, have been flooded, so there is no complaint for lack of room. Afternoon classes in fencing and dancing, during the past few weeks, have been shortened so as to enable the girls to spend most of their recreation out-of-doors, skating.

This out-of-door spirit which seems to have gotten into the blood, prompted the House and Cottage girls to give a carniva the evening of January 26th.

DORIS M. JONES.

A perfect night, stars and a crescent moon, bright colored lanterns dancing in the trees and reflected on the ice of the flooded hockey field, and a victrola to furnish music—what more could one wish for a good time! It was such a scene as this that we found before us. It did not take us long to make the best of our opportunities, and soon everyone was gliding blissfully up and down the shining surface. As one girl expressed it, she felt as if she were in a picture book or in a dream. There is something exhilarating in the swift motion of skating, which the beginners, as well as the skillful performers enjoy.

When the exercise in the cold night air had sharpened our appetites, we were ready to repair to the warm "gym," where cocoa, "hot dogs," sandwiches and doughnuts greeted us. Needless to say, all these good things disappeared rapidly, and we felt that nothing had been lacking to make this party a great success.

ELEANOR GOODRICH.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

Gladys Lawrence, '08, has completed her training at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and has promised her services as a Red Cross nurse to the Allies. She sails in February with the Harvard unit to serve on the French frontier, and the good wishes of all the old girls go with her.

November 15, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Soule (Florence Renne).

Rebecca Reynolds Lewis has moved to Brookline, Mass., to live since her husband has joined a Boston firm. Her temporary address is 1070 Beacon Street. Rebecca made Katharine Kessinger a visit early in January.

Kathryn Jerger, '14, is back in New York this winter, living at 111 West 77th Street. A good opening came to her to design suits and dresses in a wholesale house, and this will eventually lead to an important position. She writes, "My ambition is to some day design a serviceable, sensible, suitable, sanitary suit for Rogers Hall, and in furtherance of this, I pursue women up and down the streets of New York seeking ideas for designs, but in imminent danger of being arrested as a German spy or bomb-thrower."

Christmas eve, Alice Billings, '11, announced her engagement to Theodore Crowninshield Browne of Salem, Mass., a graduate of Harvard, 1915.

September 27, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Angus Cassils (Ruth Heath, '07), at their home, 8 Oldfields Avenue, West Montreal, Canada. Ruth writes that Grace spent the summer with her, and is living in Richmond, Va., this winter, at 1615 Grove Avenue. Another year, she expects to make her home in Chicago.

December 20, Grace Smith was married to Mr. Fairleigh Stanton Dickinson, at Rutherford, N. J.

Early in the New Year Ethel Stark, '14, with her mother and father, is to take a trip to New Orleans, San Antonio, and through California, returning along the Pacific Coast to Washington, and thence back to Milwaukee.

Matilda Kloppenburg, '12, has announced her engagement to Douglas Tracy of Mt. Vernon, and plans to be married during the year. Josephine Howland Purdy was in New York at the time of the announcement, and she went out to Mt. Vernon for the engagement tea.

Edith Kingsley came on in January to visit Hazel Coffin, '16, and, together with Rachel Hoyer, '16, they are coming on

to school for a visit in February. They will also visit Hilda Morse, '16, before going back to Germantown.

Lucy Clark, '16, has gone on a trip to Japan with some friends.

In December, there was held in Lowell, a concert and lecture by Sergeant Middlemiss for the benefit of the B. F. B. Blind Relief Fund. Ruth Burke, Harriet Coburn, '95, and Florence Nesmith, '00, were on the committee, and among the ushers were Betty Eastman, '13, Ethel Hockmeyer, '13, Meta Jefferson, Isabel and Harriet Nesmith, '05, Helen Nesmith, '10, Gertrude Parker, '12, Ada Chalifoux Stevens, Elizabeth Talbot, '12, Caroline Wright, '03, and Dorothy Wright, '06.

December 13, a daughter, Charlotte Anne, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blancy (Charlotte Greene, '12).

Dorothy Ellingwood McLane, '04, moved her family to San Antonio for part of the fall and winter, while her husband was with the New Hampshire Militia on the Mexican border. When the troops were sent home, she went back to her home in Milford.

Late in the fall, Hilda Morse was obliged to go to the hospital for treatment, so that she has left Smith for this year.

Annis Kendall Stearns, '06, has moved to South Orange, as her husband has been transferred to his New York office, and she is living on Glenside Road.

Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02, has an apartment in Chicago, at 5107 Ingleside Avenue, until they decide where to locate their home.

In December, Susan McEvoy, '12, had one of the parts in the play, "Le Sanglier," which was presented by the Lowell group of the Alliance Française in the Gymnasium.

In January, Bonney Lilley, '11, played the part of Suzanne in Sardou's, "A Scrap of Paper," which was given in Lowell for the benefit of the Lowell Equal Suffrage Association. Nan Sibley, '17, took the part of Mathilde, while Louise Talbot won honors for herself as the house-keeper. Estelle Irish Pillsbury was chairman of the committee that had charge of the tickets.

On Christmas day, Ethel Hockmeyer, '13, announced her engagement to Lincoln Clark, Harvard, 1916, of No. Billerica, Mass., a brother-in-law of Eugenia Meigs Clark.

In February, Ruth Burke had an exhibition of her portraits in wax at the rooms of the Boston Arts and Crafts Society. The uniqueness of this form of art, and the excellent likenesses that Ruth has secured, have won much favorable criticism.

Mabel Rugee writes from Milwaukee, "Last fall two of my girl friends and myself took up a course of dressmaking at the trades-school here. We had a private class, and only went twice a week for three hours in the morning, but you would be surprised at how much we accomplished. I also did some Red Cross work and French Relief work, but had to drop that towards Christmas when I was busy preparing for my *début* during the holidays.

* * * We have also had more snow than usual this year, which has spoiled the ice-boating, but has made splendid sliding and skiing, with the thermometer often much below zero."

Julia Edwards, '12, wrote in February: "Perhaps you have already heard through some of the old girls that I am at last teaching, at Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Georgia. Here is the list of my subjects: Inorganic Chemistry, Physics, Household Chemistry, Psychology, and two courses in both cooking and sewing. The first four come every day, and the others each twice a week. It certainly seems like old times to be back in boarding school again; only how different it seems to be a teacher! Can you imagine me chaperoning to church and to concerts, and also conducting recitations? * * * It has been a new experience for me to come South, but, while at first I felt rather like the stranger in the strange land, I believe I am gradually changing into a 'sure-'nough' Southerner, at least, in some ways. We are having our first real 'freeze.' Last week the violets and daffodils were blooming everywhere, and the weather was like summer. * * * I am expecting to be at Rogers Hall for Commencement, and I am hoping to persuade Irene Krull to come with me."

Hilda Smith, '14, has announced her engagement to Tom Hollis of Concord, Mass.

In December, Miss Parsons made a brief trip west and met some of the old girls in Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago. In Cleveland, Hilda Talmage Lundoff, '06, had an informal tea in Miss Parsons' honor, at her new home, 2275 Woodmere Drive,

when these girls had an opportunity to see Miss Parsons and learn more about the school, Carol Calhoun Narten, Betty James Sloan, Gennette Moore, Eleanor Cushing Corner, Rosabel Sampliner and their hostess. In Detroit, Polly Piper, '15, had luncheon with Miss Parsons, and took her out to visit the Liggett School. In Chicago, Miss Parsons met Lili Lieber, '13, Gertrude Hummer, Gwendolen Perry, '11, Miss Winifred Miller, Saidee Forrest Rathbone and Alice Lang Bogardus. She learned that Lili is one of the very influential Seniors in the University of Chicago, and that Gwendolen, who has returned to complete her work for her degree, also ranks high; both girls are bringing fresh laurels to Rogers Hall. Gertrude Hummer is spending the winter at the Hotel Windemere in Chicago, and expects to go South in February. Saidee Forrest has been very successful in writing songs, and the score of several of her compositions is to be published this year. Miss Parsons saw Alice Lang in her new home, and found her much absorbed in her matronly duties.

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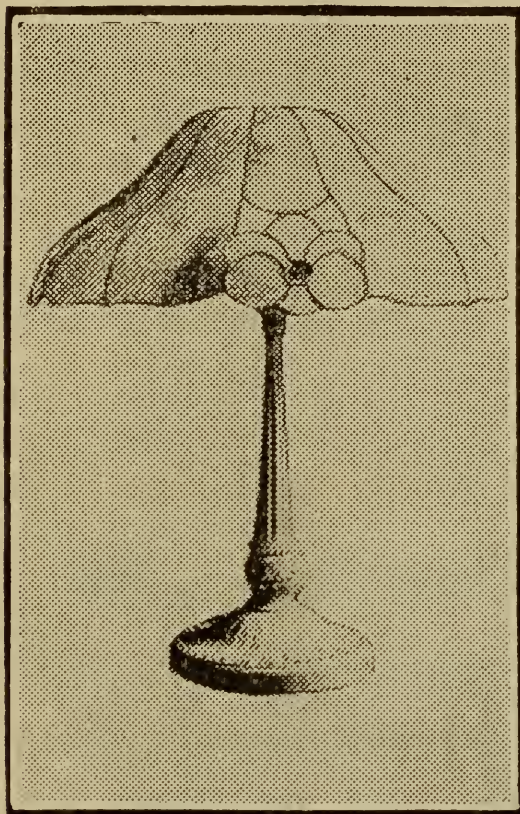
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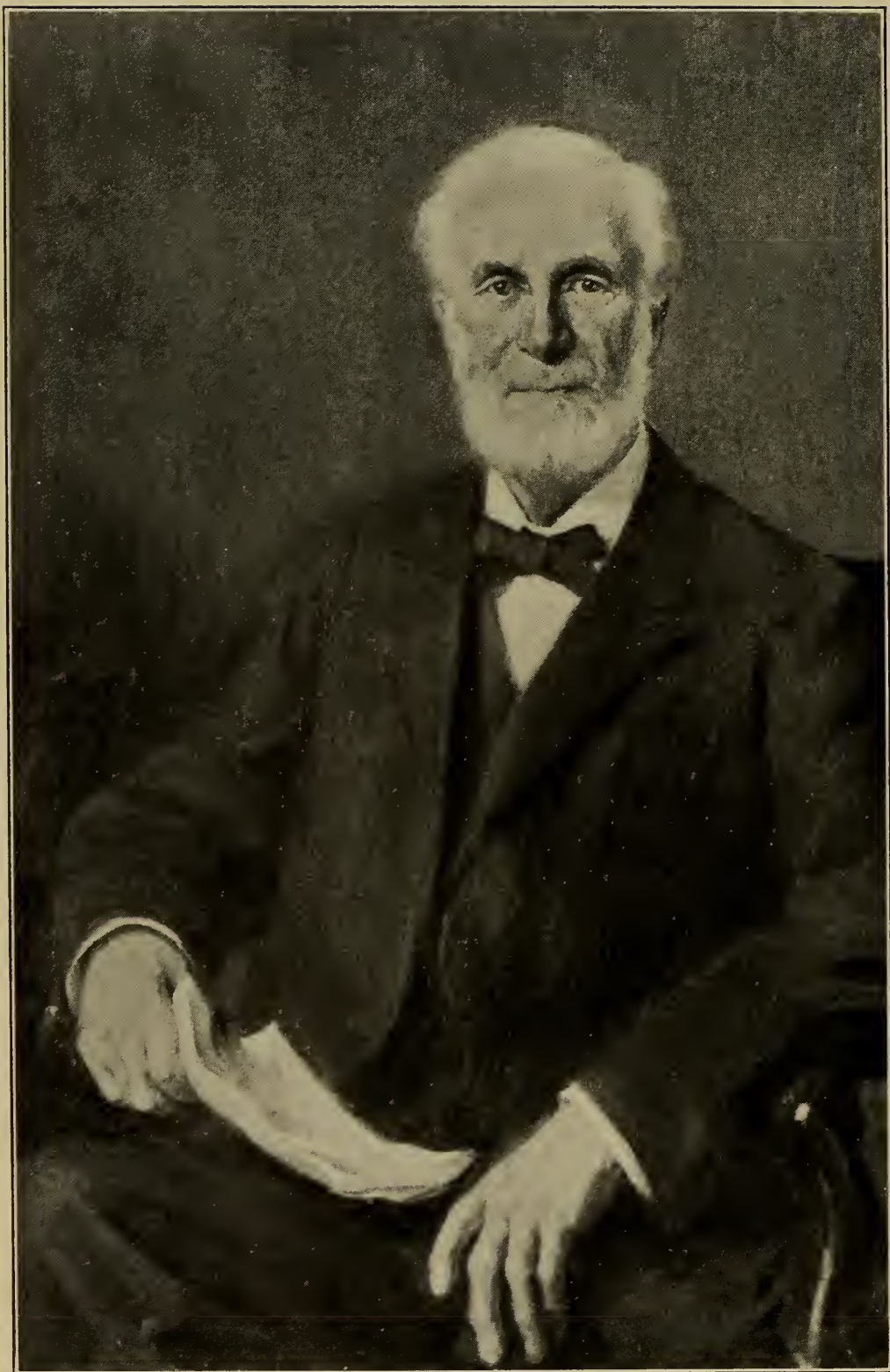
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REV. JOHN MORTON GREENE, D. D.
From the portrait painted for Rogers Hall by Mary Earl Wood.



Vol. 16

APRIL, 1917

No. 3

REV. JOHN MORTON GREENE, D. D.

Every night when we assemble in the drawing-room before dinner, a kindly, courteous, and lovable gentleman looks down upon us. It is Dr. John Morton Greene, the president of our Board of Trustees, whose portrait lends an inspiring and serene grace to our walls. The first time you enter the drawing-room you notice this portrait, for the face is one that commands both respect and admiration. As you see it daily you become influenced by the strong personality of the original. That Rogers Hall is not the only place which offers him its esteem is shown in an article which appeared in the *Smith Alumnæ Quarterly* for February, entitled "The Father of Smith College."

Dr. Greene is a son of New England, for he was born in Hadley, Massachusetts, March 12, 1830; he was graduated from Amherst in 1853 with the rank of Phi Beta Kappa, and later from Bangor Theological Seminary. While pastor of the church in Hatfield, Massachusetts, he was consulted by Miss Sophia Smith, one of his parishioners as to how she should dispose of a large estate which she had inherited.

The plan for the college for women which Dr. Greene offered her still exists in the archives of Smith College. After choosing the trustees at Miss Smith's request, he selected Northampton as the location.

After a pastorate at South Hadley, Dr. Greene came to Lowell, to minister to the Eliot Church. He served this church as active pastor for thirty years, and as "pastor emeritus" still gives it the benefit of his counsel.

Among Dr. Greene's parishioners at the Eliot Church was Miss Elizabeth Rogers, who, like Miss Smith of Hatfield, desired advice as to the disposition of her property. Again Dr. Greene endeavored to further the education of women, in this case by the establishment of a secondary school which should prepare girls for admission to college. In accordance with his advice Miss Rogers made a will, giving her property to found a school for girls. The successful establishment in Lowell of a preparatory school for girls by Mrs. Underhill, in 1891, led Miss Rogers to change her plans and invite the co-operation of Mrs. Underhill in the founding, during her own life-time, of the Rogers Hall School. She remodeled, for the uses of the school, her old family home, living until her death in the adjoining house, which is now used as a dormitory. Dr. Greene as her trusted adviser actively promoted the carrying out of her plans.

In the early days of Rogers Hall, Dr. Greene often visited the school. He planned and frequently conducted the Wednesday morning Bible Talks, and many of the old girls still remember the psalms which they learned in preparation for this Bible lesson.

While in recent years Dr. Greene has not been able to visit Rogers Hall, yet he has often given evidence of his kindly interest in its pupils. Every June the graduating class stores among its happy memories a letter of congratulation and good wishes from him, and it is he who annually furnished the class motto. But it is not only at Commencement time that Dr. Greene thinks of and honors Rogers Hall. On his birthday Miss Parsons read to us a letter from him which I quote to show his kind and friendly interest:

"My dear Miss Parsons:

You very kindly sent me a copy of the Rogers Hall circular and a copy of SPLINTERS. Now you have sent me another copy of SPLINTERS. Please tell the girls that I read everything in SPLINTERS. I think that magazine is doing much good in the

school. Use your pen every day. Write something. I often think when I have read one of the articles in *SPLINTERS*, 'Well done, that girl will become a writer of books if she keeps on.' Please give my congratulations to the girls for their good articles in this number. 'My Biggin' and 'The Two Weavers' interested me very much.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN M. GREENE."

These words of kindly encouragement cannot fail to inspire us to do our utmost to maintain and improve the standard of our magazine, and in behalf of all who contribute to *SPLINTERS*, we thank Dr. Greene for his message which we fully appreciate.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

SPRING DREAMS.

Last night when the moon shone white and clear,
And the sky was a purplish-blue,
And the stars blinked up in the Milky Way,
Blinked down at this world, so sad, so gay,
I wanted to be there, too.

I wanted to ride on the back of a bird
To the moon, glittering and white,
And, sitting inside on the crescent's edge,
Laugh down on a world of tree and hedge,
And while away the night.

I wanted to play with the twinkly stars,
Play tag in the misty sky,
Then shoot through the air on a comet's tail,
And, finding once more my nightingale,
Tell him which way to fly.

I wanted to ride away on his back,
Far away in the dim, soft night;
And feel the rush of the sweet May air,
As it cooled my cheek and fluffed my hair,
In the eerie, pale star-light.

And when the stars began to fade,
With the moon back into the sky,
Why, then I'd return to earth again,
Return to a world of dreamless men,
And bid my steed good-bye.

ELLEN BURKE.

GARDEN-GLOW IN JANUARY.

January is a wonderful month; consider the delightful zero weather, the frozen noses, the first of the year bills, and,—the seed catalogues. We received several dozen handsome seed catalogues last January, page after page of beautifully illustrated reading matter. Every mail brought a new delight. Grandmother laid down her "Pickwick Papers" to consider a new variety of pinks; father forgot the "World's Work" and browsed on pages of enormous June peas; uncle neglected his pipe for cauliflower, and studied all about curly lettuce. I was in rapture over a marvelous picture of an unusual yellow flower designated "Lovers' Joy." Oh, most delightful name! Finally I noticed father getting out a pad and pencil, and I knew from past experience that he was going to make out his list. Soon we all had the seed-fever, and the list grew and grew just as the catalogue said our flowers would. We thought we had the order all ready when grandmother rushed in to tell us that she had forgotten her old friends, bachelors button and coxcomb. O, she must have coxcombs! Uncle ventured to remind her of the delicate little coxcombs she had had along the walk last summer. She had

spent many hours encouraging the little plants to grow, but, despite her efforts, they faded away long before their maturity. However, grandmother was deaf to his appeal. These were to be luxuriant red plants a foot high,—the catalogue said so; one only had to turn to page two-hundred and three to be convinced. I suggested scores of different kinds of flowers, and uncle and father completed the seventh page of the list. It was an exciting time; perhaps we had all forgotten that we were living in town now and that our lawn was small, and our circumstances were changed from the days of the country place and several good gardeners. But we were brave, and were willing to attempt all. There were pictures in the catalogue of American Beauty roses raised by a child of five,—we need not fear. Our humble yard would be a bower of beauty. No doubt "House and Garden" would be pleading with us for illustrations for the magazine.

Everyone would be asking me all about my "Lovers' Joy." I didn't know just what they were to look like, but I imagined wonderful things.

By February, I had dreamed all sorts of dreams about all sorts of flowers in the garden. I was eager for March to come and for our order to arrive. It did,—a big wooden box came, about the size of that used by Barnum and Bailey to ship a hippopotamus, full to the top with white seed packages. When April dawned it was time to disperse the several billion seeds. Someway, I wasn't quite so interested as I had been. But a glance at my old friend, "Lovers' Joy," encouraged me. I fell to work one morning digging young Grand Canyons and hiding the little seeds away from any possible chance of ever seeing the light again. Uncle disposed of his little packets faithfully. Grandmother had a jolly time with her favorites, but, someway, father never did do his share. I didn't say anything, but several weeks after the rest of us had done our planting I found the charred remains of several hundred little packages.

Grandmother's bachelors buttons were a big success, only she had confused the name with "zenia," and was very much disappointed not to have "buttons" of a dozen different colors. And the coxcombs,—well, a stupid boy pulled them up. Once in July we had a pithy cauliflower at luncheon contributed by

uncle, and another time we had enough lettuce to garnish a fruit salad. It was strange how soon I forgot about my garden. A weak little nasturtium plant reminded me one day of my January ambitions. Of the manifold brethren it was the only one that had struggled to the top, except the thrilling row of little plants marked "Lovers' Joy." They were little wonders and were growing rapidly. I had told my neighbors about them in January, and now that they were really growing I had many callers to see the strange phenomena. I tended them ever so carefully. My friends all gave me advice as to the best time of day to water them and how to keep the soil loose about the roots. But the longer they grew the more commonplace they looked. I was grieved,—I wondered.

"Lan' sakes, chile," said the good old vegetable pedlar, "those look mighty lak' sunflower plants to me." Her words were all too true. By July they were full fledged sunflowers! But they had been wonderful to me in my dreams. Every time I saw them, like so many balls of gold in the sun, I sighed and thought of my garden-glow in January.

MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY.

NUMBER 735.

Mr. Jedediah Silvertown leaned against the side of the station and surveyed the passing crowd with an expectant although puzzled look on his face. He was a tall, lanky man with an air about him which marked him as "country." Perhaps it was his baggy trousers and badly fitting coat, or perhaps the red and yellow handkerchief which from time to time he used to mop his brow, or maybe it was his celluloid collar and "made" green tie. In any case he looked "country," he acted "country," and he probably felt "country." The most casual observer could see that he was not at his ease, but then, no one can be very much at ease when he is waiting for someone he has never seen, in a big station on a hot July day. That was exactly Mr. Silvertown's plight, but he waited for this person in an original, not to say

peculiar manner. Most people when they are scanning a crowd for an unknown person, look more or less at the peoples' faces; in this respect, Mr. Silvertown was unique, for he deliberately stared at their feet and from time to time raised his eyes towards their hats. But it was always the women's hats he looked at, never the men's. He also counted to himself, and if anyone had cared to stop and listen to his mutterings, he might have been slightly puzzled.

"Seven hundred an' thirty-one," counted Mr. Silvertown, "Seven hundred an' thirty-two—" he paused and passed his handkerchief across his forehead, then once more turned his attention to the feet of the crowd.

"I swan!" he exclaimed, "ef thar ain't another pair! Seven hundred an' thirty-three! Hey! Land o' Ham! Seven hundred an' thirty-four!"

He stopped counting as a woman brushed past him, and he raised his eyes towards her hat with a hopeful look. But after one glance at the vivid purple and green "creation," his face fell.

"Thunder!" he muttered, as she disappeared, "ain't she never comin'? She said she'd be here at twelve, an' here 'tis half past. An' I've been here since eleven!"

He plunged his hands into his coat pocket and drew forth an envelope addressed to him, in purple ink, in a woman's handwriting. He took out the letter and commenced to read it.

"Dear Mr. Silvertown," it ran, "I saw your ad. in the 'Cupid,' and I thought I'd answer it. I used to live in the country and I'd like first rate to live there again. I'm about middling height and I have yellow hair (it's turning gray) and I was 37 last October. My husband left me fifteen year ago and I heard that he died three years later. I've had pretty hard luck since, but I guess that if you're willing and don't smoke, I just as soon marry you. My address is

18 Poole Street, Curley, Ohio.

Yours truly

Anna Case Thompson.

P. S. I allus liked tall men, kinda romantic looking, I think. My late husband was 6 feet. I hope you're tall.

A. C. T."

He read over her description of herself and then put the letter back into his pocket, and took out two more. One, on a scrap of lined paper, was a copy of his answer to her; he read it over proudly.

"Dear Mrs. Thompson," it began, "Your letter of the 26th was O. K. I'm willin & I'd like to get settled as soon as possible as I'm gonna be bizy next month hayin. I gotta go up Chicago way the first of next month on bizness & if you'll set a date I'll meet you & we can get married as I have a friend who is a parson who lives there. I do not use tobbaeco.

Yours truly

Jedediah Silverton."

The other letter, written in purple ink was her reply.

"Dear Mr. Silverton,

I will meet you on July 5th at 12 o'clock at the station my train from Curley gets into. I will be wearing a blue suit, a green hat with red trimmins and white shoes and stockings. Hoping this is satisfactory to you, I remain,

Yours truly

Anna Case Thompson."

Jed folded up the letters and returned them to his pocket.

"White shoes an' stockin's!" he exclaimed, "Thunder! haow does she think I c'n tell her feet from anybody else's? I aint never seen 'em, an' I've caounted seven hundred an' thirty-four wimmin wearin' white shoes so far."

Weary of gazing at the monotonous feminine footwear, he glanced up and caught sight of a woman wearing a green hat adorned with red things which bobbed up and down as if on springs. She had a white fur around her neck and her back was towards him. He started in her direction, but the woman turned and Jed hastily retreated. She was colored!

"Guess I'll speak to that policeman," he said to himself, and started towards a tall man in blue. While he was explaining his dilemma, a youngish man came up. The policeman turned.

"Better explain yer case to Mr. Duffy, Mr. Silverton. He prob'ly can help ye better than me," and the policeman winked cheerfully at Mr. Duffy.

Mr. Duffy was exceedingly interested and he was very polite. Perhaps he was a shade too polite, but if so, Jed did not notice it. Mr. Duffy took down Mr. Silvertown's name and the name of his fiancée; he also took down a description of her, and appeared interested in learning the exact number of women wearing white shoes who had passed through the station that morning. He then suggested that perhaps if Mr. Silvertown looked again he could find his fiancée, and he finally left, chuckling to himself, saying that he would look in another part of the station.

Hardly had Mr. Duffy departed when Jed caught sight of a plump little woman standing apart from the crowd, dressed in dark blue. In one hand she carried a bandbox and in the other a large black bag. She seemed to be looking for someone. Jed looked at her hat. It was green and red! His eyes travelled to her feet; they were encased in white shoes! Still, he hesitated. Although she fitted the description exactly, it might be someone else. Should he speak to her or not? Two or three times he started forward, and then, changing his mind, retreated. He began to get nervous; he lifted his chin in the manner of a man who has on a high, stiff collar, and he kept changing his hands from his coat pockets to his trouser pockets and back again. At last he decided to speak. He settled his straw hat more comfortably on his head, cleared his throat, removed his hands from his pockets, and started in her direction. As he reached her a horrible fear assailed him; what if it should be someone else, after all? However, it was too late to go back, so, with a nervous cough, he addressed her.

"Be you Mrs. Thompson?" he stammered.

The woman glanced hastily up, and, as the light fell strongly upon her face, Jed started back in alarm. His throat contracted, and for a few seconds he was unable to say a word. At last, however, he managed to blurt out,

"You!"

The woman smiled and inspected the lanky man before her. His face wore the guilty look of a little boy found by an empty pie dish.

"Yes," she returned, "it's me—your wife, Emma Cummiell Silvertown. Who'd you think it was?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Jed.

"You thought that I was a 'Mrs. Thompson,' " persisted the woman. "Who is 'Mrs. Thompson'?"

" 'Mrs. Thompson'? I—I never saw her in my life."

"Well," continued his wife, "you see her now. I am 'Mrs. Thompson'—'Mrs. Anna Case Thompson'!"

"Emma," gasped Jed, "you—you haven't—"

"Gotten married again? No, Jed, but I changed my name to Thompson after—that day. When I saw your ad. in the "Cupid," I thought—, well never mind what I thought; anyway, I answered it."

"Emma," said Jed, "if I'd known you were alive and where you lived, I wouldn't have put that in the 'Cupid.' I thought you was dead."

"Well, I'm not. I'm alive and hungry, and I want some dinner. The train was twenty minutes late. You take this bag and we'll go to some rest'rant."

* * * * *

The train for Mellville, Ohio, was just pulling out of the station, and Jed and his wife were busily talking, when a boy laden with newspapers, magazines, gum, and candy came through the car, trying to sell his wares.

"Wanta paper, Mister?" he inquired.

"Sure," replied Jed.

As his eyes travelled down the page, he caught sight of a head line:

"SEARCHES FOR FIANCÉE WEARING WHITE SHOES"

Fascinated, he read on.

"Mr. Jedediah Silvertown of Mellville, Ohio, was here today looking for his bride-to-be, a 37-year-old blonde, wearing white shoes with white stockings peeping out between the tops of the shoes and a blue skirt.

"Jed was to meet her this morning. While waiting at the depot, he told the police that he counted 734 women wearing white stockings and shoes.

"His bride-to-be, said Jed, was Mrs. Anna Thompson, whose acquaintance he made through a matrimonial paper."

Jed muttered savagely under his breath, and started to tear up the paper.

"Why Jed Silvertown!" exclaimed his wife, "Don't you tear that up till after I read it! Why Jed," seeing the expression on his face, "what's the matter?"

"That—that man who was goin' to help me find you—see this," and he handed her the paper.

While she read where he indicated, Jed stared fixedly ahead of him. If there was one thing that his wife hated, it was to be made to appear ridiculous, and Jed knew it. He had been crazy, he realized now, to have given Mr. Duffy so complete an account of his troubles. He wondered what Emma would say, and stole a glance at her. She had finished reading, but was looking at the headline with a flushed face and compressed lips.

"Emma," he said at length, "I—I was a big fool to tell that man what I did. But he seemed so kinda interested and sympathetic an' so—Thunder! of course he was interested, it meant a story for him. I swan to man, Emma, I'm real sorry. I was a big fool."

His wife looked at him thoughtfully. Her color had died down and she was thinking hard.

"Jed," she asked, "you said in that letter that you didn't smoke. D' you mean you ain't smoked ever since that day?"

If Jedediah Silvertown had ever had any regrets over doing something that an "ungrateful wife," as he had termed her, wanted him to do, after a quarrel over it, which ended in their separation, they were swept completely away from his memory now that he was able to reply,

"No, Emma, I hain't."

"There's more fools in this world than you," continued his wife, "an' I'm one of 'em. Just because you wanted to smoke and I didn't want you to, I left you an' spoiled part of my life an' yours. I used to think that no decent man ever smoked, but I know better now. I was only a girl then, anyhow. So I just as lief you smoked, Jed."

"Pshaw, Emma!" gasped Jed. "You don't like it, so of course I won't."

"Jed Silvertown," returned his wife, "when we get to Mellville, the first thing you do is to buy a cigar."

ELLEN BURKE.

LEARNING TO KNIT.

"Click! click!" the knitting needles busily clattered in the hands of every one in the metropolis where I was visiting. People rattled on at a great rate in the hotels, in the churches, at lectures. Knitting is one of the indirect results of the European war.

However, the fad was slow to arrive in my native village. I resolved to start the good work at once. A lovely white scarf would be delightful for some frost-nipped nose in the trenches. The purity of color would, undoubtedly, uplift the soul of the recipient to heights before unknown.

I set forth to purchase yarn before leaving the knitting-mad city. The lady in the yarn-carrying shop (any technical name for the store is yet unknown to me) assured me that the soft white yarn which I chose could be most successfully worked up on some fascinating thin white needles. I saw a little pamphlet, "How to Knit, in Five Pages" on the counter, which I bought. Every knitter on street cars, in the station, and on the train which carried me back home, stirred an answering wave of sympathy in my breast.

When I arrived there I told with pride of the noble work I was about to begin, scouting any doubts as to my knowledge of the popular science. I had that valuable "Five Pages" with me. I took it out and read it to my awe-stricken family. Think of their having such a prodigy for a daughter! Imagine anyone being able to understand such complicated instructions as k. 3, s. 3, c. o. 6! I could see Father puffing up visibly.

But alas! On solitary reading I found myself in as great a muddle as after the first reading aloud. A third careful perusal of my instructions seemed to increase my bewilderment. False pride kept me from confessing my dilemma.

By some lucky chance, I discovered that the cook knew at least the rudiments of knitting. Her capable hands could manufacture homely gray stockings, so perhaps she could aid me in making my "soul-uplifting" scarf. Upon further inquiry, I made sure of my salvation and that of the soldier for whom the scarf

was destined. Under Maggie's able hands the white yarn was "cast on" as she explained. Then, with great patience—and we both needed it—the knitting began. The lessons, of course, had to be most carefully kept secret, because in a family which includes brothers if such things are discovered, they are bound to bring about moments of grave discomfiture. So Cook and I struggled hard and silently till at last I mastered—the stroke, so to speak. When I finally appeared, knitting in hand, in the family circle, this stroke of mine varied considerably, but not greatly enough to escape becoming a stitch.

In a short time the admiring glances became too much for me, and a huge hole appeared. I feigned an errand and fled to Cook in the midst of dish-washing. She hurried quickly to my rescue—alas, too quickly! With wet and greasy hands she clutched my knitting of fresh, white purity. Irish exclamations and others not wholly confined to that nationality poured forth from Maggie in torrents. I had been dismayed too many times to give way before this calamity; besides, warmth for the body remained if purity of soul had fled. Cook dried her hands, made a fresh start, and picked up the stitch. After a fruitless search for the nominal object of my absence, I rushed back to the living room. In spite of griminess the work continued.

Many evenings I spent in knitting, adding a few dingy stitches nightly. One day some callers came. They brought with them a small angel-faced child. The face misled the parents, or they never would have come visiting with such a demon. Howls proceeded from it for many minutes. Finally our pet kitten came strolling in and found a kindred spirit in the strange baby. They played together happily and quietly for many minutes. A yell awoke the rest of us to knowledge of their presence, and, looking around, I saw a sight which brought rage to my heart. Every stitch of my knitting was ripped. A fight between cat and demon ensued over its shreds. The ignominious career of my worthy purpose ended here.

EMILY JANE JUDAH.

RUPERT BROOKE.

Did you ever compare the different elements present in a sunrise and a sunset? The sunrise is distinctly vital, vivid and soul-awakening, and comes upon you out of void and darkness as a brilliant challenge. It is the light after darkness, essentially full of happiness and inspiration.

But the sunset is sadder. It is filled with peace and softly dying shades, quiet winds and farewell songs of birds. All day the sun has looked down upon earth, humanity has alternately suffered under its heat or been gladdened by its rays. But the sun, which sinks behind the softly undulating purple hills into the quiet arms of the waiting sea, seems saddened by experience, no longer joyous and vibrant, meeting a disillusioned death calmly. It is the darkness after the light. In these characteristics the poetry of the old and young differ. One writes from the point of view of experience, with a world-gained philosophy, the other without background, but, nevertheless, with far-seeing, visionary powers and a wonderful philosophy not of the sordid world. Sometimes the gold of the sunrise may be carried over to glorify the sunset, or the premonition of cooling passions to come, somewhat veil the brilliancy of the sunrise.

The young poet who is truly gifted with a certain divine fire comes into the world like dawn, a spontaneous bursting upon the world which lights up the dark places in our hearts and souls, bringing back the wonderful joy in life and nature that we, perhaps, have not felt since the long ago under the starshine of country skies. When you are young you have faith, there is a certain mystery about everything which gives charm, and the ideas built upon foundations of faith, though as yet they may only be visions touched by the rosy-hued fingers of dream, still may become realities of the kind that keep the young look in old eyes. Even when disillusionment is somewhat gone and the belief in death comes, made far more tragic in the poems of the young because it is hard to reconcile it with vigorous vitality, still the thought of immortality is made all the more lovely, the belief that "somewhere I shall wake."

Rupert Brooke is dead, but his poetry shall live, flaming as the tropical verdure about him, endless in its message of song as are the southern seas chanting at his feet. Truly he came and saw, and conquered, for his life was, after all, but a fleeting glimpse into time.

Even in this prosaic age, a true poet is recognized among the many who are striving to put the common things of life into poetry. Now the common things of life may be made poetry by idealizing them, but I shall always maintain that poetry cannot be made a business, cannot be moulded into hard facts. True poets look ever up and above the everyday routine of existence, their thoughts lift us out of the rut instead of emphasizing it, and make us live.

Rupert Brooke's poems reflect the typical moods of youth, heights and depths in the extreme, now exultant and confident, now a trifle cynical and of a sadder vein, but ever, except, perhaps, in his sonnets of the Great War, imbued with everlasting youth.

Some of his first poems reflect the great tragedy of youth, the growing old of those we loved when "the flame of youth was still in their eyes." It is as if Rupert Brooke tormented himself at times by forcing himself to open his eyes to the constant changes, as if he wandered nightly in a ghostly garden, watching the flowers die. It is as if he sat on the shining sands of time, with the fair blue sea of life stretched at his feet like a clear mirror in the foreground, but clouded toward the horizon's rim, where the sails of his ship of life slipped slowly away into the unknown.

So through his early poems echo the cry of the young the world over, remonstrance against growing old, and he attacks his subjects with a seeming vengeance. He shows the changing of love to kindliness, the fickleness of life, the dominant jealousy, and then, just as you are about to agree with him, you come upon some poem like a great calm after troubled waters, embodying faith in the eternity of love, man and God. To read Rupert Brooke and understand him you need not adopt his ideas, but you must adopt his mood.

One of the main ideas in his early love poems is that of being alone with love. "The lamps fade and the stars, we are alone," and again, "Alone above the night, above the dust of the dead

Gods, alone." These lines give a sense of completeness in life, of all-attainment and nothing else to be wished for.

In these lines there is not so much of the typical youth, as in his South Sea poems. Perhaps it was the effect and wonder of the southern nights that made life so much worth living. These lines from "Tiare Tabiti,"

"Oh, heaven's heaven, but we'll be missing
The palms, the sunlight and the south,"

show primarily a certain wistfulness at the thought of death, containing the idea that thrice his lifetime would be all too short to drink life to the lees as he knew it, and felt it, and lived it.

How much real feeling, showing how intensely he cared for his fatherland, is shown in "Grantchester," written when he was temporarily exiled in Berlin. He employs no flowery words or phrases to express how deep his emotions are, as he merely recalls with a pathos and longing that can easily be felt, the little things in that dear home-life which, by their very insignificance, show how closely akin he is to it, and how acutely he misses it.

"Oh, God, to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester,
To smell the thrilling sweet and rotten
Unforgettable—unforgotten river smell,"

and

"Oh yet—stands the church clock at ten to three
And is there honey still for tea?"

There is something almost uncanny in the friendly way trees which we have known from infancy brush before the moon. Other trees in foreign lands have an alien look even when blowing before the same moon. It is the atmosphere, the "river smell" and home surroundings, combined with long intimacy and association that has endeared them to us. In Berlin perhaps, the clock moved with military punctuality and precision to the tune of the bands in the gardens and the clink of the beer mugs. But in sleepy little English Grantchester the old clock had stopped in its ivy-crowned tower, and the sweet-faced English ladies ate their honey and drank their tea to the soft, drowsy buzzing of the bees.

The last poems of his life, his sonnets on the Great War, rank first among all of his works, and are one of the finest products of that struggle. They rise like a deeply stirred voice of pain, faith, and patriotism above the "little emptiness of love" of which he writes in his earlier poems. They are like the thoughts of a child suddenly matured, suddenly grown older under a new and terrible experience; they are written as if the man, suddenly seeing his death before him, had written his own epitaph in such a manner that the whole world stands speechless at the words above his grave.

His first poems depict the thoughts of eternal youth and a passionate love of life in all its details. This love of life turned into a love of death, a glorification of death, made of him a man whose love of life had been turned into channels of love and patriotism. The poetical side of his nature and his splendid idea of dying are brought out in "The Soldier."

"If I should die, think only this of me,
There is some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England."

Truly no portion of any part of the globe is more sincerely English than the spot where Rupert Brooke lies buried. He wanted everyone to think of him that he was wholly English with all the interests, pains and loves of "Merrie England" at heart.

Rupert Brooke's day came to a close when his sun was yet at its zenith, and it came to a close as if that sun had slipped back into the east, creating a dawn more glorious than the first. There was no sadness, only the joy when one with the soul of a poet and the heart of a man meets death as a great lover.

"He's gone;
I do not understand,
I only know
That as he turned to go and waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone
And I was dazzled by the sunset glow,
And he was gone."

KATHRYN KENNEY.

ECHOES.

On a still, clear summer eve, I sat upon a little mound close to the edge of a motionless, blue lake, and gazed into the calm and quiet waters. Everything seemed at peace, everything but my thoughts. I was worried and perplexed. I was trying to remember something, and the harder I tried to think, the more provoked and restless I became. I tried to stop thinking altogether, but that was impossible, and I sighed and moaned in great desperation.

Suddenly my thoughts were arrested by strange sounds which seemed to be coming across the lake towards me. Clear and loud and joyful, now sounding like the tinkling of many little bells, and now like the delicious laughter of happy children, nearer and nearer the sounds came, and finally settled all around me, subsiding now into low murmurs.

"They must be echoes," I cried out, and no sooner had I said this than the murmurs became louder and broke into laughter, and, to my great astonishment, I was able to distinguish words.

"Of course we are echoes," laughed the voices, "we are echoes of the past, of your childhood; in our home across the lake we heard you calling for us, though you yourself did not realize it. We saw how troubled and unhappy you were, and how difficult it was for you to remember us, so we came to spend the evening with you. Now, drive that frown away from your forehead and play with us, for we cannot stay very long."

"It is a long time since you have given us a thought, is it not," laughed one happy little voice, "and I'll wager that you do not remember me at all. I am the echo of your poor, tattered, shabby-but-beloved, old doll, Jessica. How you did love poor Jessica, with the sawdust pouring out of her, her hair and one eye gone, and her whole appearance battered and woe-begone. But, with the beautiful loyalty of childhood, you kept on loving and adoring her. What happy times you had together, here in this very spot. Jessica to you was a real person, and to her you confided all your little joys and sorrows. When Jessica fell from the tree

where you had unthinkingly left her one night, and was bruised beyond repair, you were almost inconsolable. Do you not remember the little grave far up in the woods where you buried poor, faithful Jessica?"

"Yes, yes, I remember it all," I cried out, "dear old Jessica, I must see whether I can still find her grave."

Here another little voice burst in, "I am the echo of something you used to hate, the echo of 'Grownups.' What a nuisance and a bugbear they were to you! When you were having a beautiful time in the garden, or when you were just in the midst of building a marvelous castle in the sand, a dreadful voice was sure to summon you to supper or to bed. You could not understand why 'Grownups' would not play like children and have delightful times with you. Now I warrant that you have grown to be just like the 'Grownups' you so detested years ago."

I smiled sadly as I thought how true this was, and a chorus of jolly little echoes, noting my sad smile, to cheer me up began to sing, "We are the echoes of your story books; surely you have not forgotten us?"

"I am Mother Goose," piped a shrill little voice, "you did like me, didn't you? Most children nowadays consider Mother Goose's rhymes silly."

"But you liked us much better," broke in several voices, "for we are the echoes of your fairy tales. How Jack the Giant Killer did fascinate you! And have you ever discovered what lies at the end of the rainbow? You know you said you were going to find out when you grew older. And do you remember that in all of your wanderings you pretended you were Alice in Wonderland, and went through all the adventures which the real Alice did?"

Here an important little echo interrupted, "Behold in me your 'first reader,' tattered and torn and earmarked. What a time you had learning to read and master your a b c's! But you always were a persevering youngster, and in the end you conquered me."

"Hark, do you not hear the echoes of the woods calling to you? They are wondering why you never come up there any more to hunt for wild flowers and ferns. They bade us tell you

that the ferns you so loved as a child are very plentiful now, and the violets are lifting up their heads to look for you. All your old haunts still remain, and the birds sing just as joyously as they did in your childhood. Listen, there they are again!"

I listened carefully, and above all the other echoes I heard distinctly a welcoming echo come down towards me from the direction of the woods.

"What do—" I began, but a very sweet, gentle voice interrupted me and said,

"It is almost time for us to leave, but before we go I must make myself known to you. I am the echo of your dream, your great dream, the dream of your life. No matter where you were or what you were doing, this dream was always with you. And it was a beautiful dream, indeed! Though only a child you resolved that some day you were going to do something great, something that would be of great benefit to the world. Your life was to be consecrated to the happiness of others. Oh, it was a beautiful, unselfish dream, but after all,—it was only a dream. You grew up and forgot all of your noble ambitions and high ideals. Fame and wealth have become yours, but are you happy?"

"No," I admitted, shamefacedly. "I am not happy at all."

"And shall I tell you the reason of your great unhappiness? It is because in the mad struggle for fame and fortune you let depart from you the sweet echoes and dreams of your childhood."

And with a sorrowful little sigh, my lovely dream echo started across the lake, followed by the other echoes.

"Come back, come back, do not go," I cried, springing to my feet and stretching out my arms as if to hold them. But, with a few backward calls, the echoes of my childhood were gone forever.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF.

ITALY.

Pale marble steps that disappear in blur of soft-hued flowers,
Like ghostly pathways, softly spread for misty-footed hours,
Dusky moon fingers reaching out across the whispering sea
And silvering all the rose-hung night,

That's Italy to me!

KATHRYN KENNEY.

“A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE NEST.”

The train slowed down and stopped with a jerk at a little junction station just long enough to allow several travelers, coming from another railroad, to board it. Everyone in the car turned to see the persons who had been the cause of the delay. There was a smile on almost every face, and even a snicker or a stifled laugh escaped from one or two, as they satisfied their curious gaze. Others, on the contrary, seemed to see nothing funny, but something pathetic in the group that had just entered and taken seats at the rear of the car. They were evidently foreigners, immigrants probably, a mother, a father and a small boy. The woman wore a shawl over her head, and her full skirt and old-fashioned coat were shabby and worn. It was not at the dress, however, nor at the foreign appearance of the family, that the passengers had smiled. The object of their amusement was the fourth member of the group, which the woman held carefully in her arms, not a baby, but a large gray hen wrapped in a bright colored cloth. Its black eyes peeked anxiously out of the covering, but it made no attempt at escape, and seemed quite used to being held like a child. If the passengers nearest to the foreigners had understood Italian, they would have heard the following conversation:

“I wonder, Marco, why everyone stares at us; perhaps it is because we have not such fine clothes as they. Do you think so?”

“I don’t know, Maria, but I hope that we shall get used to the ways of these Americans when we get settled in our new home. I think we shall like them better when we know them. Some of them look at us quite kindly.”

“Are we nearly there, Father? We have traveled so long! How quiet and good our dear old hen is. Aren’t you glad we brought her? Oh, I should have cried so if we’d left her behind. Besides, she’s all we have, and it’s nice to have something to carry. See, all the Americans carry funny boxes; I wonder what’s in them? We didn’t bring any boxes with us, and I’m sure we’ve come much farther than they. Oh, are we nearly there?”

"Hush, Tony, you've asked enough questions to last till the next saint's day. I think we are nearly there. I guess our pet will be as glad as you to get out and run around. I hope, Marco, we shall have a little garden for her to live in."

"Listen, did you not hear the man with brass buttons call out, Redlands? That is surely the name of the place where I am to find work. To think, Maria, that we are at last at the end of our journey! Yes, the train is stopping; come Tony, wake up, here we are!"

The dramatic club of Redlands was holding a meeting. A play which they desired to produce was being discussed.

"I think," said the chairman, "that we can do it very nicely. Let me look over the list of stage properties. Table, chairs, plants, all that is easy, a hen—what about that? And it must be a well-behaved hen, too, one that is not easily frightened. Where can we get such a creature? It is indispensable in the play, too, you see. What shall we do?"

"I think I can find what you need," answered a voice from the rear. "I will let you know in the morning," and this point so far decided, the club scattered.

In a miserable little house a man sat with his head bent upon his arms in a discouraged way. His wife and little boy shivered in a corner of the room, trying to warm themselves around a small stove.

"What shall we do, Marco? We have not a crust of bread left, and all our savings are gone. Don't you think you can find work somewhere?"

"Oh, Maria, I've tried everywhere, it's hopeless; what shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?" and a sob shook the man's big frame.

"Don't, Father, please don't," cried Tony. "Remember, we have still our hen. She will surely bring us good luck. We could sell her, if necessary, but it would almost break my heart."

Just then a knock sounded on the door, and Tony ran to open it. A pretty young woman entered.

"Are you the good people who have a hen that is very tame?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes, Signora, we have such a pet," answered Marco, wondering what the stranger could want of them.

"My little boy," continued the lady, "made friends with your little boy at school, and he learned all about the pet that crossed the ocean with you. Some friends of mine would like to borrow the hen for a day, if you would be willing. We should pay you for it, and return it safe and sound in a little while."

It took a long time for Marco to grasp the fact that anyone would wish to pay for a hen and then not keep it, but finally he decided to let the lady have it, the money was so much needed, and the lady had promised to return the hen without fail. Tony ran and got his beloved pet, and, giving her a farewell squeeze, placed her in the large basket which the lady had brought, and opened the door for her, as she thanked them and placed a coin in Tony's hand.

The theatre was all a bustle, and everyone was telling everyone else what a great success the play had been. So and so had acted finely, the scenery was very pretty, and the light effects wonderful. But one small boy, as he rose as if from a dream to leave the theatre, was sure that the most wonderful thing in the play had been a gray hen, and the part she had played so well. He thought then of the warm house he was going home to, of his father, once more happy because he had found work, and he murmured to himself:

"I always said she would bring us luck, the dear old hen, and she has, work for Father, friends and money. Long live America and my dear old hen!"

ELEANOR B. GOODRICH.

HOME-SICK HOUR AT ROGERS HALL.

"Just a-wearyin' for you—" There comes a little snuffle from the window seat corner in the drawing-room. "All the time a-feelin' blue—" Tears dribble down the face of the girl opposite me, and fall on her blouse in little shameless spots.

This is one of the most enjoyable times in the week. It is just after tea on a Sunday evening, the time that all of us consecrate to the "weeps." One must have the blues sometime, and we are too busy during the week. But Sunday evening is different—it is the beautiful hour for all of those in love and all of those who have a French "exam" to make up, or any other slight affliction. If you appear to be feeling happy, your sorrowing friends will hurt you with hand squeezes; then just a certain kind of lonesome song, that all girls love, will take you down and make you as miserable as you should be. After being at school several weeks you learn to take two handkerchiefs to tea, for at just any time you may be called upon to dry the tears of your dear friends. This little celebration is not mentioned in the social events in the school catalogue. But for those of us who have enjoyed it, it will always be a precious memory. The joy of thinking of Georgie pacing up and down under a wan, cold moon in mournful lonesomeness! Poor Georgie! Poor yourself! And you put your head down on Mary's shoulder and give yourself up to delightful, silent longing. What matter if your worry about the French "exam" proves useless, since you pass it with an A! What matter if Georgie advises you in a letter that he spent Sunday evening with Miss Smith! No premonition now spoils your evening of lamentation; that hour after tea is a priceless hour.

MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY.

LADIES' NECKWEAR.

Have you ever noticed how characteristic one's neckwear is? I consider myself quite a connoisseur upon the subject, since my interest is great and my knowledge unlimited. Some people are very decided in their tastes, and look askance at those who wear styles different from their own, but I confess that I have no particular tastes, and, therefore, can look very leniently upon all styles of neckwear.

The style that seems to appeal most, and which is certainly the most comfortable, is the low neck with the pretty turned down collar. So far, we are still alike, but the difference comes in, in the way we decorate and finish off our collars. To fasten a simple little friendship pin at the bottom of the collar is considered very sweet and girlish. Those of us who are disdainful of this simple though very efficient method, may pin on a dainty little bow of a color that is most becoming, or we can use any variety of pins. When the economic pressure is especially great, use a safety pin. Though not particularly commendable, I assure you that this has been done. Crepe de chene ties of delicate shades are very pretty, and are used a good deal. If you want to appear "dressed up," put on a very light pink tie, or perhaps a baby blue; on ordinary occasions, any color will do. There is also a beautiful adornment composed of long, narrow ribbons, which loops around the collar, and ends in a bunch of coy little rosebuds,—very effective, indeed. But give a girl or woman any kind of ribbon, or silk, or even a piece of string, and she will be able to construct a very stunning piece of neckwear from it.

A short time ago fashion decreed that high collars should be worn, and the poor souls who bowed down to fashion enveloped their necks in broad, black velvet bands, edged with soft lace, and nearly strangled themselves in the effort to wear a higher collar than their neighbors'. Then stocks became all the rage, and nearly every week a new style was invented. One marvellous creation impressed itself distinctly upon my memory. In the first place, it was exceedingly high, and it had little furry tails projecting upwards from six different angles. They waved about in the air at the slightest movement which the wearer made, and provided great joy and amusement to all who saw them.

For our sport blouses there are ties made exclusively for ladies, the long, very narrow silk kind, but somehow or other, we scorn them. When ladies go out to play golf, or to take some other mild form of exercise, notice how gay their ties are. The older they are, the gayer the ties,—orange seems to be a particular favorite. Some people wear ties to show the mood they are in; if it is gay and bright, one is feeling happy; if of dark tone, it means, "Better keep away from me today." Men insist that

women have no taste whatever in ties, and that the clerks in a "Gents' Furnishing Department" always groan inwardly when they see a lady customer approaching. But they admit that in the end ladies can always be coaxed into buying any ties the clerk may insistently press upon them. By what methods of artful flattery he does it, is known only to himself.

After you have made as detailed a study of "Ladies' Neckwear" as I have, you will find how really complex and interesting it is. Try it and see.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF.

SCHOOL NEWS.

MR. HUNTER'S TALK.

February 9th—

Owing to the small opportunity afforded us at Rogers Hall for star gazing, we were doubly glad to listen to Mr. Hunter's talk on these bright places in the darkness, and greeted the near views, which we saw by means of lantern slides, as old friends with new but nevertheless, interesting faces.

If distance lends enchantment to the view, at least it lends no knowledge, and in just such a manner many people pass their lives, satisfied with the pleasant, long distance aspect, not realizing that in the analyzing of a subject, however disillusioned we may become in the process, life is filled with a sense of progress and endowed with clear vision and understanding. Combined with this is the supreme satisfaction that comes to a man only when he knows his subject as thoroughly as he can by means of science and an active brain.

To discover that stars are not windows of heaven but other worlds like our own, in many ways opens a field of thought and conjecture which brings us face to face with problems before which the greatest minds are sometimes dismayed. To the poet is left the manufacturing of whimsical fantasies about our heavens, for our modern astronomer is essentially a person of facts.

To my mind, Mr. Hunter is an excellent example of just the kind of man that we need in America today to keep our brains from degenerating and getting into the deeply gauged rut where the only visible sky is one lighted by the glint of gold dollars instead of by the light of wisdom. Astronomy is undoubtedly one of the most broadening, as well as one of the most unusual subjects for a man to take up as an interest separate from his everyday work. Seeing Mr. Hunter and being inspired by his magnetic personality as well as listening to his well-planned talk, did not make us love the stars any the less, but their study more.

KATHRYN KENNEY.

THE ANDOVER THE DANCANT.

February 10th—

After we had been on the special car which was taking us to Andover, for a few minutes, we began to wonder if the power was supplied by telephone! We stopped so many times for the conductor and motorman to telephone, to whom or where we knew not, that our spirits would have weakened had we been going anywhere else; but when Rogers Hall is on its way to Andover, it takes more than a telephone to dampen its ardour.

When we reached Peabody House, where the tea dance was to be, we were greeted by an R. H. banner proudly displayed opposite the door. Then we went up stairs and danced to such alluring music that no one could possibly have courage enough to forego its joys. When half the program was over, a delicious supper was served. Thus refreshed, we were able to dance the remaining five dances with even more exuberance than was manifested at first.

We could hardly believe it possible when Miss Parsons told us it was time to go home, and we were most reluctant to say goodbye to our delightful chaperones, Mrs. McCurdy and Mrs. Moorhead. As we took our seats in the car again, the boys stood outside and cheered for Rogers Hall. Perhaps if we could have answered them with one for Andover, it would have expressed our feelings more truly than the conventional "Oh, I've had such a good time! Thank you so much." ESTHER H. WATROUS.

THE ORPHANED CHILDREN OF FRANCE.

February 11th—

On Sunday evening, Mlle. Lucie Pierrard talked to us about the war in general and French orphans in particular. Mlle. Pierrard has spent several years in hospital service in France, and she told us about her experiences during that time. She wore her nurse's costume—a white dress and cap, with red crosses on the cap and the left sleeve. As she talked, we began to realize just how awful was the situation in France. Up to this time we, that is, most of us, had looked upon the war from a rather impersonal standpoint. We felt that anything we could do would be so insignificant that it could not possibly be felt across the twenty-seven thousand or more miles; and we felt vaguely that someone would come to their rescue if we did not. But Mlle. Pierrard made us see things in an entirely different light. She showed us that our families had done their share, and now it was "up to us."

Then she told us of several distinct cases in which children had been left parentless, and the responsibilities of the family had fallen upon the shoulders of the eldest sister, who was, perhaps, twelve or fourteen years old. She pictured to us vividly the great lack of what we consider absolute necessities, and we felt guilty as we thought of our Sunday dinner of a few hours before. There were about fifty listening to the talk, but I am quite sure we could not boast of many pairs of perfectly dry eyes between us. But we realized that just feeling sorry would do no good, so we have tried to put our sympathy into more practical form.

HANNAH McCONKEY.

MISS PARSONS' DINNER FOR THE COUNCIL.

I often wonder whether the little girls who sit in the first row in our schoolroom, stand rather in awe of the dignified student council or not. I am often inclined to think that they really do not, and I hope so, too, because if they did, think what a serious

and solemn occasion they might imagine Miss Parsons' dinner for the council to be! Now that, you know, would be a sad state of affairs for it was, on the contrary, just the opposite—most delightfully informal and pleasant.

Our respected president, Elizabeth McCalmont, carried off the serving honors most gracefully. After dinner coffee was served to us in the drawing-room just as it would have been served had we been the most honored and distinguished guests. We had a nice little talk there, and later rode away to Colonial Hall, feeling very much excited over the prospects of the evening. The play—"Paul Pinkham, Pacifist," though written and performed by amateurs, was very well done indeed. The clever plot, which dealt with high explosives, secret service and spies, kept us guessing until the end, when everything turned out just as we had hoped, and we discovered, to our joy, that the handsome hero was not a vicious villain, after all,—for we had been led into believing that at the end of the second act.

We all enjoyed the evening immensely, and arrived at the Hall feeling greatly exhilarated after this very pleasant excursion into the realms of the unusual and unaccustomed in school life.

VIRGINIA D. MUHLENBERG.

February 22nd—

On Thursday evening we celebrated the birthdays of both Lincoln and Washington with a talk on the development of this country from the time of the Revolutionary War to the development of our present critical situation. The talk, illustrated by lantern slides, was given by Miss Badger and Miss Harrison. The evening ended with a real display of patriotism, as we all stood, and, with deep feeling, sang "America."

ALMEDA W. HERMAN.

THE MID YEAR DANCE.

February 17th—

Did we have a good time? Well, ra-ather! I've never seen so many balloons in all my life as there were in the Gym. You simply couldn't look anywhere without seeing them, and the

colors!—they ranged from black, bomb-like balloons to those of a heavenly blue. And of course our gowns were perfect; we had been planning them ever since we knew there was going to be a Mid Year, and they did us justice.

The music? I never expect to hear any with so much snap again. The minute the orchestra began to play “Naughty, Naughty,” and my partner whirled me off into the crowd of dancers, I knew that I was going to have the “best time ever.” We danced until I thought I should perish from fatigue, and just as I was going to implore my partner to sit down, the music stopped and it was time for refreshments.

We all trooped downstairs to where there were little tables around the swimming pool, and we exchanged opinions while our partners procured us “eats,” then we gave ourselves up to a full enjoyment of ice cream and cake. After that we went upstairs and began dancing again. We danced and danced and danced until it is a wonder that our feet didn’t fall off. But they didn’t, and when we stopped at twelve, we were convinced that we had had the “most wonderful time in our lives.” ELLEN BURKE.

THE BOSTON QUINTETTE.

Many opportunities in the way of musical diversions have been presented to us during the year. One of these came on the evening of March 1st, when some of the girls attended a concert given by the Boston Quintette at the Women’s Club in Lowell.

The concert itself was a complete success, as is the Red Cross organization for the benefit of which it was given.

We had splendid recommendations of the Quintette from one of our teachers who is personally acquainted with several of its members, and it was with unusual interest that we afterwards learned that these gentlemen had originally organized for the enjoyment that each received individually in working and singing together, without any particular pecuniary purpose in view.

An appreciation and confidence in each other, I am sure, was prevalent, and recognized by those who heard them render

in soft and modulated tones such homely and familiar selections as "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Perfect Day," and "The Rosary." The "Toreador" chorus and a part from "Rigoletto" won worthy applause. These numbers were interwoven with short humorous sketches in delightful tone colorings, which enlivened the programme. Several solos gave an opportunity for the quality of each voice to be carefully analyzed, and each voice in turn proved pleasing.

The grand finale came when the audience rose to join in the patriotic strains of our great national anthems, and the volume seemed to expand with the lines of the closing stanza.

It was then that the opportunity was given for those who were not already members of the Red Cross organization to become members by signing cards which were passed by the ushers. Proudly the little group from Rogers Hall displayed their little red cross pins which signified that they had a share in the great and glorious cause which is doing such a noble work in so many fields of action.

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

THE DARTMOUTH MUSICAL CLUBS' CONCERT.

March 2nd—

One of the events most popular with Lowell people is the Dartmouth Musical Clubs' Concert, as there are many alumni and Dartmouth enthusiasts in this city. This year, the concert, which was an unusually good one, was given at Rogers Hall.

Very few of the girls knew the Dartmouth men personally, but Miss Parsons remedied this by asking them to a thé dansant before the concert. The men came at five, and, after a short reception, at which the girls were introduced to their various partners, the thé dansant began. When supper was served everyone was very well acquainted, and had reached the point of "Haven't I met you before?" whenever they were introduced.

We were very fortunate in hearing the program which the Dartmouth Glee Club gave in the Intercollegiate Competition Concert the following evening in New York. The Mandolin

Club also played some beautiful selections. A few short skits varied the usual group singing and playing, and even a bit of melodrama was introduced. And the toe dancer! He was a revelation to us all, and everyone wondered how it was possible for any man to look and dance so much like a girl.

At the end of the concert, everyone rose while the combined Clubs sang the Dartmouth Song. Then came a cheer for Rogers Hall and Dartmouth, the green and the white!

An orchestra arrived just as the concert ended, and the boys were again given a chance to show their ability—this time, at “tripping the light fantastic,” which they did very creditably. So well, in fact, that when the sweet strains of “Home, Sweet Home” filled the air, a groan went up from all sides. But time and trains wait for no man, so the Glee Club was obliged to leave in order to catch their train for New York, after profuse thanks to Miss Parsons and the girls. KATHARINE Y. WILSON.

MISS MORSE ON BEES.

March 3rd—

There was honey for dinner where the city girl was dining in the country. “Ah,” said she to the farmer, wishing to be agreeable, “I see you keep a bee.” Then I hope he told her a few of the very interesting things Miss Josephine Morse, one of the Rogers Hall Alumnæ, told us when she and some of her classmates had dinner with us. Miss Morse keeps “a bee.” We’ve always heard how “the busy little bee improves each shining hour,” but few of us realize how great that improvement is. A bee, we have always thought, is a little black fellow who flies and buzzes and stings and makes honey. He lives in a hive. Now we know how complicated the hive is, and that the motto on the wall of that home is “let the women do the work.” They do the work, but when winter comes and Jack Frost whistles outside the hive, the lady-bees drive the drones out into the cold, cold world to answer Jacky’s call. Then they nestle in the

cozy hive among the sweets of their labor and reap the sugary fruit of reward. Life in the bee-hive is as complex as life in our cities of the twentieth century. The bees do not bow their heads because of corrupt municipal government. The Queen bee sees to it that there is no graft. Sanitary improvements are always in order. The Feminist movement has made unequaled gain there. The Fresh-Air fad has reached the hive, and a wing fanning system of ventilation is in good use. The community life is wonderfully organized.

Miss Morse has made some most interesting observations in her bee-raising, and in the short time she talked to us, helped us to realize what wise little fellows the bees are, and how much they can teach us if we will but learn.

MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY.

YSAYE CONCERT.

March 4th—

Symphony Hall was crowded to the doors on Sunday afternoon, when Eugene Ysaye, the famous Belgian violinist, gave a concert there,—his first appearance in Boston for a number of years. The wonderful, singing, vibrating tones which he draws from his violin give the listener a desire to keep them forever. Two sonatas for piano and violin, a Chopin Valse, an "Extase" and "Reve d'enfant," both of the latter original compositions, were especially beautiful. Maurice Dambois, the accompanist, showed himself to be not only excellent in his usual capacity but also as a soloist.

The audience, though very enthusiastic, could persuade Ysaye to give but one encore during the performance. At the end they were so slow to leave, that, after two encores had not satisfied them, the lights were put out as a gentle reminder to those who insisted upon staying and applauding vigorously in the semi-darkness, that their absence would be appreciated.

VIRGINIA D. MUHLENBERG.

MADAME GALLI-CURCI.

March 11th—

We were most fortunate in being able to hear Mme. Galli-Curci at Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 11, 1917.

Before going to the concert, Miss McMillan took us to Trinity Church, which was very interesting. Then we had dinner at the College Club, and walked up to the Public Library and looked at the Sargent mural paintings.

After this bit of "sight seeing," we hurried to Symphony Hall, and eagerly waited the appearance of Mme. Galli-Curci, who made her debut in Boston that afternoon.

Everyone was delighted by the vivacious, charming little Italian woman, who sang so beautifully and did such wonderful things with her voice. As the performance proceeded, we felt her personality and charm more and more, and, after one song, she brought us back to earth by stooping, as she went off the stage, to pick up the hat of a very portly gentleman, who, in his enthusiasm, had let it fall.

MARY JANE PATTEE.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS.

March 12th—

In this day and age when all girls grow up with the ideal of being useful to humanity, the direct uplift of the poor through settlement work appeals deeply to all of us. When Miss Baldwin came out to Rogers Hall and told of all the little O'Leary's and Cavalero's and other small children of sixteen different nationalities, every listener felt a strong impulse toward making life easier, not only for the needy urchins, but also for their families. In the college settlements in which Miss Baldwin works, one of the principal benefits to the poor foreign women is finding markets for their beautiful, fine handicraft work at prices by which they may make a livelihood. Providing education which

will bring hygiene, good cooking, intelligence, and happiness to the meager homes of this class seems a high and worthy aspiration. Healthful play, healthful work, and healthful living, with a feeling of independence is the end we all are aiming at. In order to get a glimpse of the good actually being effected, we are hoping to have a group of Boston settlement children, from Denison House, give a play for us at Rogers Hall. I am sure we should love to see their enjoyment of their new experiences on such an expedition. We shall do all in our power to render the small assistance possible now, looking forward to far greater opportunities in the future.

EMILY JANE JUDAH.

VISITOR'S DAY.

March 15th—

After weeks of anxious preparations in fencing, and all sorts of drills with varied instructions from Miss Macfarlane, we felt that Visitor's Day would hold little stage-fright for us. In their uniform dress of green bloomers, green ties, and white middies, a Rogers Hall army, well-trained and disciplined, should be appreciated by friends and our fond mammas. However, we hoped the latter would not take our instant obedience of orders too deeply to heart. For each event, straight lines of girls, in step, shoulders erect, came out upon the gymnasium floor. Miss Macfarlane's quick orders were obeyed to the dot. The twists and turns of the Swedish ladder, Indian clubs, fencing and dancing were accomplished without a break in the ranks.

Any day in the gymnasium, however, could not be complete without a Kava-Cae competition of some sort. The volley ball game was close and exciting, with a very narrow margin for the Kavas at the end.

We have only heard of one visitor who did not enjoy himself on Exhibition Day. That was the nice dog who was forced to remain on the outside where he wailed his wrongs on the doorstep. He must have realized how much he was missing, and doubtless felt he had a right to complain.

EMILY JANE JUDAH.

MADAME GUÉRIN.

March 20th—

Madame Guérin has paid us another visit! This year she spoke on the 17th Century, and wore the costume of a Marquise of that period. Her lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, showing us Louis Fourteenth, and the famous men and women who lived during his reign. Then Raymonde Guérin, dressed as a shepherdess, recited "Le Pot au Lait" and "La Cigale et La Fourmi."

Madame Guérin concluded by a little "P. S." in broken English, telling us she intended to return to France next year and join her husband. She is sorry to leave our country, and gained our hearty applause when she said, "If I were not a Frenchwoman, I should surely want to be an American."

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON.

THE GERMAN PLAYS.

March 22nd—

As a final send-off before spring vacation, we were entertained the night previous to our departure by two one-act German plays. The first one, entitled "Der Weiberfeind," revealed Amy Curtis as "Betty," a bride of a few weeks, and Virginia Muhlenberg as "Gustav," her devoted but jealous husband. The couple were at odds because of a philopena which they had made, and many amusing incidents arose. Brunhilde Patitz as "Der Weiberfeind" was another source of trouble between the two, and we will not soon forget the face and red wig of this individual peering from beneath the table, where he had taken refuge when "Gustav" entered. The young couple finally chased one another playfully off the stage, and a heartfelt: "Ich bin Esel" from the former "woman hater," as he emerged from under the table, ended the play.

When the curtain rose for the second time, we recognized Kathryn Kenney as the young heroine, and Margaret Hussey as her maid. The hotel keeper, quite an elderly man, turned out to be Anne Keith, and Katherine Jennison interpreted very well the wealthy, middle-aged gentleman. Joan Buckminster, the stunning lover, won the hearts of the feminine audience. Although we don't usually accuse Mildred Barger of a large nose, as chief of police this was her most distinguishing characteristic. We watched this cast with interest as they gave "Ohne Pass," a tale of the experiences of a young lady without a passport, which ended in an unexpected and happy meeting with her lover. Great credit is due Miss von Beyersdorff for her persistent work.

ELEANOR B. GOODRICH.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

BASKET BALL GAME.

February 24th was a day of great rejoicing for the old girls. It was the day of the Alumnæ and Varsity basket ball game. The new girls were almost as eager as the old to meet these much-talked-of players. So when Miss Parsons announced that there would be an informal luncheon before the game, we all rejoiced. It was great fun to listen to all their "Oh, don't you remember's."

After luncheon there was a grand rush for the gym to get the front row seats. The game began at three, and it certainly was a wonderful game. It was one of the fastest and most exciting basket ball games the gym had ever witnessed. The steadiness and ease with which Margaret Wood made her baskets was a delight to see, and the wonderful way Hazel Coffin passed the ball showed off the fine team work of the Alumnæ.

Marjorie Adams and Betty Akeroyd were by far the stars for our team. Betty's wonderful guarding will make her a great

addition to the Cae team, and the calm and easy way Marjorie made her baskets will make her invaluable to the Kava team.

The fine spirit and team work of the Alumnæ could not be broken, so the school team went down to defeat with a score of 53 to 33.

After the game, all who wished went in swimming. Then, to end the exciting day, Miss Harrison gave a tea to all the players.

ALUMNÆ				VARSITY			
Wood, M.	.	.	Forward	.	.	Herman, A.	
Brown, R.	.	.	Forward	.	.	Adams, M.	
Wilder, M.	.	.	Center	.	.	Pattee, M. J.	
Coffin, H.	.	.	Side Center	.	.	Pritzlaff, G.	
Jennison, L.	.	.	Guard	.	.	McCalmont, E.	
Jennison, K.	.	.	Guard	.	.	Akeroyd, B.	

Baskets—Wood 22, foul goals 5, Herman 4, Adams 12, foul goal 1, Brown 2.

Fouls—Coffin 3, Wilder 1, Jennison, L. 1, Jennison, K. 1, Herman 2, Adams 3, Pattee 3, McCalmont 1.

GRACE P. REDMAN.

DEPARTMENT OF THE RED CROSS.

After the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany, February 3rd, lengthy telegrams and letters were sent out to all the two hundred and sixty-four chapters of the Red Cross throughout the United States, telling them to make preparations for a possible war. This announcement was met with great enthusiasm and readiness; many volunteered their services, committees were organized for finance, the making of hospital supplies and garments, for publicity, information and motor service.

The Red Cross is an auxiliary to the medical service of our army. It is possible that its entire resources would be given over to the Army or Navy in case we should enter the European war. Since the United States was last engaged in war, this organization has grown in strength and in membership until now it is able to cope with almost any disaster or complex service.

In addition to the number of chapters, the Bureau of Nursing in both country and town has increased. The Red Cross has been lately divided into the department of civilian relief and the department of military relief, all under the central committee. Eliot Wadsworth, a very capable man, has recently left his business in New York to become active chairman of the organization. It is through him that this division of relief work has been organized. He is accomplishing much, and is indeed a great man in a great cause.

The work in Europe is still continuing, though there is a danger that our break with Germany may interfere with these activities. It is not the means of transportation or of distribution which we fear, but rather the lack of Americans to assist, since they may feel that their duty lies nearer home. But the war-stricken countries across the sea must have outside help, and who is more capable of that undertaking than our own country? The self-supporting families of Belgium and France are gradually disappearing, and great numbers are becoming dependent on the Relief Commissions there. Regardless of the break, the Belgium Relief must continue, and, doubtless, will, even though some other neutral nation has to take America's place in carrying out its plans. It has been established on a firm basis, and must continue in the same way.

The friendly feeling which exists between the different International Red Cross organizations is best shown by the fact that the German organization has not only co-operated with the American and with the International at Geneva, but is represented in many of the countries of the enemy today. Many German nurses who for months have traveled in hostile nations, are there carrying on their splendid work.

This great body is so organized in every detail and watches its smaller divisions so carefully that it is only right that we, as individuals, should appreciate its great aim and wish to help it by joining and doing our share of its work. Even in a meagre way we can help humanity in its struggle to help the more unfortunate brothers in their trials and disasters amid the darkness of war. The Red Cross is a light which shines on the horizon, and is worthy of our praise, our attention, our support, and of our profound admiration.

DORIS M. JONES.

RED CROSS NEWS.

Mlle. Lucie Pierrard, Delegate for the "Ligue Fraternelle des Enfants de France," spoke to us Sunday evening, February 11th, on the conditions in France today among the poorer classes, and impressed upon our minds the fact that the children of France are in need of immediate help. She so moved us all that when the talk was over many were in tears, and were willing to do all in their power to help her. Two of the girls that evening volunteered to take one orphan. A few days later, at the meeting of our Red Cross chapter, it was voted to take care of another for one year. Miss Parsons started a fund which was completed almost at once, enabling us to support a third child. By this time, enthusiasm was so aroused that two other girls took one, thus making the total number four. We feel very proud of this record.

In February we started rolling bandages, and now have about fifteen dozen ready to be sent to the base hospital. Our next work will be the making of surgical sponges, which is less monotonous work than bandage rolling. Through the generosity of the Kava Club, a sum of money was given to the Chapter, which has made it possible to send milk and eggs to a family here in Lowell. They were in need of assistance; the father had been very sick and unable to work, and there was a small baby in the family who needed better food.

Candy sales have been carried on by the House, Hall and Cottage each Saturday, which have brought in considerable revenue, but, due to the fact that it is the Lenten season, the sales have not been as large as we hope they may be later on.

The First Aid lessons, under the direction of Dr. Jones, have ended, and the examination was taken Thursday, March 22nd. The questions were from headquarters at Washington, and the examination was conducted by Dr. Plunkett. It was partly a written quiz, partly a practical demonstration of our ability to treat emergencies. On the whole, it has been a very successful course, and the girls feel that they have gained a great deal of knowledge, such as how to treat shock, how to bandage, to rescue the drowning. There has been only one complaint in regard to the course; that is, that the lessons were given on Saturday mornings.

DORIS M. JONES.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

February 13th, Miss Parsons and Helen Fairbanks Hill, '99, President of the Rogers Hall Association, gave a tea at the College Club in Boston for the Rogers Hall girls in this section. The guest of honor was our new Alumnæ Trustee, Harriet Coburn, '95. The tea was a delightfully informal one, for, though Florence Harrison, '06, and Margaret Wood, '16, had a large group of ushers ready, everyone seemed to know everyone else and to be in no need of introductions. The Dime Banks of the Alumnæ Association were given to the girls as favors, and the officers talked informally about their plans for the fund. About five o'clock, Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, sang for us, with Mr. Vieh accompanying her, and it was a joy to find how rich in tone and technique Helen's voice has grown during these years. Mr. Vieh, our new piano teacher, played also with much pleasure to us all. Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, took charge of the serving with Rebecca Reynolds Lewis also pouring, and the members of 1916 passed the tea and sandwiches. In all, fifty-nine girls were present: Jessie Ames Marshall, '99, Mary Beach, '07, Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, Alice Billings, '11, Lena Bowen, '98, Dorothy Bramhall, Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, Dorothy Burns, '15, Harriet Coburn, '95, Grace Coleman Smith, '13, Margaret Delano Varney, Dorothy Downer, '09, Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, Helen Eveleth, '15, Bernice Everett, '02, Eva French, Bernice Frisbie, Edith Gates Syme, Anthy Gorton, '05, Ruth Griffin Pope, '09, Louise Hall, '99, Edith Harris De Goey, Florence Harrison, '02, Helen F. Hill, '99, Sally Hobson, '10, Madge Hockmeyer, '10, Dorathea Holland, '12, Marjorie Hutchinson Curtis, Leslie Hylan, '14, Meta Jefferson, Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13, Gladys Lawrence, '08, Mildred Mansfield Wingate, '10, Alice McEvoy Goodwin, '10, Susan McEvoy, '12, Josephine Morse, '07, Mildred Moses Harris, '09, Helen Nesmith, '10, Hilda Nesmith Thompson, Ruth Newton, Eleanor Paul, '94, Helen Pratt Packard, '04, Rebecca Reynolds Lewis, Helen W. Smith, '14, Hilda Smith, '14, Julia Stevens, '97, Margaret Thompson, Madeline White Kennard,

Marjorie Wilder, '15, Ruth Woodbury Hill, Caroline Wright, '03, and of 1916, Rachel Brown, Elizabeth Caverno, Katherine and Louise Jennison, Hilda Morse, Ruth Spearman and Margaret Wood. Of the school Faculty, Miss McMillan, Miss Linthicum and Miss Macfarlane came down, and also these former teachers: Miss Poole, Mrs. Lucy Freeman Ellis and Mrs. Kate Puffer Barry.

December 2nd, Beatrice Miller, '13, was married to Mr. Elmer James Chambers at The Church of St. Rose of Lima in New York City. They were at home after the first of February at 235 Fort Washington Ave., New York City.

December 30th, Edna Krause was married to Mr. Frederick Charles Steglich, Jr., at Trinity Lutheran Church in Grand Rapids, Mich. After March 1st, they will be at home at Greenfield, Detroit, Mich.

January 26th, Dorothy Johnson, '16, was married to Mr. Henry Wood Salisbury at the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin in New York City. They will make their home in New York City after their return from South America in the late spring.

March 13th, Dorothy Doster, '10, was married to Mr. Benjamin Ely Cole in the Moravian Chapel in Bethlehem, Pa. When their new house is completed, they will live on the William Penn Highway in Bethlehem, Pa. Mr. Cole is a graduate of Lehigh University, 1913, and is with the Bethlehem Steel Company at the local plant.

February 22nd, a son, Thomas Edgar, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Bogardus (Alice Lang), in Chicago.

In March, Lucretia Walker announced her engagement to Mr. Luther Morrill Sibley.

In March, Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy returned from a two months' motor trip through Florida and Georgia. They found this a most delightful method of travel, and one that made familiar ways seem almost novel.

Ethel Kline Dwyer, '03, with her daughters, is again living in this country at the Presidio, San Francisco, Cal., since her husband has returned for duty in this country, after being in China.

Carrie Baxter, '14, was married during last summer to Lieutenant Earl L. Canady of the U. S. A., and her address is

Ft. Mills, Corregidor, P. I. Carrie met Lieutenant Canady while she was visiting her older sister, whose husband is also on duty in the Philippines.

For the week-end of February 24th, several of the girls came back, playing a basket ball game with the school team on Saturday. For our victory, see the Athletic Department. Marjorie Wilder, '15, could come only for the game, but Margaret Wood, '16, Hazel Coffin, '16, Rachel Brown, '16, Rachel Hoyer, '16, Edith Kingsley, Ruth Spearman, '16, and Jessie Eleanor Knorr, '16, stayed until Sunday. The two Rachels, Edith and Hazel went over to Fitchburg for a visit with Hilda Morse, '16, and had a week-end of winter sports at Jaffrey, N. H.

Ruth Spearman, '16, has also been a hostess for several of her classmates since Rachel Brown and Hilda Morse have visited her at Wellesley.

The week-end of March 4th, Josephine Morse, '07, and Molly Beach, '07, spent at school, when Josephine gave a talk to the girls in school on Bee-Keeping from the practical point of view of one who has an apiary of her own.

During the last of the winter, Kathrine Kidder, '14, went to California with her family and Annie Dewey Mann's younger sister, Gerturde.

On her way home to Nebraska, Edith Kingsley visited her twin, Ethel, at Wells College in Aurora, N. Y. Edith writes that no longer can they play each other's part, since college has agreed so unmistakeably with Ethel!

Esther Loveman Kempner, '11, writes us that her daughter Eleanor will be three years the thirteenth of this May. Esther is the president for this year of the Little Rock Center of the Drama League of America.

When Gladys Lawrence, '08, sailed on Washington's Birthday with the Harvard Unit, the girls and Faculty of the school sent her a steamer box, and Miss Parsons has received this letter in reply, mailed after Gladys landed in England:

"Will you please thank the Rogers Hall girls most heartily for the candies and nuts. They are just wonderful, and we are enjoying them to their utmost. The Harvard Unit as a whole send you a vote of thanks. I was sorry not to write you a longer

letter yesterday, but I had twenty-two steamer letters and fifteen packages, and, as I was anxious to get a word to all my donors, if possible, I had to be fairly brief. The letters sent from New York were the only ones we could trust to reach their destination, as from now on we can not know what letters may go astray. We sailed from New York at one o'clock on the twenty-second, and Alice Ramsdell Farrington and Joanna Carr, '08, came down to the boat and waved us a last farewell. Alice arrived about eleven, so that I had a nice long visit with her.

There are thirty-seven of us in the Harvard Unit, fifteen nurses and twenty-two doctors. I don't know when I have been with such a jolly group, for we are all of us determined to make the most of every moment on this voyage over. I don't think that any of us are more than six years old, judging by our actions. We spent the morning inspecting the Andania, examined the gun, and learned its inner workings. We inspected the lifeboats, which are hung over the side almost on the level with the promenade deck, ready to be lowered on the instant. There are rope ladders fastened to the rail opposite each boat. This afternoon we had a boat drill, when we all had to don our life belts and report to the boat to which we had been assigned, as soon as we heard a prolonged blast of the whistle. It was really quite exciting. After a roll call, we received instructions about manning the boat.

It was the strangest sensation last night when we went out on deck after dinner for a walk to find it all pitch darkness. You could hardly see where you were going, and every once in a while there would be a bump to indicate that there was someone else taking a stroll, also. The ship is painted a battleship grey, and of course the port holes are all painted. After the lights go on at night all the port holes have to be closed, so that sleeping is difficult, with practically no air in the cabins. However, 'safety first,' and of course we should rather be without air than run the chance of having a light shine out on the water. So far, we have had wonderful weather, a moderate sea, and it has not been especially cold.

The entire Harvard Unit had to have a typhoid inoculation today, for all of us had had only the first inoculation, and it was considered necessary for us to have the so-called 'A & B para-

typhoid' inoculation, also. The doctors were stabbed in their backs so that now they are afraid to lean up against anything, and the nurses received their stab in the left arm, and are guarding that most carefully. We have a second inoculation in a week's time before leaving the ship, and our third one when we reach London. The Andania was twelve days crossing from Liverpool to London a week ago, but they say that we shall be only ten days going over now. We are running slowly, of course, owing to existing circumstances. It is hard to realize the conditions, and if it were not for blanketed lights and precautionary measures the trip would seem much like any other. On the surface, we all of us appear so carefree and happy-go-lucky, but it's a case of make the best of every minute as long as you can, for you can never tell what the morrow may bring forth.

Just a line in finishing; we have had an uneventful trip thus far, with considerable rough weather. We are off the coast of Ireland this morning, and there is a very heavy sea running so that the waves are breaking high over the deck and flooding the place. We have had an enjoyable trip over, and in many ways some of us hate to see the end come. Our escort, which is close by, is having a fine time in this sea today....."

Before Gladys left, she gave us her address as "General Hospital No. 22, British Expeditionary Force in France, Care of The War Office, London, England. Member of the Harvard Surgical Unit." We are sure that she will welcome letters or papers from as many of the old girls as will write her, our first Rogers Hall girl at the front.

February 8th, a daughter, Natalie Newton, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm R. Macdonald (Doris Newton) at their new home in Washington, N. W., D. C., 3462 Macomb St.

In January, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Plimpton (Irene Snow) in Brookline, Mass.

Ruth Woodbury Hill told us at the tea that her daughter, Virginia, will be two years old July 18th.

Dorothy Downer, '09, is spending the winter in Boston, at 43 Centre St., Brookline, Mass.

Tracy L'Engle, '11, has been acting this winter in "A Fool There Was," and they had a successful run of some weeks at the

Castle Square in Boston. Tracy says that her permanent address is 79 Washington Place, New York City, and mail sent there will always be forwarded to her.

Dorothy Johnson Salisbury, '16, and her husband sailed for Panama the morning after their marriage in January, by way of Santiago, Cuba. Dorothy wrote that the first day out they could wear thin suits, even though New York harbor was almost ice-bound when they left; and the heat was intense when they reached Cuba and Jamaica. When Dorothy reached Panama, she found that her parents had returned, owing to the uncertainty of war conditions, but the Salisburys were to visit Chile after their stay on the Isthmus, and not return to New York until May. Mr. Salisbury will be connected with the City Bank of New York when he comes back.

Ethel Stark, '14, expects to visit Helen Towle Creighton in Oakland, Cal., and Grace Sherlock, who is also in California for the winter. She will go home by way of Everett, Wash., where she will visit her classmate, Aida Hulbert.

Gertrude Dexter, '13, has announced her engagement to William Pearce, and the wedding will take place at her home in Gonzalez, Florida, early in April. Harriet Hasty, '13, is to be one of the bridesmaids. Harriet lunched with Miss Parsons during the spring vacation, and said that she was then on her way.

Rachel Jones, '11, is one of our war brides, as she was married very suddenly in New York City, on March 28th, to Mr. Christian Coffin, of Hudson, N. Y. He is a lieutenant in the militia, and when his regiment was ordered into the federal army, Rachel decided to be married at once. Carlotta Heath, '11, acted as maid of honor.

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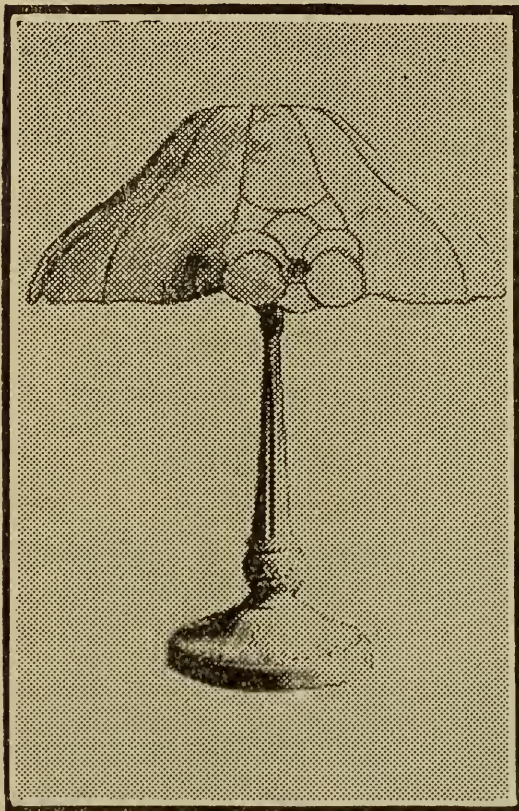
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No. 4

SHIPS

The moon comes up like a lantern hung aloft in a turret of dreams,
And the ships like phantoms swing out to the mists where the
forgotten sunset gleams.

Are they ships of pirates whose flags loom dark against a sanguine
sky,

Sailing for gold to a golden land where the palm tree flaunts on
high?

No, they are ships that will never come in, for they carry the days
that are dead,

And the charm of old moonlight, the lilt of old songs and the
smile of faces long fled,

Dim scents from old gardens waft back to the shore with a laugh
that is hushed by the years,

While the soft winds of Youth through the harp strings of Time
create music too poignant for tears.

KATHRYN KENNEY



HER BIT

Jennie sat on the edge of her narrow, hubbly cot with her face buried in her hands. She was a small, painfully thin girl, with peculiar brownish-yellow hair that was never in place; it was not in place now—little wisps of it were sticking out at all angles from the round, hard pug on the back of her head, and longer and more vagrant wisps straggled down over her ears. You could easily find her shoulder blades under her thin, grimy shirtwaist; in fact, it was not difficult to discover any bone in her body. She was not crying as she sat there, she was simply facing black despair. From time to time she took her hands away from her face, and, looking out of the window at the dirty walls and still dirtier windows opposite, muttered through clenched teeth.

"If Hi was rich, hit wouldn't be so bad," she said once, "fer then Hi could be a nurse or somethin' an' they'd put my picture in th' papers an' people would know as 'ow Hi'd done my bit. But Hi cain't do hit now 'cause Hi ain't rich an' nobody cares if Hi do or don't," and she hid her face in her hands again, as if to blot out the sight of the grimy buildings and her miserable room.

The room was in its usual state of unkemptness: the one rickety chair was submerged beneath a pile of soiled clothes, the top of a chest of drawers, which served both as a cupboard for eatables and a place where Jennie kept her few belongings, was littered with odds and ends—an old shoe string, a comb with four remaining teeth, a broken plate, a cup and saucer, bits of ribbon, wisps of hair, an old brush; over the chest of drawers a cracked mirror hung by a yellowed ribbon on a rusty nail; two pairs of stockings and a stained dish towel hung in the open window to dry; a worn-out black slipper reposed before the door, its mate lying half hidden under the cot. That the floor was covered with dust could be told at first sight, for there were four small, round places whereon the dust lay less thick than on others, giving evidence of the fact that the rickety chair had been moved

fairly recently. In one corner stood a portable oil stove, as uncleanly as the rest of the room; it was no wonder that Jennie hid her eyes from the sight. The only cheerful things were some red coxcombs, stuck into a broken-lipped pitcher on the window sill.

In through the window floated a woman's harsh, bitter laugh and a man's rough voice; at the sound of this Jennie partly roused herself and listened indifferently for a few minutes.

"Ow, yer thinks yer fine, doesn't yer?" demanded the woman's voice shrilly. "Ow, my! yer a big man now, hain't yer?"

"Anyways Hi'm better nor you," retorted the other.

"Ow, yer be, be yer?" Her voice was nasal, shrill and penetrating. "Tries ter escape workin', yer does, by 'listin'! 'Listin'! Huh! 'Twon't be long afore yer'll be comin' 'round ter me wantin' a penny fer beer. Hi knows yer kind—lets us wimmin do all th' work an' yer sits 'round an' gits th' beer. Yer better nor me, wot? Ow, yes!" and a door slammed emphatically.

Jennie rose nonchalantly and sauntered to the window, where, after removing the pitcher of flowers, she leaned out, the damp stockings and dish towel straggling across her thin shoulders. The view from the window was not an attractive one: tenement houses in a state of filth and neglect, grouped around a squalid court do not form a pleasing picture, but that did not disturb Jennie, for she cared nothing about the court. The only thing that interested her at all was the short, thick-set man standing there. He was not a prepossessing man; in fact, his appearance gave one the impression of slovenliness: from his ragged cap, down past his tattered blue coat and worn corduroy trousers, he was an unkempt, disagreeable figure. But Jennie did not notice his clothes, she was only slightly interested in the man himself. He had worked for three years past in the same factory that she did, and two months ago he had sworn at and struck the foreman, been discharged, and then disappeared completely. Some sympathy had at first been tendered his mother, but she had refused to accept it, saying,

"Hi allus knew 'e'd do somethin' like that. 'E's a bad lot like 'is father, 'e is. Niver a penny of 'is pay do 'e give me. Jes' like 'is father, 'e is."

And now he had come back. Jennie eyed him curiously; it seemed to her that he was thinner than when he had gone away, but it was growing so dark that she could only just see the outline of his figure.

"'Ello there, Tom!" she called, "Come back, 'ave yer?"

The man turned quickly and looked up at the window.

"Ow, 'ello, Jennie! Hi ain't come back ter stay—not fer long. Hi've 'listed!"

"'Listed, 'ave yer! O-ow! w'en?"

"Las' week. Gits my unhiform termorrer, Hi does."

"Ow! W'y'd yer list?"

"Ter do my bit, that's w'y! Otter 'ave done hit afore, Hi 'ad."

"Ow!"

There was a pause.

"Beezle's 'listed," said Jennie. Beezle was the foreman in the factory.

"Wot, Beezle! W'en?"

"Couple o' weeks ago."

"That bloomin' ass?"

"Yas. Doin' 'is bit, 'e is," and with this parting shot, Jennie withdrew from the window. She gazed hopelessly about the untidy room.

"That's hit," she muttered, lighting a piece of candle, "heveryone's doin' their bit an' Hi ain't. There hain't nothin' fer me ter do. She began to investigate the substitute cupboard. "Oh, lor'?" she groaned, "there hain't no cheese."

She fumbled around in her pocket and drew forth a shabby purse, opened it and shook a few coppers into her hand.

"Thruppence, ha'penny," she counted; then, putting on her coat and hat and locking the door after her, she went slowly downstairs and out into the street, looking incredibly small in the deep twilight.

* * * * *

It was a warm, pleasant Sunday in July. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens were alive with all sorts and classes of people. Girls in twos, threes, and even fours strolled abreast on the banks

of the Serpentine, young men, too, followed at a discreet distance; whole families were out taking an airing, men and their sweet-hearts filled the benches and leaned together over the bridges, looking into the muddy waters of the stream, and one and all noticed with approval, respect and even awe, the presence of many khaki-clad men. Jennie was sitting on a bench opposite Peter Pam's Island with 'Enry,—the man with whom she was "walkin' out." He was nearly as short as she; wirey, dark, with an air of alertness about him, and the proud possessor of a scrubby, black moustache, the ends of which he fingered from time to time.

But Jennie was not as happy this afternoon as she usually was in 'Enry's company, for her mind was troubled; she had a feeling that if 'Enry was in khaki instead of civilian's clothes she would be much more proud of him. To be sure, she was proud as it was, for not every factory girl has a 'bus fare collector with whom to "walk out" on Sundays and holidays; still, if 'Enry had been in uniform her cup of happiness would have been full. A young recruit about 'Enry's size walked by them, his chin up, his shoulders thrown well back. Jennie looked at him and then uneasily at her companion, who was lolling back on the bench, smoking a cigarette; it was a marked contrast and she felt it keenly—if only he was in khaki! She had broached the subject of his enlisting before with no success. Did she dare to do it again? She gazed fixedly at Peter Pam's Island, thinking hard, then her eyes returned to the wirey, slouching man beside her, and her mind began to conjure up a picture of him in uniform. She knew just how he would look, lithe, trim and military; if only—

"Say, Jennie! Wot yer lookin' at me fer like that?"

"Like wot?"

"Like yer was. Sorter squintin'. Ain't nothin' the matter, is there?"

Jennie hesitated. She glanced around and caught sight of a khaki-clad figure coming up the walk. The figure was strangely familiar.

"Tom Craigie's 'listed," she said.

"Tom Craigie?"

"Yas. Feller at th' fact'ry wot they sacked couple o' months ago. Lives next ter me, 'e does."

"Ow!"

There was a pause. The khaki-clad figure had stopped to talk with some men.

"'Enry," said Jennie, "Hi thinks yer'd look swell in khaki."

"Ow, does yer? Well, Hi don't."

"'Enry, Hi wisht yer'd 'list."

"Ow! wants ter git rid o' me, does yer?" Then, jealously, "Yer hain't plannin' ter walk out with Tom Craigie, be yer?"

"Ow, Hi dunno. 'E's a sodger, 'e is."

"Well, w'y don't yer if yer wants a sodger?"

"Hi dunno. Hit ain't 'cause Hi ain't been axed."

"Ow, hain't it?"

"Naw."

There was a tense silence. The short, thick-set, khaki-clad man came rapidly towards them. Jennie recognized him as Tom Craigie.

"W'y, 'ello, Jennie," he said as he reached the bench.

"'Ello, Tom. Hi was jest talkin' about yer ter Mister Cox, 'ere. Hi says ter him, Hi says, 'Yer otter 'list now, like my friend Mister Crai—' "

"Private."

"—like my friend Private Craigie' But 'e don't see hit that way."

'Enry noticeably shrank in size, while Private Craigie seemed to grow.

"Ow," said the private, understandingly, looking down at the little man beside Jennie. Then he smiled his most persuasive smile—strongly suggestive of a gorilla—and took the vacant seat beside him.

"Yer otten ter say that, Mister Cox," he declared, "yer hain't never been a sodger. W'y, Hi felt the same as yer do, afore Hi 'listed."

'Enry grunted and uncrossed his legs.

"Hi uster scoot 'round the corners w'enhever Hi saw a sodger comin'," pursued the private, "'an' then one day hit come ter me

sudden-like that if Hi were a sodger Hi wouldn't 'ave ter 'ide from 'em. So Hi 'listed."

"Hi ain't a-gonna 'list," declared 'Enry.

"Yer otten ter say that, Mister Cox. Yer cain't 'old yer 'ead up w'enhever yer sees a recruitin' off'cer, can yer? Yer don't know wot 'forrum fourrs' means, does yer? An' w'y? W'y, because yer don't belong ter a comp'n'y nor a reg'ment, that's w'y! Hif yer was a sodger heveryone would be pointin' yer out ter their frien's, but now w'en they sees yer, they sez, 'There's a chap wot hain't 'listed.' Come on an' 'list now," he begged. "There's a recruitin' place jest a little ways off. 'List afore the recruitin' off'cer makes yer."

'Enry wavered. He looked at the private and at Jennie.

"Jennie," he said, "does yer want me ter?"

"Hi thinks yer'd look swell in khaki," she murmured.

And so it was that on a pleasant Sunday in July, pressure being brought to bear, 'Enry Cox entered into the service of his king.

* * * * *

Guy Fawkes day that year was a blue one for Jennie. To begin with, 'Enry's regiment had left that morning for the front and Jennie had gone down to the station to say "good-bye."

It is not a cheerful thing to see a regiment leave for the trenches: to watch the men pile into the railway carriages and see them leaning out of the windows, waving their caps to the mothers and wives and sweethearts they are leaving behind, and whom, nine chances out of ten, they will never see again. It had taken a good deal of Jennie's courage to go down and see 'Enry off; having him enlist and having him go to the front were two different things, one of which made her thrill with pride and patriotism, and the other made her feel unspeakably blue. But she had gone down to the station, and, by biting her lip very hard, had managed to keep it steady, and as the train was pulling out and hundreds of khaki caps were waving in the air, she had somehow caught 'Enry's eye and managed to smile. Then when she knew that he could not possibly see her any longer, she had fought

her way through the crowd of sorrowing people and managed to reach her miserable lodgings without being run over, although her eyes were blinded with tears.

She dropped down on her cot, and, chin in hand, gazed around the room; her eye fell on a three-day-old newspaper lying at her feet. "ARE YOU DOING YOUR BIT?" ran the headline, and at last Jennie felt that she could answer a question like that without feeling ashamed.

ELLEN BURKE

TWILIGHT

When twilight shadows onward creep
Among the dark and murmuring trees,
And silver throats fly home to sleep
And nymphs come with the evening breeze,
Then myriad flickering moonbeams gay
Call forth the evening world to play.

The wise old owl from nightly perch,
And shy, but curious, sylvan hare
With woodland eyes come forth to search
This wondrous, spectral scene so rare,
Then stars set deep in sapphire blue,
Wink gayly, laughingly at you.

RUTH GRAVES

THE SETTING IN "AURORA LEIGH"

In Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," when the heroine first looked upon the cold and frosty cliffs of England, she wondered that it could be the land of Shakespeare. Everything seemed cold and dull and gray to her then, and she doubted whether she could find a home among what she called the "mean red houses." But, though it dismayed and discouraged her at first, she learned to love it, though not in the same way that she loved Italy.

She missed the mountains of Italy, but instead she found the hills. In place of the olive, fig, almond and cypress trees she found the oaks and elms. Instead of vineyards and chestnut grove, there were little woods and vales and wheat fields, and pastures with cattle grazing quietly. And scattered among the woods and hills were little farms and granges. In place of the Arno there were numerous small streams, and we can picture the violets and primroses growing all about them. The sweet fragrance of the almond orchards met her instead of the fragrance of the almond trees. The colors in England were softer and less radiant than the colors in Italy. In Italy, while wandering among the mountains, she might happen upon a peasant girl with a scarlet kerchief knotted around her throat, making blacker her dark hair. Italy was awe-inspiring, but England was calm and quiet and peaceful.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF



THE COAT OF DISAPPEARING BLUE

True to her English custom, every afternoon at just four o'clock, Alicia had tea in the garden. Every afternoon Pierre wheeled the little tea table, set with blue willow ware china, out under the lilac bushes, and there Alicia poured tea for her nearest and dearest of friends. Today differed from all other days in just one detail—Alicia was having tea alone. Up to the time of her marriage she had lived in Yorkshire, but she had met and married a Frenchman, and had been living in his country for twenty odd years. Her husband had died several years after their marriage, and from then up to the beginning of the war, her only joy and interest had been in her son. But then war was declared, and he went away, for it was the only thing to do, and it was just a year ago today that she had heard of his death. He had died like a man, everyone said, so, although there was always a dull, empty feeling in her heart, she never mourned openly. And this was why Alicia was having tea alone. She wanted to think of her son—of their happiness and his sudden death. Across the back of a chair was a coat of disappearing blue. Alicia had tried to convince herself that it was silly to take it out of the chest where it had lain for nearly a year, but in spite of herself she had brought it, and now she had to admit that it made her a little less lonely.

From far off could be heard the heavy boom of guns—German guns, trying desperately to plow their way through the French lines. As she listened, she shivered a little. It was not a shiver of fright, but of hatred for the race who had killed her son. Suddenly a boy staggered out from behind the hedge and stood swaying before her. He was tall, stalwart and fair, and in a moment Alicia knew he was German. He spoke jerkily and with an effort.

"Madame, I am shot through the knee. They are coming to take me. For my mother's sake, save me!" Alicia's eyes blazed. She stood erect.

"Save you—a German! You who have killed my son," she said in a cold, smooth voice. The boy was swaying and clutched the table for support.

"I'm not a spy," he said, "I was on my way home to see my mother—perhaps for the last time. She's very sick." Suddenly Alicia understood the situation. The boy would never be able to go to the front. It would be heartless to give him up. She would be doing her country no wrong by saving him.

"Poor boy! I'll do my best," she promised. Far down the road was heard the noise of galloping horses. "Sit down," she commanded, and in a minute she had pulled off his coat and was helping him into her son's. "Don't say much. Your accent is just a little betraying. Lean back and close your eyes," and she stuffed the German coat under a cushion. A half dozen men came around the hedge, and stood staring at Alicia and the fair haired boy. Alicia rose.

"You'll pardon my son for not rising?" she said. "He has been wounded and came home to recover. The doctor says he must not move much. Can I do anything for you, Gentlemen?" The officers seemed at a loss what to do next, and Alicia turned calmly from them to the boy. "Are you tired, my son? Shall I call Pierre to take you to the house?" Slowly and carefully the boy spoke.

"No, thank you, I am all right, mother."

"We were following a German soldier," said one of the officers, "we lost him here. With your permission, we will look around the garden. I'm sorry to have disturbed you and your son, madame," and the officers went away.

The next day, when the boy was strong enough to be moved, Alicia sent him in a carriage, under Pierre's guidance, to the little town in which he lived. Several days later she received a letter written in a feeble, shaky hand.

"Dear Madame—" it said:

"I owe everything in the world to you. You were good to my son. I can not live long, but you have made possible my last wish—to see my boy before I go. I can never repay you, but so long as my son lives there will always be one who will give his life for you. In this terrible time of destruction and sadness, you have brightened the last hours of a mother who loves her son just as you did yours.

Gratefully yours,

Anna Yeager."

HANNAH H. McCONKEY

THE MAD MUSICIAN

It was early in the evening when I started from the hotel on my accustomed stroll before dinner. The air was perfectly still, with a mellow softness and the faint odor of pines. The trees themselves stood out like perfect silhouettes against the gorgeous colors of the setting sun. I loved these woods, and was never tired of walking through the silent paths, always finding new, delightful nooks, each one more fascinating than the others. I stopped now, for a moment, and listened to the little chirping of the night-birds.

This evening I had wandered farther than usual, and dusk was just beginning to set in, when the sound of a violin came faintly to me. I hurried on, eager to find the player, for I thought of the mad musician who lived alone in the forest, talked about by the hotel guests. Suddenly I found myself peering through the trees into a small clearing. In the indistinct light, I saw a man standing at the other side of the open space, and I stood, spellbound by the riot of sound coming from the violin he played. At first softly, and fitting in with the twilight silence, then bursting suddenly into a wild, sobbing melody, as though the player were suffering intensely. The music gripped me, and so intent was I upon this strange scene, that involuntarily I stepped through the bushes into the open. The music stopped with a crash. The player started, looked at me out of wild, frightened eyes, then turned, and fled into the forest with his violin, like a hunted thing. It was, indeed, the mad musician. ANNE KEITH



THE PARIS OF CHILDREN

When one is seven, life is very interesting, and, at times, bewildering. So it seemed at first to a small American girl when, after a long journey across the ocean, she arrived in Paris, France, and knew that for a time that city would be her home. The very look of the streets was different. In America one did not see boys in long white aprons and white caps carrying baskets of bread on their heads. Then there were so many push carts filled with beautiful flowers, or vegetables attractively arranged, forming designs in green, red, and white. Sometimes, one would see a push cart containing turtles, of varying sizes, all very much alive, and to be had for ten "sous" apiece. They made excellent pets, and would live indefinitely on lettuce leaves. Occasionally, a flock of goats was seen crossing a crowded street, regardless of traffic, a boy following to keep them in order. As he went along, he would play on a little pipe in true shepherd boy fashion, letting housewives know that there was goat's milk to be obtained if they desired. Nor was it an uncommon sight to see a shiny copper bath tub being drawn along on a cart by two men. Pails of hot water accompanied the tub, ready to be carried up any number of stairs to some person desirous of a bath, who had not yet acquired the modern convenience of a bath tub and running hot water. The street cars were very strange, also. Some resembled small trains, being made up of several cars with a little engine in front, and went puffing along at great speed. Others were "double deckers," with a winding stairway leading up to the second story. The omnibuses were also built in that way, and drawn by three sturdy horses. On the Seine there were funny but delightful little boats, which carried one swiftly either up or down the river.

Going to school was far different there from in America. Instead of being called for by a bus and being driven with a lot of other children to a large brick building, one went by foot, and always accompanied by one's nurse or governess, for in France respectable people do not allow their children out alone on the street. The way led up the world-famous Champs Elysées, under

the great Arc de Triomphe, and on down the wide Avenue de la Grande Armée. This avenue was wider than any in America, and was divided into four parts by sidewalks and rows of trees. Three of the sections were for traffic of all kinds, and one that was especially smooth was for bicycles. One would have looked in vain for anything resembling an American school building on this avenue. Instead of entering a separate schoolhouse, one went into an ordinary-looking apartment house. After climbing three rather dark flights of stairs, a door was reached, bearing a brass plate marked "École Jeanne d'Albret." This was a very suitable name for a Protestant school, for Jeanne d'Albret was the mother of Henry IV, one of the few Protestant kings of France. On one's ringing a very tinkling bell, a maid would open the door, or perhaps the smiling principal herself would greet one. Inside there was a small hall containing a cuckoo clock and several benches. From this hall and off of a long passageway, opened several rooms, large and small, some having ornate painted French ceilings, representing a flowered balcony, over which a blue sky opened. This one apartment comprised the whole school. At nine o'clock a bell would ring, and we would go to our respective classrooms, according to age. No desks were in sight, but in each room there stood a large table covered with black oilcloth and surrounded by chairs. The teacher sat at one end and the pupils all around the table, as if at a meal. White porcelain ink stands, which had fine surfaces for pen and ink sketches, and which, therefore, required a daily cleaning, and black pen trays, were the only articles on the table. There was no place for each child to keep his or her books. For that reason, it was necessary to carry back and forth each day what was needed in a leathern satchel or a knapsack strapped to one's back. This was the better way, for it kept one straight, and I was very proud of my brown leather knapsack. On the wall of each classroom were hooks where we hung our wraps and our black aprons when school was out, for everyone, boys as well as girls, had to wear black aprons during school hours. They were very convenient sometimes in the way of pen wipers, but otherwise were not useful or ornamental.

Lessons went on for an hour and a quarter. When one lesson was over the teacher would leave and another one enter, instead of having the whole class move. There were a few small blackboards, and arithmetic was taught daily. The walls were fairly covered with maps, for geography was an important branch of learning, especially the study of France. According to the time spent in studying that country, one might have thought that it made up the greater part of the universe. About a quarter of a page in the geography concerned the United States of America. Therein great stress was laid upon the fact that New York contained sky scrapers, with an accompanying illustration of a medium sized hotel. There were classes in English, just as in America we learn French, and it was amusing to hear the struggles of some girls while reading "Little Women."

At quarter past ten came recess, and then we all went into one of the larger rooms, where at best there was not much space to spare around the big table. Joining hands, we would spend the time allowed for recess in going round and round the table, singing old French songs that all French children know. Some of the songs could be acted out, and then it was more fun. Such a one was "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," where bows and curtesies accompanied the words about the gay ladies and gentlemen of that old town.

Recess over, there followed another session of school till half past eleven, when school was over. Two hours and a half of school seemed short in comparison to school hours in America, but the amount of outside work was far greater. Lessons were long and plentiful, and had to be done on time. We were required to commit to memory a great deal of poetry, and, even at our tender age, to write a theme once a week on such hard subjects as "What is curiosity?"

Thursday was the holiday in place of Saturday, and then the Champs Elysées held many attractions. The sidewalks were broad and one could roll hoops or spin tops, which could be kept going indefinitely by lashes from a whip of dried animal skin. Then there were the merry-go-rounds, where the pleasure was doubled because of the competition involved. There was, beside the joy of the ride, the chance of winning a stick of candy. To achieve this end, it was necessary to sit very erect and alert, and,

holding an iron rod in one's hand, try to capture as many iron rings as possible by slipping the rod through them as one passed the post from which they protruded. Great was the excitement when we dismounted, and the kind old merry-go-round keeper counted each child's rings and held out a can, containing gorgeously colored sugar sticks, from which the victorious one could choose.

The "guignols," however, were still more popular. These out-door puppet shows are institutional, and the same plays have been given over and over for generations. A few "sous" let one inside the rope barrier, and a seat on the low benches in front of the theatre was gained. Soon one became enthralled in the adventures of two men in a forest who were robbed while sleeping, or a fight would occur between a husband and wife. The husband was often very cruel, and would beat his wife till her hair fell down in a very realistic way, much to the delight of the child audience. The puppets seemed, indeed, alive, and their doings very real and fascinating. On Thursdays, sometimes, a special show would be given, the price of admission being raised, but it was worth the cost. Red devils appeared amid real flames, a saint mounted to heaven upon fleecy clouds, and other marvelous things happened.

If one wished to get out of the city, there was always the beautiful Bois de Boulogne to go to, with its woods, and lawns, and lakes. It was very easy to carry a bicycle thither in an open "fiacre," and enjoy a ride when the traffic was left behind. One spot was a favorite retreat, an island with woods and open places and wonderful flowers, an ideal playground for a spring day. A boatman ferried one across for one "sou," and the ride was part of the fun.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, all French children eat "goûter," a piece of sweet chocolate and a roll, or a little cake. It was impossible to live long in France without acquiring this habit, too, and we were soon very reliant upon our "goûter." In all the parks and gardens where children gathered, there were little booths where "goûter" might be had, and syrups, which, in some measure, take the place of American soda water. Altogether, Paris has much that is attractive to children as well as to "grown-ups," and became dear to at least one little American girl and her family.

ELEANOR B. GOODRICH

SCHOOL NEWS

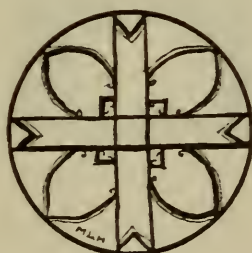
ODE TO MATHEMATICS

Angles, tirangles and figures galore,
Theorems, originals, my, how they bore!
A senseless, never ending string
Of quite abominable, tiresome things,
Which stare at me from pages bare
Of aught that lifts me from despair.

As I doubtfully wait and hear a voice state
My name on the lists of "belows," O fate!
I feel as if I could curse the day
When the Greek philosophers found a way
By the moon and stars to make the rules
One of which is called "The Bridge of Fools."

Macaulay found adjectives most fit,
So I have read in English lit.,
To describe his hatred for the science,
While Webster scorns, in grim defiance,
A fact that often comforts me
When I'm as gloomy as can be.

RUTH GRAVES

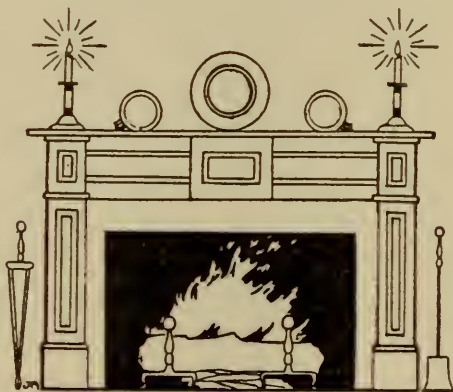


April 5th—

One evening after dinner, we all assembled in the drawing room to listen to a talk by Doctor and Mrs. Gulick. Mrs. Gulick began by showing us how to make fire by rubbing two sticks together. It seemed a rather long and complicated process, for one is so accustomed to obtaining fire by merely scratching a match. In the early times fire was sacred to the people, and that is why it has come to play such an important part in the Camp Fire Girls' organization of to-day. Then Mrs. Gulick told us about a few of the symbols of the Camp Fire Girls, showing us at the same time, some very artistic scarfs and costumes having designs representing different things in nature. For instance, one costume had long lines for rain, and underneath were tiny, stenciled flowers typifying Spring.

When Mrs. Gulick finished, Doctor Gulick spoke to us about the various ways in which a girl may save money and help her country during war time. One of his very practical suggestions was the giving up of the little luxuries which a girl buys almost without thinking; another, the planting of a small garden, not a difficult thing, Doctor Gulick assured us.

MARCELLE BARNUM



April 13th—

We in America have all heard many pathetic and horrible tales about the war, and especially about the war orphans, but it is hard for us to tell which of these are true and which are merely "newspaper stories." Therefore we were all very much pleased to be able to hear Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith, feeling that what they told us would be real facts and not hearsay.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have recently spent several months in Paris where they made many trips by automobile to different parts of the war zone. They are here gathering funds for relief work in France.

The automobile journeys were thrilling and, according to the pictures shown us, must have been exceedingly bumpy. The shells have torn the ground to pieces, making great gullies and changing the landscape entirely. Whole towns have been destroyed and what were beautiful homes and churches are now a mass of charred wood and crumbling stone.

One particularly thrilling trip was at the time of the raiding of a small town by the Germans. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were helping to take the villagers away and proceeded very well in their work until they came to one old woman who absolutely refused to leave for two weeks, declaring that she could not be ready before then. After much urging she finally agreed to be ready in two hours. When it was time to leave, she insisted upon taking her kitchen stove and feather bed, so the party drove toward Paris in the range of the shells, with the feather bed a splendid mark for the enemy. When nearly there the old lady said she had forgotten her dog, and that she simply had to have her dog. Feeling great sympathy for any living thing left to the mercy of the Germans, the Smiths turned back, risking their lives by doing so. When they reached the old woman's home, she went inside, and, in a few moments returned triumphantly carrying a green china dog.

The relief work for the orphans has been developed to a wonderful system. Each child is brought to the main establishment, examined by a physician, clothed, and according to the state of his health, sent to a home in the country, or to a sanatorium. Some of the children have lived in dark cellars with

practically no food for so long a time, that their poor little emaciated bodies seem hopeless and look as though they could never get fat and healthy again. But after a few months of happy country life and good food they are as happy and strong as they should be. Many of the children have had dreadful experiences. One little boy saw his mother and two sisters killed by an exploding shell. A great number of the children have lost an arm or a leg, and sometimes a child will not speak for months after his rescue, he is so thoroughly frightened. Mrs. Smith told us that really the most pathetic thing of all was to see how old the youngsters were for their years. Some of them will never know the happy-go-lucky freedom of childhood but will always have some dreadful experience, some heart-rending experience hanging over them.

Of the many speakers upon war who have talked to us this year, none have more reached our hearts.

ELIZABETH GLEASON

Sometimes the English language seems discouragingly inadequate to express great or deep emotions, and in speaking of the Honorable William Howard Taft's visit to Lowell, this is true. The few of us who had the opportunity to hear his speech considered ourselves fortunate, indeed, but it was not until we heard military strains proceeding from the Armory that we fully realized what a patriotic occasion this was to be. When we entered the huge building we found it nearly filled and very soon crowds of people were seeking standing room. The platform was draped with the Stars and Stripes which deepened the effect produced by the band's rendering of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Dixie," and other Civil War favorites. Everyone felt that the present war was very near and the guards at the door and the silent patrol of the aisles during the speeches made us very sensitive of the grim reality and prepared us to think of the subject which each speaker touched upon. After the huge audience had sung "My Country 'tis of Thee" the Honorable William Howard Taft was introduced. He characteristically began by relating

a humorous incident and his hearers smiled more than once before he finished, but for the most part he was impressively serious. He told us some very interesting things about "The League to Enforce Peace" and corrected some mistaken ideas which some of us may have entertained, regarding its purposes. Its great aim, he said, is to form, at the end of the great war, an international arbitration court, to which every nation shall send representatives. All disputes between countries shall be settled by this court which shall maintain a policing force. He went on to say that many people had a wrong impression in believing that the members of the League are pacifists. On the contrary, they are anxious to fight this war to an honorable end, honorable for all participants, but when that has been achieved they want to establish an institution, international in character, which will prevent the recurrence of another World War.

His speech was simple, direct and forcefully given, indeed it was marvelous with what little effort his voice penetrated to the farthestmost corners of the great auditorium. And as we rose to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" as a fitting conclusion, I could not help thinking that the man before us was showing the people of the United States how splendid the position of ex-president may become.

ESTHER H. WATROUS



April 19th—

Birds fly and sing and build nests, but have you ever heard of them dancing? We never had until Mr. Oldys, former secretary of the National Audubon Society, came out to school on Patriots' Day and told us all about it. It was on an island in the Pacific that he saw the famous dance of the albatross. Just fancy two dignified birdies standing erect facing one another; deliberately then, they step forward and folding one long leg aft they bow in a most stately manner. It is only a step closer to where they can touch bills, then they make a hasty retreat and another bow is proffered. This all leads to the grand climax of the hop when one of the partners cranes his neck into the air and croons a startling melody. Perhaps it is a case of "He began to compliment and I began to bow," for the other bird gracefully acknowledges the salute. Then the whole performance is repeated, perhaps into the wee small hours of the night, Mr. Oldys did not wait to see.

Mr. Oldys is not only a keen observer of our little feathered neighbors, but he pleads their cause in a most interesting way, imitating some of their beautiful songs. We learned that the nightingale well-known in English poetry was not superior to our own wood thrush.

Our dog Nix was quite excited by the carols in the school-room and by the time the talk was over he ran yapping about, fully expecting to find every variety of fowl from the pewee to the pelican.

MARY JEANNETTE MCJIMSEY

April 25th—

One of the delights of Rogers Hall life is a quiet hour together in the drawing room after dinner. We spent such an hour on the evening of April twenty-fifth with Mr. Vieh at the piano.

To listen to Mr. Vieh's music, particularly under such circumstances, is to be transported to a land of inspiration. In an informal fashion he delighted us with works ranging from Schuman and Beethoven to the simple but intensely dramatic strains of the "Jelly Fish."

The "Jelly Fish" is a very remarkable poem which Mr. Vieh has set to equally remarkable and fantastic music. It relates a tale of the over-confident, egotistical but insignificant fish who believes that he alone constitutes the universe, but meets his fate on being swallowed by the whale. This tragic conclusion is accompanied by weird strains which vividly accentuate the unhappy lot of the jelly fish. Some enjoyed this particularly while all were spellbound in the effects produced by the rendering of Litz's "Rhapsodie."

Mr. Vieh delights his listeners with his extemporization and beautiful tone colorings and seems to have an endless repertoire of entrancing selections.

MARY FRANCES OGDEN

May 26th—

Not many of us had thought very seriously of the way in which a large number of the people in our towns and cities live, until Mrs. Thayer, a representative of the Consumers' League, talked to us. She gave us a brief outline of the work of the League, the purpose of which, is to protect not only the laborer in the factory and mill, but the consumers. The league tries to promote the betterment of conditions relating to lighting, ventilation, and general sanitation. A surprising large number of factories have joined this League. Mrs. Thayer said we could do our part by demanding goods bearing the League's stamp. Her particular branch is the work among poor, discouraged toilers. She helps these unfortunate men to re-establish their work. She made us realize how willingly we should give to the worthy needs of the poor.



DENNISON HOUSE PLAYERS

"Variety is the spice of life" says an old proverb and surely the Dennison House Players proved this old adage. Armenians, Syrians, Italians and Irish made up the interesting little group of amateurs who came out to entertain us from the Dennison House Settlement.

There were both girls and boys, from fourteen to the early twenties, who arrived for tea chaperoned by Miss West and Miss Kronacher, both workers in the settlement. At first they were rather shy, but as the Rogers Hall girls went from one group to another offering sandwiches and chocolate, with interested inquiries about their life at the settlement, their school and work, the shyness wore off and they soon talked and asked questions as freely as ourselves.

After supper several girls offered to show our visitors the gymnasium and swimming pool. In the meanwhile the stage hands did a great deal of running about to find various needed properties, but soon everything was gathered together and the performance was ready to begin.

The first little play was an adaptation from a German fairy tale, "Undina." It opens with a scene in a fisherman's hut, with a storm raging outside. Suddenly there is a knock at the door and a traveling knight enters. As the storm increases in violence, the father realizes that Undina, his adopted daughter, is out in the wind and rain. She is found and returns reluctantly—her flowing hair and loose blue-green gown the color of the waves, revealing at once to the audience that she is not an ordinary mortal, but the child of the sea.

The knight falls immediately under Undina's spell and they are married by a passing priest, after Undina's explanation that she is a nymph and only the love of a mortal can give her a soul.

The next act introduces us to the real, though unknown, daughter of the humble fisher-folk, who has lived as a court beauty for so many years that she is disgusted when finally told that her family are mere peasants. She is seeking to cause Undina's ruin by making her husband cease to love her.

One day, while sailing on the court lake, Undina's husband becomes angry with her, and the sea nymphs, thinking that she has lost his love, seize her and take her away. In the last scene, however, an old sealed fountain is opened and Undina comes out of it, remaining on earth just long enough to persuade her husband to go back with her to the land of the dead.

This pleasant little fairy tale was followed by an extremely modern little skit—but neither suffered by the contrast.

The second play was a detective play in which a master thief deceived two minor thieves, who believe him to be a doctor, whose office they expect to rob. One pretends to be a detective and the other a man on the verge of nervous collapse, but the master thief turns the tables on them just as they are getting away and the three real “birds of a feather” unite in robbing the office together.

Both of these little plays were very well acted, the lines well learned and the details carried out admirably, and, altogether our congratulations were cut short by their necessary rush for the train, I hope that our few short words told them how much we enjoyed it.

KATHERINE Y. WILSON



THE LOWELL CHORAL SOCIETY CONCERT

“Aida” is one of the most familiar and well-liked of Italian operas. Those who have witnessed a performance of this opera might think that the rendering of it by a chorus and soloists, without acting or any stage setting, would prove very unsatisfactory. We, however, who attended the concert given by the Lowell Choral Society did not find it so. From beginning to end the quality of the singing was good and well sustained. The soloists and the characters they represented were as follows:

Grace Bonner Williams	Aida
Alma Beck	Amneris
Lambert Murphy	Radames
Bernard Ferguson	Amonasro
William Gustafson	{ Ramphis
		{ The King

The familiar solo beginning “Heavenly Aida” was one of the most appealing airs of the opera. The chorus of priests and the triumphal march were very stirring, and we found ourselves beating time involuntarily. As the final chant by the priests ended the opera, we came back with reluctance to this every day world. Those who had seen the opera said that the music had brought all the scenes vividly before them again. We who had never seen it had felt ourselves transported to Egypt, and that we had witnessed the color and motion of this impressive opera.

ELEANOR GOODRICH

On May 10th, Mrs. Blossom spoke to us on the hospitals for blind French soldiers. She made us see that the losing of his sight does not make a soldier either helpless or useless. In the hospitals, knitting, basketry, weaving and rug making are taught and often the blind soldiers become quite expert along these lines. They need very little assistance in finding their way around the hospitals, because each man has a cane, and by tapping he can follow the brass strips on the floor, which end in disks before the doors.

In order to make the soldiers as independent as possible the superintendents do not encourage helping them with anything which they can possibly do by themselves. Mrs. Blossom told us of an incident in which a soldier knocked over a box of weights. Her first impulse was to pick them up but then she realized that he would be happier if he could do it alone, and after groping around the floor for several minutes the man recovered all the weights and put them back in the box.

It seems almost cruel, at first, to let these soldiers do things which would be so easy for us to do, and which are so hard for them, but then we realize that the effort is outweighed by the satisfaction which they feel at having accomplished something without help.

After the talk Mrs. Blossom showed us pictures of the soldiers and samples of their work.

HANNAH MCCONKEY

JOFFRE

It was a wonderful sight soon after our declaration of war with Germany to see the stars and stripes bursting forth from every home and building, an emblem of the peoples' patriotism. It showed that American people realized that they had entered the war and were willing to take interest and trouble enough to hang out "Old Glory" for the world and democracy.

But the French flags displayed in such profusion from one end of Boston to the other on Saturday, May the twelfth, showed not only interest and patriotism, but love for one of our great allies, for France who has always been America's friend, and last but not least for the hero of the Marne, the favorite of the people and "Papa Joffre" to everybody.

About fourteen girls chaperoned by Miss Harrison and Miss Macfarlane began a very pleasant day by a visit to Faneuil Hall Market. After seeing the long rows of booths, each displaying different appetizing things to eat, presided over by men in great white aprons, we decided to visit Durgan and Parks, the modest

but epicurean restaurant where the Rogers Hall girls and the marketmen alike, enjoyed the wonderful sea food, fresh from the near-by markets.

Then as the possibility of seeing Joffre was more alluring than the strawberry shortcake, we hurried away to get a good stand for the parade. After securing French flags and "Joffre buttons" we were content to settle down opposite the State House to the three hours wait before us. To add to the general comfort of our wait, it began to pour and almost every girl managed to get a steady stream from her neighbor's umbrella, down her neck, but even this could not quench our enthusiasm, which reached its height as the smiling face of "Papa Joffre" passed by us amid cheers of the crowd and strains of the Marseillaise sung by the Boston school children and bravely augmented by the Rogers Hall girls.

As we had a splendid view of the reviewing stand and could see each salute and smile with which Joffre greeted the passing regiments, there was a unanimous vote that three hours was a short wait to see the man whom the future ages will honor as one of the heroes of The World War.

KATHERINE Y. WILSON

May 13th—

Yes, we were envious of those lucky girls who saw "Papa Joffre," but we all determined even if we could not see him, we would have a grand good time seeing Viviani. So it was a very jolly, happy crowd of girls who started off to Boston in the rain, under the protection of Miss Parsons, Miss Mary Parsons, Miss Harrison and Miss Miller.

Many a smiling face turned and looked longingly after us as we trooped down Boylston Street, coat collars turned up, minus umbrellas, defying the rain to take the smile from our faces. Even the stately countenances of the waiters at the restaurant softened a bit when they saw that happy, hungry looking crowd. Oh! what a luncheon we did have. Did anyone say spaghetti?

The Cae-Kava game wasn't in it, to the struggle we had between our forks and our spaghetti. During luncheon, Miss Harrison announced that the reception at Braves Field was not to be held on account of the rain, but a private reception was to be at the Library, so down we trooped, and we certainly did get a wonderful view of that charming man. It was all over so quickly we could hardly realize we had really seen Viviani.

By that time it was pouring, so we took to shelter. Ever since luncheon, Miss Harrison and Mary Jeannette had been chuckling to themselves, so after saying something very mysterious to Miss Parsons off they went. Presently back they came with—what do you think? (I was properly horrified as I am from Boston) a sight-seeing bus! After many longing looks in the direction of Back Bay, I gritted my teeth and boarded the bus. In just two minutes I had forgotten my horror, and was seeing Boston with as much joy as the rest. Never will I forget that ride. We learned where the State House was, and all about its wonderful golden dome; we saw the house where ether was first used, we saw the famous North Station and learned all about the remarkable train service of the Boston and Maine. From there we went up to Cobb's Hill burying ground; there we saw the grave of the man who hung the famous lanterns in the old North Church. From there we went back to Trinity Church. After that exciting and thrilling ride we thought it only proper to end the day in church. So after viewing the Sargent pictures we went to vespers at Trinity. We were all tired but happy, and I think when that beautiful white-robed choir went singing down the aisle, we all felt we had come to the end of a perfect day.

GRACE P. REDMAN



May 18th—

This was the first time we had heard Mr. Vieh, the artist. By this I mean that on previous occasions he played in a delightfully informal way for a few minutes in the drawing room, but on this Friday afternoon when he played before the College Club we had a chance to hear him as the finished artist, that indeed he is.

His programme ranged from the calm "Lake at Evening" in which one fairly heard the gentle lapping of the water on the peaceful shores, to the gay Chopin "Mazurka" in A flat, or the Schubert "Impromptu" in E flat. We knew a master touched the keys and it is always wonderful to know that the performer is a master, sure in his touch, appealing in his expression. We recognized his ability from the first note, but the loudest burst of applause came after his own "Valeses." We, his pupils, were delighted and clapped until our palms were sore, and perhaps now I may venture to say in behalf of all the girls who have studied with Mr. Vieh this year, that we know him to be an efficient teacher as well as a skilled musician and composer, and we offer him our sincerest thanks for his enduring patience and perseverance in helping plodders on the musical scale.

When the recital was over the faculty and old girls went into the garden to accept the new girls' invitation to a picnic supper. Soon everyone was sitting on benches or pillows eating deviled eggs and sandwiches and drinking chocolate. To clap the climax the hurdy-gurdy to which we have danced so many evenings, appeared in the background so we ate our ice cream to the rather uncertain strains of "They're Wearing 'em Higher in Hawaii." When we had sent all the old girls out to dance we retired to the kitchen, and we are proud to say that not a single dish was broken and things were safely restored to the shelves.

We trust the old girls had as good a time as if we had had our "party" earlier in the year and that they realize as well as we do, what an efficient chairman we had and how much credit is due to her and her committee.

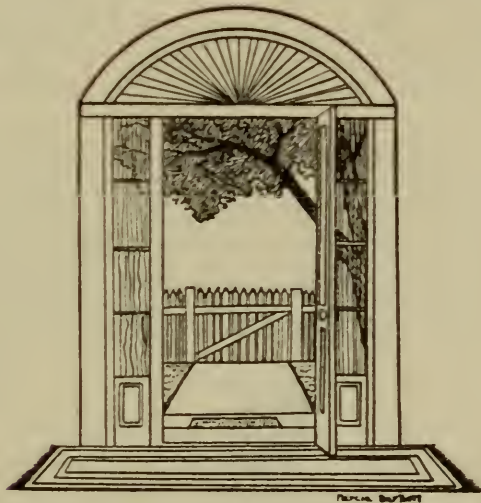
ESTHER H. WATROUS

May 20th—

The saying that "One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives" is often surprisingly true as we realized when Mrs. Vaitses told us about the Greek colony here in Lowell. We were surprised to learn that there are over twelve thousand of these people here. Our enthusiasm increased as we listened to this sincere big-hearted little woman with her charming accent and big brown eyes. Her life has been devoted to helping her fellow-countrymen raise their standards of living and provide better conditions for their children. She showed us exquisite crochet laces made by Greek women, and many photographs of young girls and boys whose stories she told us as the pictures were passed around.

It does one good to realize how many different kinds of people there are, and Mrs. Vaitses made us feel that if everyone had his neighbor's interests as much at heart as she, the world would be a better place to live in.

ESTHER H. WATROUS



THE FULLER SISTERS

May 24th—

Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller carried us back into the early forties this evening—back into the days of our grandmothers, when crinolines, and hoops, and gay silks that “stood by themselves” were the latest thing in fashions; when folk songs were still sung in little English villages and acted out by the villagers’ children; when Guy Fawkes’ Day and Twelfth Night and May Day were still fêtes for both old and young and mumming was no longer a thing of the past. Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller seemed to take the keenest delight in singing folk songs of England, Scotland and Ireland, wearing the while, dresses that must have been termed “elegant” in their day. To say that these dresses are no longer “elegant” would be a gross mistatement, but they are more than elegant now, they are delightful.

Miss Cynthia Fuller played accompaniments on a fascinating little green harp, while her sisters, Rosalind and Dorothy, sang and acted out by-gone songs of Somerset, Hampshire and Dorset. There were songs of the cradle—very soft and sweet, songs of childhood—gay and full of acting; happy, sad and whimsical songs of love, courtship and marriage, in fact, songs of all ages and all humors. One of the songs that was much applauded was “The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies, O!” and there was a delightful song called “When I Was a Young Girl,” telling the feelings of the singer from girlhood until, “When I was dead how sorry was I!”

The Fuller Sisters’ entertainment began with a quaint “Apologie” and ended with a “Farewell” that allowed no encores. We tried our best to get them to sing “just one more song” but our applause was only met with low curtsies that even our grandmothers could not have equaled in their girlhood.

ELLEN BURKE



May 26th—

"Did your ever feel so hot in your life?" I heard someone shouting in the hall and fearing that the speaker intended to take only a silk sweater for a wrap I hastened to remind her that it would be very cold coming home.

The special car came and we all filed in, that is, nearly all of us. The names were called and then we waited from three to four minutes for our late friend (I do not use the phrase in its ordinary meaning). Finally all was settled, knitting comfortably arranged and after a moment's stop at Page's for cakes and ice cream, we made fast time out of the city and reached Canobie Lake, our destination, about twelve thirty.

The place was to be opened the following day so the proprietors had all the amusements ready. The way we flocked to the roller coaster resembled hens running into the chicken coop. The man said that we might get in, so we spent moments of joy shooting up and down the track until we were called for the picnic luncheon which had been carefully prepared by a committee at school. It included delicious sandwiches, eggs and many little "extras" which were so good that when we came to ice cream and cake some of the girls who had ordered two or three boxes were unable to eat them.

After luncheon was over we all went up to explore the amusements. There was an out-of-door theatre with a piano much the worse for the open air. Nothing here to enjoy—so we continued our search and came to the boat house where there were about thirty row boats and canoes, drying from a recent coat of paint. Returning to the roller coaster for more rides, we continued our way, passing by shooting stands, etc., until we reached the so-called gyro-plane. It consisted of a chair, big enough for two, which swung up in the air, turned around and swooped to the ground again. This proved to be one of the favorites. Besides this structure there were two tubs. These were horrible contrivances which went on tracks dropping from one level to another with excruciating thuds. Several tried this but after the first ride left it for the merry-go-round, which was a very good one with unusually fine music.

Before we knew it, the time had come to go home and we piled into the car, quite exhausted after our round of gaieties. We reached home after a cool ride in time to have a set of tennis before dinner.

MARJORIE ADAMS



June 4th—

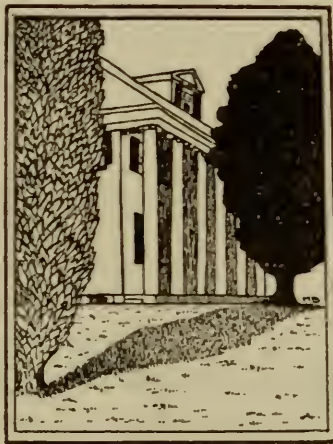
How would you feel if you were a "Poilu" just sent out to the front trenches and you were to hear someone say, "You may as well know right now that there will be a funeral around here in about two weeks if you don't train your hearing and your sense of direction?" Not particularly encouraging, is it? Nevertheless, that is one of the suggestions which greets the uninitiated "Poilu," and he finds it very helpful indeed.

An experienced trench fighter, so Mr. Henry Sheahan told us on Monday evening, can tell by the shrillness of the sound made by flying shrapnel and shells, just about where they are going to land, and his sense of direction, if he is blessed with one, or has managed to acquire one will tell him where to go in order to get around the nearest corner or under the shelter of the nearest iron bridge. Now if he should run in the wrong direction—toward instead of away from the destination of the shrapnel—it doesn't take much imagination to foresee his fate. Quick to see the beauty even in the midst of war, Mr. Sheahan does not fail to appreciate the humorous side. "The cook takes a ladle and gives us each a slosh of soup" was his realistic description of trench service.

If you have not read "A Volunteer Poilu in France" I advise you to do so for the next best thing to hearing Mr. Sheahan is to read his book. Several lucky Seniors will keep his signature in their Class Books as one of their most cherished possessions.

Among the interesting entertainments which many of the girls went to during the Spring term were, The Boston Symphony Concert, "Green Stockings" with Margaret Anglin as leading lady, Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and "The Pigeon" by Galsworthy, the two latter given by the Jewett Players.

On May nineteenth Miss Harrison and Miss Orcutt chaperoned some of the girls to the Vesper Country Club for lunch. It being the first visit of the year everyone had a thoroughly good time and agreed that a better place to spend Saturday could not be found.



RED CROSS CHAPTER

REPORT OF TREASURER.

Amount Received.

Balance from 1915-16	\$ 5.48
Dues	101.50
Pins	7.95
For Xmas boxes to Soldiers in Mexico	84.48
Donations from:	
Kava Club	\$ 15.00
Cae Club	5.00
Miss Parsons for hospital bed	20.00
Miss Robbins	5.00
Mr. Duncan	10.00
Unknown sources	28.67
	<hr/> 83.67
First Aid Classes	100.00
Fuller Sisters' Concert	95.00
Contributions for supplies	70.01
Plays, candy sales, etc.	121.16
Liberty Bond by Class of 1917	50.00
Total,	<hr/> \$719.25

Amount Paid Out, 1916-1917.

Dues to Washington	\$ 46.00
Stamps, sundries, etc.50
Poor Relief in Lowell	42.78
Xmas boxes to Soldiers in Mexico	76.08
Pins	7.95
French Orphans	112.50
Expenses for parties	4.98
Expenses for candy and post card sales	14.87
Supplies for Red Cross work	103.25
For Magazines at Washington	9.50
Expenses for First Aid Classes	30.00
Expenses for wool for sweaters	88.56
Blind Relief (Mrs. Blossom)	10.00
Blind Relief (Mr. Henry Sheahan)	35.00
Victrola for French Soldiers (Gladys Lawrence)	15.00
	<hr/> \$ 596.97

LIST OF HONORS AND APPOINTMENTS

37

Balance in Bank	\$ 72.28
Liberty Bond	50.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 719.25

In addition to above receipts and expenditures, individual members of the Rogers Hall Red Cross made special contributions and paid the expenses of three French Orphans for a year.

LIST OF HONORS AND APPOINTMENTS

The Underhill Honors.

For scholarship, character and executive ability—
DORIS MAREE JONES.

For scholarship and literary ability—
ELLEN CROSBY BURKE.

For highest scholarship—
ELEANOR BRUCE GOODRICH.

The Athletic Medal.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF.

The R. H. Winners.

ALMEDA W. HERMAN

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF

Officers for 1917-18.

Editor-in-Chief of SPLINTERS . . .	ESTHER WATROUS
President of Kava Club . . .	MARJORIE ADAMS
President of Cae Club . . .	KATHERINE WILSON

SENIOR WEEK

CLASS POEM

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a catalogue of different schools,
While I nodded, nearly sleeping, suddenly a thought came creeping,
Why not go to Rogers Hall? 'Tis a good idea, I muttered,
Why not go to Rogers Hall?
Only this and that is all.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the gay September
That I sallied forth, unknown regions to explore.
Long ago it seems to me now, tho 'twas only two short years
That I entered young and hopeful, bravely through the Rogers'
door.
Young and hopeful, nothing daunted, bravely through the
Rogers door,
Only this and nothing more.

Then Miss Parsons came to meet me, and some forty girls to greet
me,
And I stood abashed, and backed up towards the door.
Then my heart almost stopped beating, and I could not voice a
greeting,
For I saw the tall McCalmont, six feet and a half or more.
'Tis some giantess, I murmured, taller than e'er seen before,
Six feet and a half or more.

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer
I got up and rushed right through the door.
For the fact was, I saw walking, Doris Jones, so gaily talking,
As she greeted others with a wealth of western lore.
She is more my size, I shouted, standing there before the door,
Four feet tall and nothing more.

So the weeks and months went flying, some were gay and some
were trying,
Games and pleasures, dancing measures, skating, swimming,
o'er and o'er,
Hockey, tennis, baseball playing and the ever constant paying
Of our quarters to the Red Cross for their orphans made
us sore.
Although, Doris, the insatiate, kept on murmuring, "A little
more,
Just one orphan, nothing more."

Senior meetings kept us busy and our brains were fairly dizzy,
But a grave and stern decorum of the countenance we bore,
For class flowers are a trifle, but a bond is woman's rifle.
Patriotic and unselfish, though we cannot go to war,
Let us buy one, said our Nancy, for we cannot go to war,
A liberty bond, forevermore.

On towards June the play commencing, where you see Mercutio's
fencing,
Juliet on her balcony standing, Romeo doth his love implore,
To the Friar's cell they wended where their youthful vows they
blended
Love undying, thus defying Capulet's schemes forevermore,
Even as the prologue chanted and Benvolio laughs no more,
For, seventeen, our play is o'er.

Too much Field Day with Play rehearsing kept Miss Harrison
busy nursing
Both the invalids who suffered from the sad complaint of yore,
Though the Cottage did creep softly, still Miss Harrison whispered
oftly,
Hand outstretched in awful warning, peering from the sick-room
door,
"Please be quiet, don't disturb them, for their nerves are somewhat
sore."
Quoth the Cottage, "What a bore."

Nineteen seventeen, never shirking, still is working, still is working
To uphold their chosen motto, which to them means more and
more,

“Merit is the way to Honor” shall be graven on their banner
In the days that still are coming, as in those that are no more,
They will keep their motto evermore.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF

THE SENIOR SUPPER

The Seniors, towards the end of the year, decided that it would be very pleasant for them to spend their Friday evening study hours together in the gymnasium. The gatherings were very informal, as we did just what we wanted to do,—played bridge, danced, knitted or gathered round the fire to talk, and towards nine o'clock delicious suppers were served. These parties served as a sort of forerunner to our big Senior Supper, which took place on the sixth of June. At this time the Class Poem and the Class Prophecy were read. The latter was very amusing and showed some very probable results to take place in our future lives. We did not have to guess very hard who the small, dark haired person was, who wore a large Red Cross pin, and was “a carrying on” with a sailor man; and a prediction concerning a certain member of our class to the effect that she would be a teacher of “elegant English” was greeted with shrieks of laughter. We had hardly finished when the Non-Seniors appeared under the windows and serenaded us with some very pretty songs. Then they sang to each girl separately, hardly stopping to breathe.

The very next evening Miss Parsons had a rather more formal dinner for us, but which proved to be just as much fun. There was dancing between courses and more singing and cheering, and after dinner more dancing. My advice to the Seniors of nineteen eighteen is to follow the custom set by the class of nineteen seventeen.

GERTRUDE PRITZLAFF.

THE MUSICALE

The first of the formal events of Senior Week was the Musicale. By Saturday afternoon some of the families had arrived, most of the trunks had departed so that we felt the end was at hand. The day was warm and June-like, particularly notable after our March-like May, and we all blossomed forth in white dresses in the traditional "sweet girl graduate" style. Gone were the sweaters of yesterday.

The Musicale given by the pupils of Miss Ruggles and Mr. Vieh was both varied and interesting. The numbers were given with a delightful self-possession and confidence which speaks much for the training of the year. It would be ungracious to pick out particular numbers for criticism but the Editors of *SPLINTERS* may perhaps be pardoned for expressing their particular pleasure in that delightful song of Don Riego's "Thank God for a Garden," sung by Doris Jones.

On the programme was also an interesting group of songs by Susan McEvoy, R. H., 12, Vassar, '16, who has been studying with Miss Ruggles this year. It will be of interest to the Alumnæ to know that several of the Lowell Rogers Hall Alumnæ have been back taking lessons in music at the school during the year.

The pleasure of the vocal numbers was greatly increased by the sympathetic and intelligent accompaniments of Elizabeth Pinkham, who also played two Mazurkas of Chopin, a Prelude of Scriabine and a Barcarolle by Rubinstein. We have had several very good musicians in the school this year but Elizabeth has been the musician par excellent and we will miss her on Sunday evening next year.

After the programme was over Miss Parsons presented the R. H.'s for the year. One was given to Almeda Herman, president of the Kava Club, baseball and basket ball captain and winner of Field Day, and the other to Gertrude Pritzlaff, the captain of the hockey, basket ball and baseball of the Cae Club and winner of second place on Field Day.

Then the baseball cup, which was presented by Gertrude Pritzlaff, was formally given by her to the Cae Club, and Mr. Archibald Johnston presented the tennis cup to the Kava Club.

Then came the surprise of the year. The two clubs had each won three events during the year, which was to get the beautiful cup presented by Miss Parsons for carriage? The winner of this cup was to be the club which won the greatest number of points, the carriage of each girl in its membership being considered. No one but Miss Parsons and Miss Macfarlane knew the result and all held their breath when Miss Parsons, loyal Cae though she be, graciously presented the cup to the Kava Club.

PROGRAMME

SONG—

Caro Mio Ben *Giordani*

MARY JANE PATTEE

PIANO—

Barcarolle (Venitienne) *Godard*

ELLEN BURKE

SONG—

Indian Cradle Song *Woodman*

ANNE KEITH

PIANO—

Nocturne, G Minor, Op. 15, No. 1 *Chopin*

ESTHER WATROUS

SONG—

Little Pink Rose *Bond*

HARRIET LOUISE GROVER

PIANO—

Wedding Day at Trolldhaugen *Grieg*

ANNE KEITH

SONG—

Connais-tu le Pays? from "*Mignon*" *Thomas*

IRMA RICHARDSON

PIANO—

Polonaise, C Sharp Minor *Chopin*

ELEANOR TAYLOR

SONG—

Thank God for a Garden *Del Riego*

DORIS JONES

PIANO—

En Valsant *Godard*

MARY FRANCES OGDEN

SONGS—

But Lately in Dance I Embraced Her *Arensky*

Mignonnette *Weckerlin*

SUSAN McEVOY

PIANO—

Mazurkas, Nos. 45 and 1 *Chopin*

Prelude, Op. 9, No. 1 (for the left hand alone) *Scriabine*

Barcarolle, A Minor *Rubinstein*

ELIZABETH PINKHAM

BACCALAUREATE

On Baccalaureate Sunday, St. Anne's church showed that it was proud and glad to have the Class of Nineteen Seventeen there for the farewell sermon. The faculty, graduating class, pupils and various friends and relatives filled the pews on each side of the center aisle well towards the back of the church making a rather impressive group of people gathered together to hear Mr. Grannis wish Nineteen Seventeen God-speed.

The service was a beautiful unit of trust and cheer for each part linked in with every other. The rector in an intimate friendly sermon asked the Seniors to think for a time of the untold depths from which even the tiniest parts of nature come and how necessary it is to comprehend these depths in starting towards a bigger goal with greater aims and plans. "Trust God," he said, "and make the Bible your daily companion. With these as guides your life cannot go very far wrong."

Of the two elements which seem to dominate every Commencement—a certain joy in being a part of it and a sorrow on

leaving school to venture on unknown paths—neither was lacking. In the inspiring Anthem, St. Anne's seemed filled with joy, and when the last words of,

“Lead us Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er this world's tempestuous sea.”

had died away every Senior, if not every one present, felt convinced that there was a Guiding Hand as Mr. Grannis had said to help these strangers on their way.

ROMEO AND JULIET

With daily rehearsals “Romeo and Juliet” was certainly growing to be a remarkable production. All the Spring term we became more and more sure of this, and the night of the dress rehearsal it seemed almost perfect except for the necessary waits while scene shifters were learning what to do. But alas for the hopes of actors and onlookers! By Monday morning we were convinced that an out-of-door production was not to be, so everyone turned carpenter or decorator and the result was that the Gym stage looked more spacious than we dared to hope. Those of us who had watched the dress rehearsals could not help but feel that this indoor performance of the play was just as delightful as the one in the garden had been, for the fact remains that the beauty of “Romeo and Juliet” does not lie in the setting but in the exquisite lines. The scene which we had most feared to lose was the procession of dirgers and mourners bearing Juliet to the Capulet tomb, and which had been introduced for its spectacular effect. So the night of the play the mourners were grouped around Juliet's bier and two verses of the dirge, for which Miss Ruggles had composed the beautiful music, were sung. Then the curtain was drawn aside and the audience caught a glimpse of the cloaked mourners clustered around the bier and singing to Juliet in the pale, ghostly light of the tomb. In speaking of the performance the Lowell Courier-Citizen said:

“The details were so well managed and the play itself so well given, that Mrs. H. J. Corwin who coached the young players

and upon whom rested the responsibility of and adequate production of an extremely difficult piece, cannot be too highly praised for the success of the event. * * * *

Each member of the cast was letter perfect in her lines and each gave evidence of the painstaking care bestowed upon the mastery of the difficult lines so foreign to the minds and lips of youth in twentieth century America.

Miss Elizabeth Johnston as "Juliet" and Miss Elizabeth McCalmont as "Romeo" did remarkably good work, giving an intelligent impersonation of the rôles and a smooth, well-balanced performance from first to last. In producing these results they were ably supported by the rest of the cast. * * * *

The Editors of *SPLINTERS* would like to add their word of praise to Irma Richardson who impersonated the pious, benevolent friar in a striking way; to Katherine Wilson as the imbecile Peter; to Grace Redman, Juliet's nurse whose bones were always such a constant source of trouble to her, and last, but by no means least to Mary Jeanette McJimsey, whose "Mercutie" made her audience laugh at his bravado, only to weep at his tragic death.

Fearing the sadness of Commencement would be heightened, the scene of Romeo's and Juliet's deaths was unsparingly cut until it remained but a very exquisite tableau excellently acted; thus, the height of the tragedy came with the realistic death of Mercutie. Those of us who return next year realize that we have lost a great deal of dramatic ability now that the class of 1917 are Alumnæ. We shall have to work hard to develop equally good "leads" next year.

ELLEN BURKE



COMMENCEMENT

Commencement is over! Nineteen seventeen will be scattered across the Continent by the time SPLINTERS appears. It makes one feel a little uncertain as to voice and a little tearful as to eyes to think of it, but they could not have had a more wonderful graduation.

The day itself was gloomy, but we forgot all about that, and after we went to the Gymnasium and our guests had gathered there to greet the Seniors who stood by the stage to receive them, we all felt as if the world and the day had been shut out for a little while, while we gathered close together to dedicate the class of 1917 to the world of which they are now a part.

The Courier-Citizen said of this day that "never in the history of the school have the Commencement exercises been more appealing, more prevocative of interest on the part of the public in the work that the school is doing. The class of 1917 has sounded a distinct note of cheerful sacrifice and service in accord with the present day needs, that without being the least ostentatious is preëminently inspiring and uplifting to its young people and older people alike."

We are very glad that our Graduating exercises appealed to an outsider in this light; for in spite of the fact that the Seniors are not, we hope, less joyous than other classes, they have tried this year to measure up to the needs of the times in which we are living. The exercises were unusually interesting; Mr. Vieh, the head of our music department, composed the march by which we entered the Gymnasium, the Seniors coming last, more impressive perhaps this year than ever because of the absence of the customary bouquets. The money which is usually spent for them was later presented in the form of a Liberty Bond to the Rogers Hall Chapter of the Red Cross.

After a prayer had been offered by the Reverend Alfred Hussey and a violin solo rendered by Mrs. Parke, Dr. Samuel Crothers, essayist and preacher spoke on, "Making Life More Interesting," in such a simple, straight forward humorous way that we hardly realized he was giving us a talk on the value of education. In the end he summed up his talk in a brief paragraph:

"How can you make life more interesting? First, by retaining so far as we can, that feeling which we had as little children, that feeling of belonging to the world, the natural curiosity, the joy. Then, by learning that it is possible not only to keep that first interest, but to deepen it by voluntary attention, by fixing our minds upon the thing that is necessary for us to know until we make it a part of ourselves and it ceases to be something learned by rote and becomes a part of ourselves. Then by welcoming all the helps that come to us, particularly help that comes from the great minds of those who have lived in all ages. Thus to live is to find life not only useful, but supremely interesting.

It was summed up long ago by a Chinese saying: "The purpose of it all is to teach us to live in the world as in a large house; to walk on in the great pathway of the world and to find our own proper place in the world."

After Dr. Crother's talk, Mr. Vieh played two superb piano numbers, and then Doris Jones, President of 1917, presented the class gift, which speaks not only of the loyalty of 1917 to school but also to country, for it was a sum of money in the form of a Liberty Bond which is eventually to be used for a table in the Senior Room "when our dream recitation building becomes a reality."

After Mr. Grannis had accepted the gift, the attention of the school became more intense as Miss Parsons came forward to give out the Honors. The old girls who had never witnessed the ceremony cannot perhaps quite understand how important it has become.

The Athletic medal, awarded for highest honors not alone in athletics but showing that the recipient has also a high academic record, was taken by Miss Gertrude Pritzlaff. The three Underhill Honors were awarded as follows: First, for high rank in scholarship, Eleanor Bruce Goodrich; second, for exceedingly good work on *SPLINTERS* and in the English department, Miss Ellen Burke of Lowell; third, for high rank in scholarship and also maintaining a high standard for the school in character and influence, Miss Doris Maree Jones, the class president, who has been actively interested in the work of the Red Cross Chapter.

Miss Parsons then gave the principals in the class play, given the previous evening, a pleasant surprise. In view of the excellent work done, she gave to Miss Johnston, the "Juliet" of the play, an interesting old edition of Moliere's plays, which will be particularly appreciated in view of Miss Johnston's interest in the study of the French language. To the "Romeo" of the play, Miss Margaret Elizabeth McCalmont, Miss Parsons gave a copy of an early edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."

The exercises closed with the singing, by graduates, juniors and guests of "America the Beautiful," written by Katherine Lee Bates. Rev. A. R. Hussey pronounced the benediction.

Then came the important business of congratulating the honor girls and of eating luncheon around the pool, which all the fathers admired tremendously, and then the sad business of saying good-bye, but this we will not talk of for that concerns only 1917 and its friends; so SPLINTERS will only add that in the words of our farewell song, "You know, and we know, and we both understand."

So good-bye 1917 and come back October 5th for the Celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the school.

ATHLETICS

CAE-KAVA BASKET BALL GAME

April 7th—

Red and white balloons—orange and blue banners—rousing cheers—stirring songs—enthusiastic onlookers—determined teams. The Cae-Kava basket ball game is on! Teams are welcomed on the field by cries from their excited supporters. Cheer leaders work like mad! The ball goes rushing from side to side. A basket for Cae, one for Kava! The ball still rushes, "Go on Hermie!" "Keep it up Pritzie!" Then the whistle—time.

The game is on again and murmurs such as "There has never been such a guard as Betty Ackeroyd" and "Have you ever seen such a wonderful game as Marjorie Adams is playing?" are heard on every side.

To add to the excitement the score differs by only a few points. At last the suspense is over, Cae has won by a score of 23-22. Even through all the excitement of victory the girls have time to praise the wonderful playing of Hannah McConkey, who, slowly but surely has brought the Caes to victory, and to praise the rest of the girls for their persistent team work. The entire game showed the careful and skillful coaching of Miss Harrison.

CAE.		KAVA.
E. McConkey	Forward	M. Adams
M. Kelley	Forward	E. Burke
G. Pritzlaff (Capt.)	Centre	A. Herman (Capt.)
M. Barger	Centre	A. Keith
H. L. Grover	Guard	K. Jennison
B. Ackeroyd	Guard	A. Robertson (Sub.)

In the second half M. Hussey substituted for A. Keith and A. Keith substituted for A. Robertson.

SALOME JOHNSTON

THE SMITH ALUMNÆ GAME

Defeat! Well, R. H. you took it gracefully, but how could you do other against the Smith Alumnæ Team? They started the game with a rush, played their unexperienced opponents off their feet, but in spite of their superiority paid the school team the compliment of fighting as if the odds were even. Though beaten the school fought as it never had before and went down to defeat filled with admiration for the skill and sportsmanship of the Smith team.

When the two teams entered the gymnasium on that fateful Saturday afternoon of April twentieth, we were soon aware that our opponents were an experienced team; the easy manner in which they handled the ball and their apparent strength impressed

us, but we had played and beaten two other Smith Alumnæ teams, so little did we realize what we were up against until a perfect reign of terror was caused by the goal throwing of Leslie Lawtelle and Mary Clapp in the first third.

The Rogers team this year is practically a green one, our stars of the last two years, that had met and conquered other Smith teams, are now almunæ, except Gertrude Pritzlaff and Almeda Herman, and it speaks much for the morale of the team that they were not stampeded. But after the first third Marjorie Adams settled down and in the last third threw basket after basket. Had there been a fourth third who knows what might have happened, to parody Mr. Browning, we might have gained or we might have been beaten still more, who can tell!

The line up was as follows:

SMITH ALUMNÆ		ROGERS HALL
M. Clapp	Forward	M. Adams
L. Sawtelle (Capt.)	Forward	E. Burke
I. Hudnut	Centre	A. Herman (Capt.)
R. Blodgett	Centre	A. Keith
E. Flint	Guard	G. Pritzlaff
M. Robbins	Guard	K. Jennison

The score was 59 to 32.

FIELD DAY

"Kava is to win to-day!" "Cae is to win to-day!" We bundled up in enough sweaters and coats to keep a regiment warm in Iceland and sallied forth to the field undaunted by the sharp wind. It was going to be a determined fight from beginning to end. By ten o'clock the jumping stands and hurdles were in place, the distances were marked off for the races, and the score board which was to boast the triumphs was in place.

The first call came for the fifty-yard dash; it was soon over and Gertrude Pritzlaff had come in first. "Pritzie" gave the old North Wind a race for his reputation that day. Cae was ahead two points. At the end of the eighth event the Caes had left

the Kavas thirteen points behind, but the Kavas were still as determined not to be outdone, as the Caes were to hold their vantage. Sarah Meigs, a little Kava star scored eight points in the next event. The excitement became more intense. It was fight! fight! fight! on every side. Jeanette Rodier, Kava, came in to victory in the hurdles. The Caes jumped up five points on the junior hop, step and jump, only to be again discouraged by losing the first two places in the hop, step and jump, to Almeda Herman and Elizabeth Whittier, Kava. Fourteen more points to Kava in the seventy-five yard dash and sack race—nine points to Cae in the potato race—the score stood Kava 69, Cae 67, and only the obstacle race left to be run. Eighteen girls entered in this, beginning by the lilac bushes and turning somersaults down the hill to the hockey field where they ran backwards to pick up an egg on a spoon, and then dash for the tape. “Go, Mary Jane!” “Go, Kavas!” “Go, Caes!” “Go, Dot!” Cheers rend the air, Kava has the first two places and the final score is 77 to 68, giving the Kavas the beautiful cup presented by Margaret Wood, R. H., '16.

The individual cup was won by Almeda Herman, Kava, who won first place in the shot put, hop, step and jump and the seventy-five yard dash; second place in the fifty yard dash and third in the running broad jump, having a total of nineteen points.

Gertrude Pritzlaff, Cae, won second place, having thirteen points and Jeanette Rodier was third. After the cheering everyone flocked to the schoolroom eager for the delicious luncheon.

We had the pleasure of having Mrs. Cummings, a trustee of the school, with us. Mrs. Cummings was an intimate friend of Miss Rogers and she was kind enough to tell us about her. No one could enjoy the privileges and happiness of Rogers Hall without being anxious to hear more of her. We all greatly enjoyed Mrs. Cummings' little talk.

The Kavas gave a very good exhibition of military drill before the Alumnæ-School baseball game. The first inning was pitched by Mink Moses (Mrs. Harris) and it was certainly thrilling, but the school team found the ball almost impossible to hit. Margaret Wood pitched the rest of the game and the School team was decidedly outclassed by the Alumnæ “nine.” After the game was over we all journeyed to the gymnasium where we enjoyed a swim.

FIELD DAY EVENTS

Fifty Yard Dash—

1—G. Pritzlaff	2—A. Herman	3—H. L. Grover J. Rodier
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Shot Put (33 ft., 5 in.)—

1—A. Herman 27-5	2—H. McConkey	3—M. Pattee
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Three Legged Race—

1—Beeler	2—M. Adams	3—E. Scott
M. Kelley	P. Goodnow	V. Muhlenberg

Throwing Baseball (203 ft., 1 in.)—

1—Patitz	2—E. Scott	3—E. Whidden
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Running High Jump—

1—J. Rodier	2—E. Woodward	3—V. Muhlenberg
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Junior Fifty Yard Dash—

1—D. Wadleigh	2—H. Weld	3—S. Meigs
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Running Broad Jump—

1—E. Whittier	2—G. Pritzlaff	3—A. Herman
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Catch the Train Race—

1—H. Stevens	2—J. Buckminster	3—G. Pritzlaff
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Junior Potato Race—

1—S. Meigs	2—D. Wadleigh	3—H. Weld
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Hurdles—

1—J. Rodier	2—G. Pritzlaff	3—M. Kelley
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Junior Hop, Step and Jump—

1—H. Weld	2—D. Wadleigh	3—S. Meigs
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Hop, Step and Jump (30 ft., 3 in.)—

1—A. Herman 29-9	2—E. Whittier	3—H. Stevens
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Sack Race—

1—M. Sheppard	2—D. Wadleigh	3—M. Adams
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Seventy-five Yard Dash—

1—A. Herman	2—G. Pritzlaff	3—H. L. Grover
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Potato Race—

1—R. Simpson	2—H. L. Grover	3—H. McConkey
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Obstacle Race—

1—S. Meigs	2—D. Wadleigh	3—M. Pattee
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Kava Club, 77 points; Cae Club, 68 points.

Individual points: A. Herman, 19; G. Pritzlaff, 13;
J. Rodier, 11.

THE SWIMMING MEET

Even the Torrid Zone temperature of the swimming room floor could not dampen our spirits the day we went to see the spectacular swimming and diving of our teams, and to prove their merit. From the beginning the Caes showed their superior strength but the Kavas fought like Trojans against the opponents they could not hope to defeat. If spirit could have had a corresponding effect upon speed that day the Kavas would certainly have broken the world's records.

The results were the same in all events—complete victory for the Caes. Hannah McConkey carried off a large share of the honors, winning first place in the plunge for distance and in the one-lap and two-lap races. Joan Buckminster gave a beautiful demonstration of under-water swimming when she carried off first place in that event and Gertrude Pritzlaff was a close second. The highest number of individual points in diving went to Martha Sheppard, Kava, whose dives were made in perfect form. The contest ended, Cae 56 to Kava 0 with hearty congratulations for the splendid work of the winning team.

The teams were:

CAE.	KAVA.
1—H. McConkey	A. Keith (Capt.)
2—J. Buckminster	D. Hunter
3—M. Kelley	A. Robertson
4—G. Pritzlaff	A. Herman
5—E. Carpenter	M. Hussey
6—K. Wilson (Capt.)	E. Whidden
7—E. Gleason	E. Whittier
8—E. Akeroyd	M. Sheppard
Subs.: M. Barnard, M. Harwood.	
Final score: Cae, 56; Kava 0.	

 CAE-KAVA BASEBALL GAME

The last Cae-Kava contest in which we of seventeen would ever take part was played on the athletic field of Rogers Hall. Those of us who sat on the side-lines cheered our side with a right

royal good humor and felt very queer when we thought of this ending our Rogers Hall school days.

The Kavas had first opportunity to try Pritzie's pitching and found it very good indeed for they got only one run. Then Eleanor Whidden, with Elizabeth Whittier catching, tried their skill and the Caes succeeded in obtaining but two runs. In the succeeding inning the game stood seven to seven and the height of the Kava scoring was reached. From the third inning on, the lead was taken by the Caes and never lost, the final score standing sixteen to nine in their favor.

Gertrude Pritzlaff, captain and pitcher of the Cae team, presented a very beautiful cup for baseball and greatly assisted in winning it for her team by her pitching. The presentation of the cup to the Cae Club took place on Saturday afternoon with the presentation of R. H.'s.

Line up:

CAE TEAM.

M. Barger—Left Field
E. Taylor, Second Base
K. Wilson, Short Stop
E. Scott, First Base
M. Kelley, Centre Field
E. Carpenter, Third Base
G. Pritzlaff, Pitcher
R. Simpson, Right Field
B. Patitz, Catch

KAVA TEAM.

E. Whidden, Pitcher
M. Ogden, Centre Field
E. Whittier, Catcher
K. Jennison, Third Base
M. Harwood, Right Field
L. F. Grover, Second Base
M. Hussey, Short Stop
D. Hunter, Centre Field
A. Herman, First Base

A. Keith substitute for A. Herman.

Score: Cae, 16; Kava, 9.

EMILY JANE JUDAH

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The tennis tournament this year ended in a victory for the Kavas. From the beginning of practice this Spring it was conceded that the Kava players were the stronger. But the games were not all one-sided as they were in last year's tournament, and several of the matches were very close. The positions on the

team are determined by preliminary tournaments within the clubs and the most exciting match of the season was that in which Elizabeth Whittier defeated Dorothy Hunter. These girls, who are undoubtedly the best players in school, play entirely different style games. Dorothy Hunter plays a fast driving game which frequently defeats itself in recklessness. On the other hand Elizabeth Whittier is relatively slow but absolutely steady. She has a perfect lobbing stroke which has played havoc with every opponent she has met in Rogers Hall. The position in the lineup indicates the relative superiority on the teams.

KAVA TEAM.	CAE TEAM.			
1—E. Whittier (Capt.)	E. McCalmont	6-2	6-1	
2—D. Hunter	E. Scott (Capt.)	6-4	2-6	7-5
3—A. Robertson	G. Pritzlaff	6-2	8-6	
4—A. Herman	M. Barger	M. Barger by default		
5—A. Keith	R. Simpson	6-2	6-4	
6—K. Jennison	K. Wilson	6-1	3-6	6-3
7—E. Whidden	E. Akeroyd	2-6	5-7	

Kava, 5; Cae, 2.

Individual champion, E. Whittier.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

A CELEBRATION

Alumnæ and old girls—next Fall will be the 25th anniversary of the founding of the school. On October 5th we want you to come back and celebrate.

All, who come from outside of the state, are asked to stay over the week end; all others to come out Friday forenoon and stay until Saturday afternoon. We expect that the girls will have to sleep in the swimming pool but room will be found!

On Friday afternoon we are planning to have an Alumnæ Field Day and beat the girls in hockey, tennis, swimming, and any other sport that they are brave enough to try. We want all the star sideline rooters and all the famed winners of R. H.'s to show the children how things should be done. Bring your own children and show them too!

On Friday evening, the trustees are planning a celebration more formal, but quite as entertaining! Saturday, there will be more fun. Perhaps you'd like a "bacon bat" at Robins' Hill?

If you have any suggestions to make, send them to Mary Holden, 26 Talbot Street, Lowell, Mass., chairman of the Alumnæ Committee on Entertainment for the Twenty-fifth Anniversary, who is pining for ideas. But first and foremost come yourself and bring your best pals for old time's sake!

FLORENCE L. HARRISON
President of Alumnæ Association

March 31st, Mary Anne Aley, '14, was married to Mr. James Allen of Charleston, S. C., in the First Presbyterian Church in Wichita, Kan. The wedding was a very quiet one and the Allans left at once for Charleston where Mr. Allan will rejoin his regiment which has just been mustered into the federal army. Mr. Allan is a graduate of the University of South Carolina and of Harvard Law School and is practicing law in Charleston.

April 28th, Dorothy Kessinger, '13, was married to Mr. Robert J. Jessup at her home in Vincennes, Indiana. They will be at home after June 1st at 613 Broadway, Vincennes, Ind.

May 6th, Dorothy Bramhall was married at her home to Mr. Richard E. Waterhouse, Jr. They will make their home in Providence, R. I.

May 12th, Hilda B. Smith, '14, was married to Mr. Thomas Hollis, Jr., in Concord, Mass.

May 19th, Leslie M. Brown, '11, was married to Mr. Dwight J. Stump in Lexington, Mass.

June 2nd, Alice W. Cone, '09, was married at the Second Congregational Church of Hartford, Vt., to Mr. Stephen K. Perry.

June 6th, Clara Bonney Lilley, '11, was married to Mr. Philip R. Dunbar at her home in Lowell. Anna Kuttner, '11, came on for the wedding and many of the Alumnæ of Lowell were at the wedding. During the Summer and Fall the Dunbars will live at 236 Fairmount Street, Lowell, Mass.

During the Spring, Katherine Carr, '09, announced her engagement to Rev. C. Merton Wilson, Dartmouth, '11, and Drew Theological, '17. Mr. Wilson is the minister of a church in Southport, Ct.

In April, Kathryn Jerger, '14, announced her engagement to William Sabine of Brookline, Mass. Mr. Sabine is a graduate of Harvard, '06, and the Harvard Law School and is practicing law in Boston.

June 9th, Eleanor Bell, '14, announced her engagement to Ralph Eastman Badger, Dartmouth, '13. Mr. Badger is an instructor at Yale and is also studying for his doctor's degree.

In April, Elenore Hughes announced her engagement to Andrew Jackson Griffith of West Pittston, Pa.

June 6th, Helen Adams, '04, announced her engagement to David Geoffrey Morrison of Sharon, Pa.

June 8th, Cora Robertson, '16, announced her engagement to William Bickam, Harvard Law, '16. He is training now at Fort Benjamin Harrison.

May 19th, a daughter, Suzanne Prentiss was born to Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell W. Becton (Valerie Prentiss).

In May, a daughter, Carol, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Letchworth (Nathalie Newhall, '03). Little Carol is named for Carol Quincy Davis.

May 4th, Miss Parsons had an informal tea in New York for the Rogers Hall girls in that vicinity and these girls were able to be present: Eileen Patterson, Una Libby Kaufman, Roccoy Ashley Wolfe, '99, Amy Condit, '11, Carlotta Heath, '11, Joanna Carr, '08, Katherine Carr, '09, Anna Kuttner, '11, Lucy Walther, '02, Ruth Sprague, Ruth McCracken, '07, and Kathryn Jerger, '14. It proved to be a jolly get-together, just as the Boston tea did in February, and the girls told Miss Parsons of their work and plans.

Katherine Carr has been doing secretarial work for the Y. M. C. A.

Anna Kuttner has been doing bacteriological work for two years for New York City. Last Fall she helped make the tests for typhoid carriers when the troops returned from Mexico and she has offered her services to the government for such work in the war. If Anna is not sent abroad, she will study for her doctor's degree this Fall at John Hopkins or Cornell.

Lucy Walther has been a resident teacher at Miss Spence's School in New York this year.

Helen Monroe, '11, is in New York this year studying library work, especially along the art department side.

In April, a committee of Boston artists, who will contribute sketches and drawings for poster work to the committee of public safety, was formed at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Oakes Ames (Blanche Ames, '95) at their home in Boston.

Eileen Patterson during the Spring has been taking the complete "Nurses' Aid" course which includes practical work in the hospital ward as well as the lecture course.

Rachel Hoyer, '16, has taken a course in First Aid with the Red Cross in Chambersburg and Rachel Brown is to take one in surgical dressings since she already is helping to make them under Red Cross supervision.

In May, Marian Huffman, '15, visited Polly Piper in Detroit. Marian wrote enthusiastic accounts of her first trip to the West.

Rosamond Norris, '15, has spent the Winter at home in Florence, Massachusetts, and has found her experience in the Rogers Hall Red Cross Chapter of great value to her in helping to reorganize the local chapter. Rosamond found our enthusiasm at school a great contrast to the indifference of some of the people at home until our own country was actually at war.

Gertrude Hawxhurst, '13, has been working since February in the Registrar's office of Northwestern University in Evanston. She expects to remain there until she goes back to the hospital to resume her training as a nurse.

Constance Miller, '16, has been studying typewriting during the Spring so as to give her services to the Red Cross in clerical

work; she is also taking the course in "Nurses' Aid" and after serving her time in a hospital expects to enlist with the Base Hospital of Milwaukee for service either in this country or abroad.

Margaret Wood '16, gave the cup for Field Day this year and she has been out several times during the Spring term. In June she goes to the Sargent Camp in New Hampshire for a month and in the Fall she expects to continue her gymnastic training at Miss Bouvé's School in Boston where Marjorie Wilder, '15, has been this year.

Lillis Towle, '13, spent three months of the Spring with Helen in her home at Oakland, California. On her way out Lillis visited Gertrude Hawxhurst, '13 and on her return in June she will visit Ethel Stark, '14, in Milwaukee and Lorena De Vere, '14, in Canton, Ohio. Ethel stayed with Helen and Lillis when she was in California in March.

Dorothy Scott, '14 has joined the Isadora Duncan Company of New York and is enjoying dancing with them.

Mary Lucas writes: "How I should have loved to be at the Tea for the New York Alumnæ but business did not allow that. But I love it even if the hours are long. All my babies are adorable, and they come from almost every country imaginable. It is an hour well spent to see them on a busy afternoon. People say to me, 'Don't you get tired of it, nothing but dirty little foreign children from morning till night? Such stupid things they are!' I really feel sorry for people like that, they miss so much. But I have come to believe that some people are given the power to do social settlement work. If you love it as I do, there is always something new and amusing and too, the foreigners have much to teach us. I am in the children's department so do not come much in contact with the 'grown ups.' You would be surprised, however, to see how considerate they are, always willing to help and do. But it is the children who appeal—the children with the big eyes,—the children with long, slim fingers,—the Polish children with names we never attempt to pronounce,—the babies whom you call a girl, much to the disgust of older brother or sister, when it proves on closer inspection to be a boy. We have one cunning baby whose name is 'Tootsie. When Tootsie first appeared she was

wearing trousers, the next time a dress and just the other day she arrived in her underwear and a sweater. She informs you, and her eyes twinkle all the time, that her name is Tootsie and her brother's is T'eadore. John Elephant, the little Hungarian boy, is always amusing us. The other day someone asked John to pick up a handkerchief that was on the floor. John did so. 'My, but that's a dirty handkerchief, John.' 'Yes,' says John innocently, 'it's diseased.' I could write pages about them all! The most wonderful part of all is the story telling. Never as long as I live will I forget their faces. I went to my first story in fear and trembling, could I ever do it? But their faces are an inspiration, you simply live your stories for them and it is never a trial, always a joy. They believe and I forget that I belong to a very prosaic age and go back to the days of fairies, elves and picksies, of animals that talk and dragons and magic charms."

Tracy L'Engle, '11, spent April and May in Jacksonville, Florida, resting after playing in "A Fool There Was," in Boston. She wrote had it not taken thirty hours to reach New York, she would surely have come on for Miss Parsons' Tea in New York in May.

Nellie Calvin wrote in April to Miss Parsons: "I am a member of the Red Cross of the Omaha Branch and offered my services. In consequence I am in Chicago taking an instructor's course in the making of Red Cross surgical supplies. I am in a rush course and after my oral and written examinations, I teach here in Chicago a week and then return to Omaha where I shall have four classes a week. This will keep me very busy and has broken into my plans for going to Reunion in June. * * * I have recently returned from a most wonderful ten weeks' stay in California."

Miss Parsons has had several letters from Gladys Lawrence, '08, who is "On Active Service, Somewhere in France," with the Harvard Surgical unit. In part she says: "We are really at our destination at last for we arrived in camp two weeks ago, having left London the day before. This is a most interesting tent village and I only wish that I were permitted to give you a full description of it. Everything is much better than we expected to find it, giving us a pleasant surprise. We 'sisters' live in wooden huts, two in a room. We have a small stove and every day we

get a small ration of coal or coke to burn in the evening but we have to hunt our own kindling and chop it. At times our little stove is very balky, and we have to go to bed to keep warm. Our furniture consists of two low cots (very low), two small folding tables, two camp chairs and an improvised wash stand. As soon as we can get hold of enough wooden boxes, we are going to make a bureau and a book case, and in time some other furniture if our courage holds out. In the daytime we can sit in the nurses' mess where there is a coal stove burning all day. Since our arrival, the mess has been attractively decorated with cretonne curtains and pillows to match for the wicker chairs while there are always some flowers in the room. We are having quantities of pussy willows now. You asked if there was anything that you could send us. You are allowed to send us through the mail anything you wish, candy, salted nuts, books, magazines and pictures or clothing and they are always welcome, especially the candy and nuts since they are almost unattainable here. We see very little reading matter. Anything comes through to us, always provided the boat does not meet a submarine. So far I have not received but one letter from the States and that was marked 'Damaged by Sea Water' showing that it had been rescued from a watery grave at the hands of a submarine. * * * I have been for several long walks and there surely are some lovely ones around here. The hills are beautiful, and they tell us that in Spring and Summer they are covered with poppies. Quite a favorite walk is down to the water past the sand dunes. These are beautiful, covered with purple shrubbery, especially at sunset.* * * At present (in March) we are not very rushed but I suppose in a couple of months we shall be very busy if it is anything like last year. I have signed to stay here a year but I think undoubtedly that I shall stay until it is all over for I want to see the war out. I am convinced that once I leave here, it will be mighty hard to find anything that will satisfy me for I do love the place and the work, and shall thank my lucky stars every day of my life that I came over." We repeat Gladys' address in case anyone failed to learn it in February: 22nd General Hospital B. E. F., France. Care of War Office, London, Eng. Harvard Surgical Unit.

Helen F. Hill, '99, was elected, in April, president of the Lowell College Club for the coming year, and Bonney Lilley, '11, was reelected treasurer.

Louise Jennison, '16, was chosen as one of the ten members of the Radcliffe College Glee Club to sing with ten members of the Harvard Glee Club at the reception to the French envoys in Saunders Theatre, Harvard, when Marshall Joffre made his memorable visit in May.

Susan Price in regretting her inability to be present for Reunion said that her kindergarten work in Chicago keeps her very busy as she has fifty children in the morning and another fifty in the afternoon, almost all of them little Russian Jews.

Elinore Lee has had a very happy Freshman year at the University of Iowa. During the first part of vacation she is to take a course in Red Cross work to fit one for field work, with courses in French and German conversation.

Ruth McCracken, '07, received honorable mention for her work in interior decorating and design at Parsons this year. She was one of two to receive this honor. In addition she has taken courses in First Aid and Home Nursing so that she hopes to qualify as a nurse's assistant by September.

Marion Stott is another one of the girls who has taken these courses and in June she goes into the hospital for her necessary number of hours' experience before going to the front as an assistant.

June 12th, Carrie Baxter Canady, '14, and her husband return from the Philippines and expect to spend the Summer at Captain Canady's home in Delaware, Ohio, where Hilda Baxter Thompson, '11, will join them for a visit.

June 12th, Lili Lieber '13, expects to receive her degree as Bachelor of Philosophy from Chicago University.

Margaret Sherman has charge of all the classes in First Aid in Toledo and writes that nearly every one seems to wish to join one class so that she is kept very busy arranging hours.

Ethel Merriam Van Horn writes that she is very busy with Red Cross and Navy League demands. She reports Marian Elliott Baker as doing her bit in selling Liberty Bonds.

Ruby Abbot Hendry writes that she finds her days full with two babies and a garden. Jimmy is two and a half and Janet a year old.

Ellis Abbot Lardner, '05, has three sons, the oldest of whom is five.

Ruth Thayer Taintor has two children, a daughter, Ruth, four years old and a son, John Thayer, six months old.

Julia Adams Shepard has two children, Elizabeth who is eleven, now in the first grade in school, and a son who is nine.

Helen Foster, '06, writes that she and Edna had a delightful visit in Atlantic City with Mary Bard Ermentrout, '04, and Mildred Wilson, '03, and they saw Betty James Sloan who was in New York for Bertha's wedding.

Agnes Tibbetts Owens, '10, has moved to Portland, Maine, where her husband has accepted a call to the Pine Street Methodist Episcopal Church. They are living at 136 Neal Street.

Jeannette Miller was graduated in June from the Lewis Institute of Chicago in the two years' Domestic Science Course receiving an associate title.

Geraldine Simonds Angus, '08, has taken the course in Red Cross surgical dressings and has been busy this Spring working at headquarters for Burlington is the centre for Vermont. She writes that there are some six or seven thousand recruits at Fort Ethan Allen and their drills are an impressive feature in the life of the city.

Molly Beach, '07, had hoped to bring all of 1907 back with her for Reunion but babies kept Ruth Heath Cassils, Stella Fleece Berger and Marguerite Roesing Croxson at home, while Grace Heath was completing her training course and "expects to be a full-pledged Red Cross nurse in the Fall." Molly herself was too busy at the hospital, finishing the supplies for the Peter Bent Brigham Unit to be able to leave even to come out for the Alumnæ Luncheon.

Charlotte Allen Fenner writes that they have moved out to Chestnut Hill, Pa., and are living at 228 East Highland Ave.

Helen Downer Marean, '05, writes that her husband has accepted a splendid business offer in Wilmington, Del., and that they are moving from Canton as soon as they can find a house in Wilmington, or in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia.

Amy Condit, '11, and Carlotta Heath, '11, could not return for Reunion as Amy was so busy selling Liberty Bonds and "Charlie" with Red Cross work.

Rogers Hall girls had an active part when Lowell had a Tag Day to raise funds for the local Red Cross the last of March. Susanna Simpson Hylan, '98, was on the general committee and many of the Alumnæ acted as collectors. Gertrude Parker, '12, had the record for turning in the largest amount during the day.

For Field Day this year we had fifty girls back, some of them coming out on May seventh and the others on the fifteenth when we had to postpone the date. Again the Alumnæ had success in encountering the school team in baseball when we defeated them after luncheon. This is our third victory of the year in hockey in the Fall and basket ball in April.

REUNION

Owing to the war conditions, many of the girls who had expected to come back for Commencement were kept at home by changed plans so that the committee made the Reunion plans very informal. Miss Parsons cordially invited the old girls to stay at the school from Sunday on and these girls availed themselves of the coveted privilege: Mildred Daniels, Annie Dewey Mann, '95 (who stayed with Julia Stevens, '97), Frances Herman Neale, Kathrine Kidder, '14, Elizabeth Muzzy, Polly Piper, '15, Mildred Robinson, Helen W. Smith, '14, Mary Goodrich, Hannah Benton, and of 1916 Elouise Bixby, Rachel Brown, Lucy Clark, Hazel Coffin, Dorothy Johnson Salisbury, Hilda Morse and Margaret Wood. Helen Smith and Hilda Morse brought their cars and did valiant service in running errands on all occasions, while Helen and Rachel Brown put their typewriting lessons to a practical test.

At the Alumnæ luncheon on Monday, we had forty-eight including Miss Parsons and fourteen Seniors, while for the various Commencement festivities there were sixty girls present in all. We had planned to have the luncheon out-of-doors but the weather emphatically prevented us so that we had six tables in the Gymnasium grouped in a semi-circle around the fire, forgetting the cheerlessness outside. Following the luncheon the biennial meeting

of the Rogers Hall Association was held and the following business was transacted: the reports of the secretary, treasurer and auditor were approved; the treasurer reported for the Building Fund that \$1000 has been pledged or paid in. Many of the girls have returned their banks but few of them have been as well filled as we wished to see. The nominating committee, Julia Stevens, '97, chairman, reported the following list of officers and they were unanimously elected: president, Florence L. Harrison, '02; vice president, Margaret G. Wood, '16; secretary, Susan McEvoy, '12; treasurer, Helen W. Smith, '14.

A vote of thanks was extended to the school and especially to Miss Parsons for her hospitality during these days and a vote of thanks was also passed to the retiring officers for their services to the Association.

The president told the girls of the postponement of the plans to celebrate the twenty-five years of the school until Fall when October fifth is to be set apart as an Alumnæ Field Day for sports and more serious recognition of the founding of Rogers Hall. This ended the business of the meeting and after adjournment, the girls danced or knitted before the fire, a few of them remaining for the stand-up supper that preceded "Romeo and Juliet" in the evening.

Of the class of 1917, Mildred Barger expects to enter Western Reserve University, Mary Kelly to enter Smith and Emily Jane Judah and Mary Jeannette McJimsey, Chicago University; Marcia Bartlett expects to help her father in his office and like a true daughter of the house learn the mill business; Doris Jones will do Red Cross work and has already been asked by a Western town to organize the work in their community.

June 16th, Laura Pearson, '14, announced her engagement to Blanchard Pratt of Lowell.

Edith Whittier, '14, was appointed one of the Junior Ushers at Smith and she has been elected president of Chapin House for her senior year.

Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, has adopted a six months old baby and she proudly asserts that John Burke can maintain his superiority over other rivals in the R. H. cradle roll.

Kathryn Jerger has changed her plans, owing to the sudden death of Mr. Sabine's mother, and expects to be married very quietly at her uncle's church in Allston on June 28th.

Harriet Jacobs was married June 16th to Albert Winston Walters in Akron, Ohio. Harriet will be at home after August 1st at 54 Venago Street, Johnstown, Pa.

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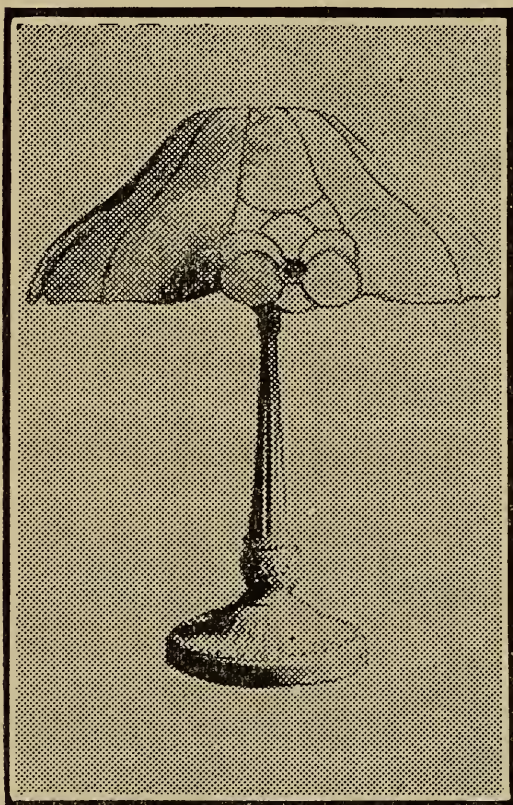
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Father and Son	Esther Watrous
The Christmas Rose	Anne Keith

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War Work

Alumnæ News

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Vol. 17

NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 1

THE ROGERS HALL BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Alumnæ Programme.

Friday, October 5th.

- 11.30 A. M. Take train from Boston.
- 1.00 P. M. Stand-up luncheon.
- 2.00 P. M. Presentation of Flag to the School by the Trustees.
- 2.30 P. M. An Alumnæ Field Day with events to fit all weights.
- 3.30 P. M. Alumnæ vs. School Hockey Game.
- 6.30 P. M. Miss Parsons will entertain "old girls" and other distinguished guests at dinner.
- 8.00 P. M. Formal celebration of Twenty-fifth Anniversary in the Gymnasium.

Saturday, October 6th.

- 10.00 A. M. Automobile ride and shore dinner.
- 4.00 P. M. Swimming.
- 6.00 P. M. Cafeteria supper in Gymnasium. Stunts, dancing, informal talks by different Alumnæ and a real get-together time.

Sunday, October 7th.

- 10.45 A. M. Church at St. Anne's.
 1.00 P. M. Luncheon at Country Club.
 4.37 P. M. Good-bye train for Boston.

IN THE GYMNASIUM.

At 8 o'clock.

- Music. Rachmaninoff—Waltz, A major.
 Liszt—Gnomenreigen.

Mr. George C. Vieh.

- Address. Some Educational Reflections.

Prof. Charles Forbes

of Phillips Academy, Andover

- Music. Gretry—Ariette de l'ami de la Maison (1771).
 Messager—La maison grise.
 Puccini—Aria, "Non la sospiri" from Tosca.

Mrs. Laura Littlefield.

- Salutations. By Rev. John Morton Greene, D. D., President
 of the Board of Trustees; by Miss Eastman,
 Registrar of Smith College and Trustee of
 Rogers Hall; by Miss Bailey, Principal of Abbot
 Academy; by Miss Knott, Principal of Bradford
 Academy; by Miss Lucas, Principal of the Lin-
 coln School, Providence; by Miss Mabel Hill
 of Dana Hall.

- Music. Chopin—Ballade, A flat, Op. 47.

Mr. George C. Vieh.

- Address. Rogers Hall, Past, Present, and Future.

Miss Olive Sewall Parsons,

Principal of Rogers Hall.

- Music. Handel—Skylark, Pretty Rover.
 Margaret Lang—Triste Noel.
 Florence A. Spalding—The Scissors-Man.
 Foster—One Golden Day.

Mrs. Laura Littlefield.

On October fifth, Rogers Hall celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday and, in spite of Red Cross activities, Liberty Loan drives, and an amazing number of honeymoons, numerous and devoted were the old girls who came back to the house party held in honor of the event.

Those who stayed away will never know what they missed; the hub-bub when we all arrived and got settled in the House or were escorted across the street to rooms that had been reserved for us in a residence near the old cottage, the chatter and gossip at that first luncheon where we ate the wonderful things prepared for us by the girls in the domestic science classes, or the fun of racing around the Gym again or possibly seeing it for the first time! Of course it was a pity it rained that first afternoon and made hockey impossible, but we managed to retain our spirits, to cheer the players, drink much fruit punch, and discuss all the babies who are coming to Rogers Hall some time.

And then that evening came a real sensation—We of the older generation of Rogers Hallites, who never knew the Cottage and who played basket ball around the chimney in the attic of the Hall had always thought of Rogers Hall as a small school. Well, it isn't a big school in the sense that it has large numbers, but every once in a while we realize with a start that it can do big things, and that evening when we came over, looking very matronly some of us, in full evening regalia, lo and behold the school room and the dining room were transformed into a banqueting hall, sweet with the odor of violets, brilliant with wonderful American beauties, great baskets of chrysanthemums and gladioli that the Alumnæ, Trustees, friends, and yes, even old girls' babies, had sent to Miss Parsons.

At the head table was Miss Parsons with the guests of honor, the principals of Bradford and Abbot Academies, Miss Williams from Smith College, representatives from Dana Hall and our own Miss Lucas who came to represent her own school, The Lincoln School of Providence, Rhode Island.

At a long table back of Miss Parsons were the Trustees and their wives and a few honored guests from the town, and then table after table of Alumnæ. There were over a hundred here that first night and some of us brought our husbands! Such a

clatter and such fun! The girls, looking very trig in their white clothes, waited at table, and if they could have heard the nice things the Alumnæ said about them they would have been pretty proud I'm sure, for whether in school or not I must confess that we Alumnæ are always rather critical of those who have taken our places.

After dinner we all went to the gymnasium which was banked with autumn foliage. The special guests sat on the platform, to the right of which were the Alumnæ filling all of one side, and to the left the Lowell guests. The girls, who in some marvelous quick change fashion, known only to school girls, had doffed their waitresses' garb and gotten something to eat, now in evening dress adorned the balcony, "a beautiful Sargent fresco" as one of the speakers called them, much to our amusement.

The exercises that evening were dignified and formal. The principal address was given by Dr. Forbes of Andover, who spoke on education in such a jolly and informal manner as to be wholly delightful. He chaffed the teachers in the audience upon their audacity in electing their vocation and gave some very good advice. "You have had the good sense to tell your girls that they are living now. Nothing is more dulling to active spirits than constant drill in preparing for the future. They must be doing something now. Give them the satisfaction of knowing that to-day is worth while. It is easier to get young people to work than to be content with the assurance that they are preparing to work."

Somehow this remained with me as the key note of the evening. Miss Eastman of Smith spoke of the very creditable place Rogers Hall girls have taken at Smith; Miss Bailey of Abbot congratulated us on the useful place taken by many of our graduates; Miss Knott of Bradford spoke on the need for private schools; Miss Mabel Hill added her praise of the training for leadership that such a school as Rogers Hall gives; and Miss Lucas bore witness to our school spirit of friendliness, happiness, and true democracy; but when Miss Parsons came to speak, after she had given a brief account of the history of the school, she said that she believed Rogers Hall was developing something that might be called spirit and then added, "Our greatest achievement has been on the side of student government."

And after all doesn't that connect with Dr. Forbes' advice to teachers that one should not subordinate the present to the future? Those of us who are graduates of Rogers Hall will, I think, bear witness, as we look back on the days of our school life and on our life since, that the thing that Rogers Hall did for us that has counted most was not in the drill in text-books, thorough as that most assuredly was, but in the emphasis that was put on doing things, in taking responsibility. If Rogers Hall has trained capable women, as our guests have so graciously testified, is it not due to this fact and are not the Red Cross work, the student government, and some of the new activities of the school the logical development of this idea?

To us Alumnæ there came that evening a renewed sense of loyalty and gratitude towards our school. We felt more strongly than ever before a pride in her history and in what she had become. To some of us there came a clearer comprehension that the ideal that had directed our school life was no merely pedantic one, but one that through our sports, SPLINTERS, and all our varied activities was seeking to develop useful women. This has been, I am sure, Miss Parsons' ideal; this is what she meant when she said that the greatest achievement of the school had been along the line of self-government and those of us who knew Mrs. Underhill know that the ideal is as old as Rogers Hall itself.

After the exercises were over there was a very pleasant informal reception, music and dancing, and then the guests and the girls departed and we old grads were left to do as we pleased.

We had indeed grown up. We showed our independence by going swimming at one o'clock and then invaded Miss Parsons' old room in the house, now occupied by Florence Harrison, and seated before an open fire ate candy, discussed old times, and looked at the pictures of babies and husbands in our new kodak book.

The next morning, or rather later in the morning, we got up, had breakfast in the schoolroom and then as soon as we could get some seventy of us divided into automobiles, so that everyone was with her best friends, we motored to Marblehead where we ate a shore dinner that would have scandalized Mr. Hoover.

To those of us from the West, especially, it was a wonderful day, for surely New England is at its best in the bright golden days of October.

One can't tell in detail all the things that we did, but we came back and played hockey and then some sixty or seventy of us tried to cook supper together in the gymnasium, and then we listened to Mrs. Underhill's letter, to Gladys Lawrence's letter from France, and by the way she not only wrote that letter especially to us, but she cabled us a greeting and sent ten dollars to the Building Fund. To Gladys the bigger loyalty to country has meant no lesser loyalty to school. Then Thelma Berger did several lovely dances for us after which we broke loose and tried all the apparatus in the Gym. The giant stride proved the *pièce de résistance* and anyone who saw Connie Cooke, Kate Dyer, Isabelle Nesmith, Aida Hulbert and Margaret Wood perform will never forget it. After that another swim, some ice cream, a little sleep and lo! it was Sunday morning.

We all went to St. Anne's together and to those who had gone there in the old days it seemed a particularly fitting thing to do. We thought then of Dr. Chambré and then perhaps our thoughts wandered again to the old days, although we did enjoy Mr. Grannis' fine straightforward talk to the girls of Rogers Hall on the need of real foundations if one would live worthily.

After dinner at the Country Club, Helen Edlefson sang and then the party began to break up. "If I have to be brought on a stretcher I'll be here for the fiftieth" said Lou Hyde as she left, and I think that was the sentiment of all of us.

BONFIRES.

Autumn is my favorite time of year, not because of the cool, clear weather or the gorgeous foliage but because of bonfires. Perhaps this is a primitive taste acquired in my younger days which should be by now outgrown, but it still persists with all the ardor of the bygone times.

Haven't you ever waited impatiently for the leaves to be touched by frost, and then watched them flutter down one by

one, or, in a sudden swirl of wind, by the hundreds, until the ground was concealed under a carpet of them which looked like "Joseph's coat of many colors"? And what colors!—red, yellow, orange, brown, coral, bronze, and crimson.

When you scuffed through them, in what a soul satisfying way they rustled! And when you raked the crisp, fragrant little heaps into a huge pile and applied the match, oh, what a splendid sight!

Watch the angry little tongues of crimson, blue, and orange flame lick up the dry, crackling mass. See how the leaves writhe and twist in the pitiless heat like living souls in agony. Little by little the fire creeps toward the top until suddenly it bursts through and a fountain of sparks leaps upward. Then the smoke rises in cloudlike puffs of greyish blue. How pungent and choking the odor it brings to your nostrils! After the first fierce blaze is abated, the embers glow for a little, but gradually even they cease to live and all that is left of the former glory is a dead, lifeless sprinkling of dull grey and white ash.

RUTH WHITNEY SHAFER.

FATHER AND SON.

When his son was ten years old the musician realized that something was radically wrong, and that a remedy must be found. Should he continue to let the child have his own way or should he attempt to control him? He wondered how the child would impress a stranger—unfavorably he was inclined to believe. This business of bringing up his son was proving to be a pretty big proposition, for the boy loved all the things which were outside the world in which he lived. He was musing, dreaming, when the child's imperious voice broke the silence.

"Well I shan't, so there." A very decided stamping of feet followed.

The man rose from his seat by the fire, and going to the door called,

"What's the trouble, son?"

"Shan't, shan't, shan't."

A maid entered.

"Please, sir," she said, "Master won't eat his supper unless he can have ice cream to start with."

"Well I suppose you will have to give it to him," the father replied in a resigned tone. As usual the boy triumphed. The following day he announced his intention of going to dancing school in his Indian costume, and produced quite a sensation when he appeared at the most select dancing class in the city, garbed like a young savage.

After he was in bed and sleeping his father tiptoed into the room and looked at him. His face was delicate and sensitive like his father's, but beneath those closed lids were eyes so dark that at times they looked black. It was these beautiful brown eyes that reminded the man so constantly of his dead wife. All her Spanish vivacity and quick temper and charm were inherent in their son, as well as his father's musical ability. In appearance he resembled his father, but in temperament he was typically Spanish.

The boy's face brought back memories of the time when he and his wife had been so happy together. How well he remembered their meeting! It was the night of his professional début. Then he thought of their marriage and the blissful seven years that followed, of her sudden death in an accident, and the consequent loss of the greatest joy that had ever come into his life. Then he had sought comfort in the boy, a fascinating cherub of six, whose presence had been his only consolation. A pain, more acute than that which was caused by the thought of his wife's death, stabbed the heart of the violinist as he again became conscious of his great problem. The boy was utterly spoiled; each day saw him increase in temper, vanity, selfishness, and, strangely enough, in beauty. Nor was he lacking in musical ability. He had begun to study with his father as soon as he was big enough to hold a violin, but recently he had devoted less and less time to developing the talent which he so obviously possessed.

The father's inability to understand his son's temperament made the next five years difficult ones. It is true that once in a

while the boy would shut himself up in his room and play. If his father could have been with him at these times it would have meant everything to them both, but the boy carefully concealed the sweeter, better side of his nature.

After a great deal of deliberation the musician decided to try to educate himself to the things which his son enjoyed. Accordingly he began to accompany the boy everywhere. He was out of his own sphere and he realized that the people with whom he was associating could never be congenial to him, but his resolution was made and he determined to carry it out. He was in absolute ignorance of the trivial but current phrases and manners of the day; he was gallant, even to extreme, but there was a formality in his manner which seemed stilted in ultra-modern circles. On one occasion a lady, resplendent in black and gold, asked him if he had seen "Katinka."

"No, I have not, madam, but I shall be happy to look for her," he responded with a ceremonious bow.

To the boy his father's constant presence meant restraint. He rebelled against this "continual chaperone effect" as he said. The arrangement was not a happy one, but as the musician became more worldly-wise he became more convinced that his son should not be absolutely free to follow his own whims and fancies, and to go wherever chance might lure him. A time had now come when nothing within the limits of his own home interested him. His violin lay untouched while he danced to "rag time." His books were unopened. He cared only for gaiety, and the beautiful home which was his was unappreciated. It meant nothing to him except the place to which he returned after a dance and where he stayed until after a late breakfast the following morning. Any affection which he might have had for the charming old house was swallowed up in his desire to "be a sport" and enjoy himself. His love of gaiety and constant excitement was fast becoming a mania.

When he entered the studio one morning he was surprised to hear his father say,

"You and I will leave town at seven to-morrow morning, for an indefinite period."

For a moment the full meaning did not occur to the boy but when it did he exclaimed,

"No, I cannot go." He would put it off as long as possible he decided.

"Cannot?"

"Cannot," the boy replied.

"That will not do for an answer. It has taken me many weeks to decide upon the wisest course. It seems to me that for your mother's sake, as well as for your own, we must stay here no longer. Your music must be considered. Trust to my judgment just once, my son, and believe me when I say that it is because I think it is right that I am asking you to leave the city which you love. Have you any desire to know where we are going or would you rather keep it as a complete surprise?"

The musician saw his son turn a dull crimson, bite his lips, and clench his hands.

"I change my answer," he replied. "I will not go."

"My son, you will, I believe."

"When I say I will not, I mean it. You have no right to tell me I must leave home. This is my home I suppose? At any rate I refuse to go away from the city. All that I care for, that I love is here. I should die in a little one-horse town. It is my right to stay here and I intend to do so. If you had the slightest bit of feeling for me you would not even suggest that I leave all that I love, just to satisfy your selfish, narrow-minded desires!"

If his son had stabbed him the violinist would have suffered less, but every bit of his sensitive, shrinking nature recoiled at the harsh, unthinking words. The night was a sleepless one for them both, and early in the gray dawn the man arose and made final preparations for the journey.

When the boy awoke he found a rough camping suit beside his bed. He could find no other clothes and was forced to put it on. As he went downstairs he was chagrined to find it was only a few minutes past six! His father would think he had relented. A few minutes later he was breakfasting with his father, and an hour later, in an unaccountable way, he again found

himself where he had no intention of being, and this second place was no other than a mountain-bound train.

They reached their destination in the late afternoon of the following day, and began to follow a narrow trail up the mountain. The man strode on ahead of his son. He seemed to have redoubled his vigor since leaving the city, and he walked with the air of one who is glad to be among familiar surroundings. He knew where he was going. Some distance behind him lagged the boy, but he took no interest in what he passed by. He kept his eyes fixed on the path and nothing could induce him to look about. They reached a division in the path as dusk was falling, and turning to the left they were soon standing before a small cabin. The man immediately began to prepare the first meal in camp. The boy continually maintained the silence in which he had resolved to revenge himself. After they had finished eating they went outside and stood watching their new surroundings, but how differently did they view the same picture!

One of them saw only a cold, rough wall, shutting him in from the world he loved; the other saw a majestic mountain range, beautiful and cool and refreshing after the turmoil of the city. One saw gaunt, storm-blown pine trees and was conscious that the wind moaned through them. The other saw their stately outlines against the fading light and was soothed by the lullaby which the wind played in them. It was prison to the boy, but it was release to his father.

The next morning the boy was greeted with a cheery "Good morning," but firm in his purpose, he maintained silence throughout the day. While his father busied himself with the tasks which usually occupy campers' time, he lay stretched out comfortably in a hammock which his father had swung between two convenient trees.

The days that followed were nothing but continuations of the first one. After the breakfast things were cleared away the musician would take his violin and play charming, rollicking tunes—just the kind that awaken one's whole mind to the joy of living, but they awakened nothing in the boy because he would not let himself listen. A tramp in the very heart of the forests or a fishing trip to a nearby stream occupied the morning, and

the musician exerted himself to the utmost to make life in the woods and streams real to his son. In the afternoon the man often read aloud or together they went to the nearest store for supplies. The boy, of his own volition, did just one thing. He kept a diary in which he recorded all the wrongs that were done him, and daily reread this record, brooding over each imaginary injury until it seemed like the greatest cruelty in the world. He did all he could to convince his father, by actions, that this experiment was a failure. A month passed, the atmosphere was becoming almost more than the distracted musician could endure. He wondered if his son's mind could possibly be affected, for he did such unreasonable things in which there seemed to be no purpose. Only that morning he had angrily thrown two of the small store of books in camp into the fire, and had watched them burn with an expression of triumph on his gloomy countenance. The day before he had deliberately thrown a pail of water on the fire just as the dinner was being cooked.

"Please wait until these potatoes are done," his father said patiently.

With a scowl the boy finished putting out the fire. If he had not been so sure his father was selfish and in the wrong he would have been more reasonable, but he had previously convinced himself that his father was unjust. Now he must teach this selfish father that he would not be taken advantage of.

In the silence of the night the distracted father walked up and down in front of the camp. Here among the mountains were all the conditions conducive to making his son forget his exaggerated love of society. But it seemed hopeless to control that temper. He wondered if deep down in his heart the boy loved music, if he could ever love it as the musician himself did.

"To-morrow night," he murmured to himself, "I will decide. Perhaps I shall then be less blinded by love for him—and his mother. Yes, to-morrow must be the final decision. Twenty-four hours from now I shall make up my mind as to whether we shall leave or remain here."

Morning found him still pacing slowly back and forth, meditating on his great question.

If his son had been at all observing he would have seen how pale and careworn his father looked, but he was too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice or, in fact, care how his father felt. The day dragged on, and after supper the musician stood for a moment watching the sunset before he began to play, as he did every evening in the twilight. Just inside the cabin door stood the boy, and beside him was his own violin case. Suddenly he pulled it open and seizing the instrument with both hands he was about to dash it against the rough wall. He glanced quickly at his father. The man was watching him with such horror, such agonized fear in his eyes that it was terrifying to look at him. For the first time in his selfish life he felt his heart stirred with pity for a fellow-man. He felt that he would really be sorry for his father if the violin were ruined.

Quickly his right hand dropped, he tucked the violin under his chin and drew the bow gently across the strings. The musician still gazing spellbound, heard the strains of a lullaby he had composed years ago. He was unconscious for a moment of the boy's physical presence, he just knew that a great, glad thankfulness filled his heart. And as he played the boy was watching his father. Never before had he admired him or felt any affection for him. Now he began to understand what devotion meant.

* * * * *

Two men, each with a violin under his arm, stood facing each other in the green room of a big concert hall. The older of the two was middle-aged, but he appeared older. Years of anxiety had left their mark. His hair was snow white and there were deep lines in his face. The younger was evidently about twenty-five. He was exceedingly dark, almost foreign looking, but his features were so noticeably like the older man's that one was instantly convinced of their relationship. It was true that twelve years of mountain solitude had aged the father, but he did not feel his youth had been lost in vain, for he had gained a firm friendship with his son—a devotion equally great with each—and the man that stood beside him had changed from a headstrong selfish boy to a skilled musician of strong and manly character.

The father's great dream was realized at last. His heart thrilled with joy as together they went on the stage to acknowledge the continuous applause which proved that the future of the two musicians was to be a brilliant one.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

The old man thoughtfully stroked the golden curls of the child, lying half-hidden at his side, in the sweet grasses, and looked dreamily off toward the purple haze of the Italian hills. Everywhere there were golden splashes of sunlight, and the drowsy atmosphere of a mid-summer day was heavy with the almost sickening sweetness of flowers and grapes. A donkey, heavily-laden, toiled up the white, dazzling road, his driver dragging the whip in the hot dust.

"A story, father, please!" begged the child and half sat up in eager expectation.

"Oh, my little maid, there are many tales. But I have told them all, it seems. All very beautiful * * * but there is one I have not yet told you.

"Listen sharply, for it is about a little maid, no older than yourself.

"There is a very beautiful flower, my child, called the Christmas rose. Very delicate pink are its petals, with a heart of gold. In the coldest winter weather this brave little flower finds its way up through the frozen ground, and cheers many souls, weary for beauty.

"Many, many years ago, on that wonderful night when the Christ-child was born, the angels sang to five shepherds, guarding their flocks by night, in the fields. In the shelter of a great rock, just outside the flickering fire-light a little girl lay, a tiny, white lamb snuggled in her arms, and wondered at the dazzling brightness, and the soft songs of the white angels. Her father was one

of the shepherds, and all day long she played in the fields and at night slept in the warm shelter of the rock, always happy, and loving her Father in heaven with her whole heart. So when she heard the song and saw her father and the other shepherds, some with soft fleeces as offerings, starting out to find the new-born Babe, she quietly slipped from her warm nest, and followed them, under the stars, happy to think of seeing this wonderful Babe that the angels had praised. It seemed that she could not have wished for anything more. Silently she sped along, her poor bare feet bruised by the sharp stones, and her thinly clad little body chilled with cold, though her heart was warm within her.

“When the shepherds came to the rude manger, they carefully uncovered their simple offerings for the Christ-child, and stepped reverently through the door, never seeing a small, silent figure, crouching against the wall. The little girl did not try to go in. She had suddenly realized that she had no offering for the Babe,—not the slightest thing had she to give to Him, and she would never see that sweet face she longed to look upon. People were passing in crowds, with offerings of costliest gold and frankincense, or rudest ornaments. A shudder shook the small frame of the child, and she slipped to the ground, weeping, great sobs shaking her from head to foot. Oh, for the slightest little gift, that she might go through the door and worship with the others for one instant. The people were coming out now, whispering together in awed tones.

“Then a wonderful thing happened. Wherever the great tears of the child fell on the hard, frozen ground, tiny green shoots appeared, and soon a few pink buds unfolded into glistening flowers. The child looked at them in wonder, and smiling through her tears, whispered, “God’s gift for the Christ-child—Christmas roses.” Then with awed fingers she picked the great, dewy blossoms, and gently pushed the door open. The mother smiled wondrously at her, as she timidly advanced toward the manger, and with outstretched hands, offered her gift to the Babe. And the infant smiled, and reached his two small hands out to her.”

ANNE KEITH.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE NEW ERA AT ROGERS HALL.

Have you undiscovered talents?
 Can you dust or mend or darn?
 Can you polish shoes and slippers?
 Are you good at winding yarn?

Two "modistes" have started business
 On the third floor of the Hall.
 Johnston-Smith announce their opening—
 Shampoos, manicures for all.

Pop corn may be bought of many,
 Four in partnership proclaim.
 Does your suit require a brushing?
 This is Hannah McConkey's aim.

If your spats are frayed and dirty,
 Please let Amy Curtis know.
 She and "Gig" agree to make them
 Good as new and white as snow.

Have you clothes to go to E. B.?
 Messenger service at your door!
 Helen Fogg will gladly take them,
 Only five cents, never more.

Gladys Doelger will be glad to
 Knit on sweaters not complete.
 With a kodak Betts and Edwards
 Will produce for you a treat.

Thus upon the board are posted
Things that would surprise you quite;
"Nicholson and Lucas, Shiners!"
Team work, best work, day or night.

Thus in Hall and House and Cottage,
We toil without a moment's loss
To earn each others' dimes and nickels
For our Chapter of Red Cross.

E. H. W.

September 28th—

The old girls invited the new girls to an informal dance in the Gym on the first Friday night after school opened. The purpose of the party was to remove a little of the "newness" and strangeness, and the object was most successfully accomplished.

October 13th—

On a clear, crisp fall day, six automobile loads of us started out to see some of the historic points of old New England. The trip through the country, splendid in its fall coloring, was a most delightful change from the regular routine of school.

As we motored past woods, with their orange, gold and crimson foliage, past apple orchards, the trees laden with yellow and red spheres of lusciousness, past fields with their shocks of corn with golden pumpkins at their base, past quaint New England farm houses and through little villages, each with its "common" and steeped church, we were all glad that we had chosen New England as our temporary home.

Our first stop was Sleepy Hollow, made famous by our great American author, Hawthorne, who now lies buried there. There, also, we saw the graves of Louisa M. Alcott and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Going on we arrived at the scene of the battle of Lexington and as we silently looked at the statue of the staunch Minuteman standing firm

“By the rude bridge that arched the flood,”
we all felt a lump in the throat as we thought of the boys now ready to fight or already fighting for the same principle for which the minutemen so nobly fought and died.

After this stop we visited the houses of the literary personages, whose graves we had seen earlier in the afternoon, but the one we liked best, I think, was the simple brown frame house, dear to all girlish hearts as the home of “Little Women.”

Our trip home was broken by a pause at a wayside stand to indulge in cider, apples, pears and grapes, and also by two blow-outs. These last could not quench our good spirits however, and we arrived home safely just in time for a really truly New England supper of baked beans and brown bread.

RUTH WHITNEY SHAFER.

October 20th—

We were to go to Cambridge to see Harvard play the Maine Heavy Artillery. How excited we all were! At one o'clock the seven machines drew up in front of school and there was much scrambling about and confusion before we were all settled. At last we were off.

The drive to Cambridge through woods and fields, vivid with autumn coloring, was delightful. We arrived at the stadium about half past two to find hundreds and hundreds of people pouring through its gates. Previous games played here were doubtless exciting, but I think this surpassed them all because of the military atmosphere. Soldiers and sailors in khaki and blue thronged the stadium and several bands played stirring music.

The first half, scoring a touchdown for Harvard, was watched with great interest, but the military drill excited the greatest enthusiasm. Who is there who is not thrilled at the sound

of a drum and the sight of rank after rank of marching soldiers? Between the halves the Maine Artillery sang to the accompaniment of the band.

We thought that Harvard would win an easy victory in the second half, but Maine put up a stiff fight. The score of thirteen to nothing in Harvard's favor caused much rejoicing and some sorrow. After the game we all trooped back to the machines and enjoyed a hilarious ride home. FRANCES HARTMETZ.

October 21st—

Y. W. C. A. war work in this country began when our troops were sent to the Mexican border; for with the assemblage of large numbers of men in any one place, a situation is produced in which the welfare of girls must be safeguarded. Two capable workers went there to act as house mothers and to provide pleasant and suitable homes for the girls. In this way the first two war workers received their training and were consequently the first Y. W. C. A. representatives to go to France. With the establishment of military training camps this department of the Y. W. C. A. has been greatly enlarged, for there are necessarily young women near every camp. An example of the activities of the association may be found in the case of the telephone operators at Camp Dix. These girls were daily going back and forth from Wrightstown in a truck until the Y. W. C. A. became aware of their situation and induced the Telephone Company to provide a house for them, in which lives a chaperone. Furthermore every training camp has its own Y. W. C. A. hostess house.

Miss Grumman told us about these things one Sunday night after tea, and also explained how this organization is operating in France. There, until it receives a permit from the French government, it is working as a department of the Y. M. C. A. which has already obtained recognition. Both of the associations have deemed it their business not only to look after soldiers and prisoners but also to improve living conditions among peoples of the frontier and all devastated parts of the country.

Miss Grumman's own position is that of an Industrial Field Secretary for New England. She visits various manufacturing towns, investigating the conditions under which girls who are employed in industry live and suggesting means by which the local Y. W. C. A. can help them. Her work brought her to Lowell and as a friend of Miss Davis she came to tell us about some of the many kinds of work in which the Y. W. C. A. is engaged.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

October 29th—

One hundred years from now, no doubt, our letters will sound very quaint; but when Leon Vincent read us scraps of Jane Austen's century-old letters in his lecture at Colonial Hall, they sounded as if they had been written yesterday. They were very human, very modern, even to the smallest expression.

Mr. Vincent told us also of Jane Austen's quiet and orderly life. She travelled very little, a trip to London and a trip to Bath being great events to her. She wrote only for her family's amusement and her own, beginning in childhood with nonsensical pieces, but always with that delicious sense of humour running through them. She pictured life as she saw it, and seen through her eyes, it becomes real and vivid.

In conclusion Mr. Vincent read some characteristic scenes from "Pride and Prejudice" that were all the more enjoyable because of his own apt comments.

MARCELLA CHALKLEY.

October 31st—

What! Movies on Wednesday? Never! But yes, we did go and what wonderful pictures they were!

A special car came for us at ten forty-five and took us to the new Strand Theatre where we occupied a block of seats in the center of the orchestra. While we waited for the pictures to begin we greatly enjoyed a few selections on the organ. At last the pictures commenced. They were splendid, and the

first that most of us had seen of our boys "over there." Our hearts filled with pride as we saw these young men actually in France awaiting their call. First came pictures of the ambulance corps, showing the different stages necessary in bringing in the wounded from the trenches to the base hospitals. There were also pictures of these brave Americans being decorated. Devastated towns and villages, ruined churches and cathedrals, all lent horror to the pictures. Then we saw the aviators. What big, fine men they were and how little they seemed to realize the peril they were in! The pathos of the situation was brought home to us as we learned that many of them had been killed since the pictures were taken.

After the pictures had been shown a soldier in khaki inspired us with a higher sense of patriotism by singing the national anthems of the Allied countries. We left, each one glad she was an American.

SALOME JOHNSTON.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

November 3rd—

Shure an' have ye heared of the doin's at Rogers Hall? Mary's been a tellin' me all about it; she works thar ye know. Wall and if ye ain't heared it I'll give ye a full account. Jest fill up yer pipe and come set ye down by the fire.

Ye know to begin with them girls had to be different from the rest of us and silibrate Hallowe'en Saturday 'stead o' Winsday. They had their party in the Gym. The place was all fixed up so's to provoke the saints thimselves. There warn't no lights at all but jack o' lanterns grinnin' at ye from all the dark corners and corn husks rattled along the walls. They played all kinds o' games—just loike what we usta when we war kids. But the best purt o' the purty was the way thim goiles got thimselves up. There were two thar lookin' loike fancy knittin' bags. No sir, that's the truth I'm tellin' ye, and a purtier sight ye never seen the loike of. Thin there was a couple fixed up to look loike two

darkey mammies, and they were fixed right, too, 'twas a grand soight. And would ye believe it, if there war'n't two bees there too, runnin' around buzzin. Then there war soldiers and sailors, little wee goils and lads, old-fashioned goils and everybody with masks on so's you couldn't tell 'em.

Downstairs purgatory itsel' was let loose. Ghosts were runnin' up and down, moanin' and groanin', rattlin' chains and gettin' their cold clammy hands in everyone's way and scarin' everybody outer their wits.

After awhile the ghosts disappeared and everyone had a merry time eatin' and dancin.' And some o' the goils gave sort of a play—showin' the Horrors of Rogers Hall, wich Mary said was well looked.

The party was kinda short but, loike the sayin' goes, it was good wile it lasted for them goils soitenly can put pep into their parties and, Mike, I'm going to be at the next one if I have to wash winders to git thar.

MARTHA HOWELL.

November 5th—

Under the chaperonage of Miss Hill the Art History class went to hear Mr. Charles Carruth lecture to the Women's Club on Luca della Robbia. His entire familiarity with his subject led to so much detail in describing the sculpture that we were rather bewildered. His slides were interesting and clear and we shall doubtless recognize some of them as old friends when we study della Robbia later in the year.

Mr. Carruth told us that the founder of this art lived in Florence, Italy, in the fifteenth century and became famous through his use of enamels and colors, although his finest work was in marble. Many of his productions, such as the Singing Gallery and various Madonnas are familiar to us all. His nephew Andrea, and his nephew's son became his true disciples, but after their death the creations of the school became gaudy and the pure della Robbia art was lost in the indiscriminate use of more colors than Luca would have sanctioned.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

November 7th—

When Miss Parsons read the list of those who were expected to attend Reinald Werrenrath's concert, Wednesday evening, those of us who had heard Mr. Werrenrath two years ago when he sang with the Lowell Choral Society were overjoyed and hastened to assure the skeptical that a treat was in store for them.

Mr. Werrenrath's programme was well chosen for his songs were both excellent and varied. He sang in German, French, English and Italian and his voice was equally pleasing in all.

His "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes" were especially delightful and most unusual and he sang the Prologue from Pagliacci with as much ardor as though he were opening the great opera itself.

The several patriotic songs he sang were highly stirring and were enthusiastically received by the audience. Among them he sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" so impressively that if someone had at that moment been soliciting Liberty Bonds, I think every person there would have pledged his last cent.

When Mr. Werrenrath had been encored after his closing number, he again appeared and, to the delight of those who had heard him before, announced that he would choose his own encore, Kipling's "Fuzzy Wuzzy." This he sang so well, that everyone declared that in this case, the last was by no means least.

Mr. Werrenrath, in addition to his beautiful and well-trained voice, has a charming personality and the enthusiasm and dramatic power which shows itself in all his singing, serve to make him one of the greatest, if not the greatest concert baritone in America.

KATHERINE Y. WILSON.

November 9th—

"Ten dollars is the means of saving one man's life."

This was the challenge presented to us by Mr. Bartholemew when he spoke to us on the night of November ninth, in behalf of the Red Triangle Campaign.

Mr. Bartholemew is heart and soul in this work of aiding the soldiers in the Training Camps, in the Trenches, and in the the Prison Camps, through the great organization of the Young Men's Christian Association. He has spent several years in various foreign countries now engaged in the war and has visited many hospitals and camps. He pictured for us these camps and hospitals with a new vividness and urged us to join the men and women of our country who are making it possible for such suffering to be partially alleviated by sending representatives of the Y. M. C. A. over there to organize rescue work. "It is the morale of the army on which this war depends," said Mr. Bartholemew.

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

November 10th—

Miss Harrison volunteered at recess, one day, to chaperone any girls who wanted to go to the Dartmouth-Penn game, to be played on the following Saturday, and a party of football enthusiasts quickly formed. We left Lowell at eleven-six and arriving in Boston, took the subway to Filene's where we had a delicious luncheon.

When we entered the subway to go to Braves Field we found ourselves in a terrific jam of people for there were three games that afternoon and all Boston seemed to be attending them. After much struggling and pushing we managed to board a car, though not all together, and those who were left behind were unfortunate enough to miss part of the game.

The Penn cheerers had red and blue paper over their hats and were all bunched together, adding a splash of color to the scene. They also provided noise as they were all equipped with tin covers which they used as cymbals. Both Penn and Dartmouth had bands in military uniform.

During the first three quarters of the game the teams seemed to be evenly matched. First it was Penn's ball, then Dartmouth's, see-sawing up and down the field. Toward the last of the fourth quarter the climax was reached when Penn made a touchdown. Penn's rooters went wild with joy. The air was filled with shouts and tin covers flying in all directions. Eight more minutes

to play, and in that time Dartmouth carried the ball almost over the goal. There was a tense moment, then the whistle blew leaving the score seven to nothing in favor of Penn.

Penn's band immediately marched out on the field playing for all they were worth, the Penn boys falling in behind with their snake dance. We all agreed that the game was the best we had ever seen, even the girls who rooted for Dartmouth and thereby lost several bets.

MARGARET BETTS.

November 17th—

The Alumnæ-School hockey game was a great success this year—we won! The score was 10-1. It just about took our breath away, as in former years they've beaten us, almost without exception, in a heartless manner. As usual their team was composed of Rogers Hall's former stars, but not having had much practice they lacked team work, something in which we starved. Dot Beeler and Ruth Trimborn's pass worked well and Anne Keith was on the spot to take the ball every time. The Alumnæ put up a good fight individually; but the school has a right to be proud of her hockey team this year. The line up was as follows:

ALUMNÆ.		SCHOOL.
Ruth Green,	Forward	Anne Robertson
Leslie Hylan,	"	Ruth Trimborn
Laura Pierson Pratt,	"	Margaret Hussy
Florence Harrison,	Bully	Dorothy Beeler
Margaret Wood,	Half Back	Anne Keith
Marjory Wilder,	"	Betty Akeroyd
Mary Holden,	Full Back	Hannah McConkey
Betty Eastman,	"	Elizabeth Whittier
Katherine Nesmith,	Goal	Marjorie Adams
		MARTHA HOWELL.

November 18th—

One usually thinks of a patriotic meeting as a huge gathering of men with hats waving in air, loud shouting, a brass band playing national anthems and speech-making. The Patriotic Meeting held at the Armory differed from the usual ones as, strange to relate, it consisted of over eighteen hundred women; no hats were waving nor was there any loud shouting. The band played the "Star Spangled Banner," however, and every person there sang with her heart and soul. There was speech-making also. The Mayor expressed his approval of the meeting and introduced to us Miss Margaret Slattery.

Miss Slattery has been travelling from one side of the United States to the other, speaking everywhere to just such gatherings of women. She told us the "facts" of the war; "hard facts" they were and almost impossible to believe; how young girls, barely in their teens, led the army men astray and to what extent the wine shops harmed the soldiers. She told us that we women could help in this war and be more patriotic than we realized, not only by rolling bandages and knitting (necessary as these services are), nor by going to France as nurses (we can't all go to France although I'm sure we'd all like to go to-morrow if we could) but—

"By doing better than ever before whatever work we have to do;

By rendering whatever special service we can to our community and country;

By living up to the highest standards of character and honor and helping others to do the same."

This pledge of patriotism was, she said, the motto by which every man and woman should guide his or her life.

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

November 21st—

When we saw "A Kiss for Cinderella," by J. M. Barrie, it took me back to the time when I used to sit by an open fire after dark and listen to fairy tales. The play had much of that same

fairy-tale interest for children and, at the same time, conveyed a deeper significance to an older person. Maude Adams, one of our best loved actresses, played the part of a little slavey who works in an artist's studio and who does odd jobs for her neighbors at the sum of one penny each. The name of Cinderella is given to her by the artist, because the girl, blessed with a sparkling and vivid imagination, fancies herself to be the real Cinderella of Fairyland. The other main characters are Mr. Bodie, the artist, and Our Policeman.

Cinderella is doing her bit in war time by taking care of four orphans, a French, a Belgian, an English and a German baby. The Policeman enters Mr. Bodie's studio to learn why the skylight is illuminated, contrary to the law for protection against zeppelins. He discovers that the boards with which it has been covered have been taken away by Cinderella. The Policeman tracks her and finds that the boards carried off from Mr. Bodie's studio have been used to make cribs for the orphans. The deep pathos of this scene makes itself felt especially in the sweet, low quality of Maude Adams' voice, and holds the audience in tense sympathy. When the Policeman leaves she follows him to the street and there falls asleep while waiting and longing for an "invite" to the ball. Her acting, simple but strongly realistic stirred the emotions of everyone. She dreams that the fairy godmother arrives and grants her wish—the ball. Many odd things happen in this scene. It is the slavey's idea of a real ball, all gold, gold, gold. There is an Irish Queen who sits in a rocking chair knitting, a King who speaks in pure Cockney, and a beautiful pale blue Prince who bears a strong resemblance to Our Policeman. The King and Queen have assembled their loyal subjects to choose a mate for the Prince. The competitors are tested as to goodness and as to the beauty of their feet. Cinderella wins the contest and is wedded to the Prince. Bride and groom, King and Queen and in fact, the whole assembly dance gayly until a gold hokey-pokey cart is trundled in bearing ice cream cones for all. Just then, the clock strikes twelve. Cinderella awakens and finds herself in a hospital. The Policeman pays frequent visits to her and one day he brings her a pair of glass

slippers for "a policeman's idea of an engagement ring." Cinderella is delighted and we are sure that they will live happily ever after. "A Kiss for Cinderella" is typically a Barrie play in its fancifulness, and typically a Maude Adams' play in its delicate blending of sentiment and humor. ELEANOR TAYLOR.

November 21st—

One chilly autumn evening we gathered in the drawing room to hear the singing of Mrs. Barr, who attended Rogers Hall as Helen Edlefson. Mrs. Barr's songs were varied enough to suit every taste, ranging from the delightful "Carnival" song and the well-known Musetta Waltz from "La Bohème" to the "Little Gray Home in the West" and the catchy "Joan of Arc." We had a chance to observe Mrs. Barr's dramatic powers when Anne Keith became her accompanist for several of the songs. The tender little song about Mary Jane and her "Daddy," though it made us smile brought on more than one acute case of homesickness.

Our demands for "just one more, please," were most kindly gratified and by special request the "Carnival" was repeated. When we left the drawing room, finally, we were all secretly fired by the ambition to come back as an old girl and sing to as delighted an audience as Mrs. Barr had. MARCELLA CHALKLEY.

November 25th—

If you have ever tried to have a party when "eats are tabooed" you will know what a problem confronted the Cae and Kava Clubs at Rogers Hall when the question of entertaining each other in these Hooverizing war times arose. Everyone pondered and invented, invented and pondered, but all came to the same conclusion, that there was "no such animal" as a party without food. Finally, however, after a supreme effort that must have

added at least three convolutions to the brain (as psychology teach us) the Kava Club hit upon the idea of a moving picture party!

Just imagine going to the Strand to see just "movies" instead of something educational like the French War Pictures.

I don't know how much of the pictures anyone saw, for I think most of us spent the time making supposedly funny comments on them, or weeping a little when a French battlefield was shown, covered with dying soldiers.

The pictures were varied, one funny, one sad (although, as usual, the ending was inartistically happy) and one educational. All, however, were equally good and the novelty of the party greatly added to our enjoyment.

A special car brought us back to school and, after much "Helen, you don't know what a lovely time I have had," and "Ann, I have had the most wonderful time," etc., the Cae Club convinced, or at least I hope we did, our Kava hostesses that a party without food was a pleasure rather than a trial.

KATHERINE Y. WILSON.

WAR WORK.

THE ROGERS HALL CHAPTER OF THE RED CROSS.

At a mass meeting of the school the following officers were elected for the coming year:

ANNE KEITH, President.
HELEN BELL, Vice President.
ELIZABETH GLEASON, Secretary.
ELEANOR TAYLOR, Treasurer.
MISS LINTHICUM, Faculty Advisor.

The Rogers Hall Chapter now numbers one hundred members.

The following work was completed November 26th:

40 sweaters.

9 pairs of socks.

4 pairs of wristlets.

1 helmet.

3 mufflers.

141 Christmas boxes sent to soldiers.

120 surgical dressings.

20 muslin bandages.

STUDENTS FRIENDSHIP WAR FUND.

Rogers Hall has pledged to the Students Friendship War Fund the sum of \$1,015. Under this name the schools and colleges of America have made a gift of one million dollars to the Red Triangle work, with the proviso that sixty per cent of the money contributed shall be used in behalf of prisoners of war.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

CAE-KAVA GAME.

"No! It will never do to wait until Saturday for the game."

"We must have it to-day."

"Why even if the field is slippery to-day, it is going to snow Saturday. Even the papers say so. In fact we can almost feel it in the air."

Into the midst of such excitement, on that Friday afternoon, came Miss Macfarlane calling "Get ready for the game, girls. We're going to play despite the rain," and was greeted by cheers of delight.

Finally we were on the field with Cae and Kava banners proudly displayed and at three-thirty two husky teams rushed

out of the Gym howling with excitement. Strenuous cheering met them and with a whistle from Miss Macfarlane, the game began.

In a few minutes things positively hummed. The first goal was made by Kava and shouts of joy went up from their cheering squad. Sarah literally danced with delight. But the Caes were not to be outdone, for the hard playing of Fritzie quickly brought a goal for Cae making the score 1-1. At this the Caes went wild with cheering and banging on tin pans.

Back came the ball to center and the fight was continued with fine playing on both sides. The famous Robertson-Hussey pass worked with its usual success for Kava and on the Cae team the nimble Ruth darting around the field with her wonted speed gave the Kava's dauntless Anne Keith a few anxious moments. Ruth's "little shadow" Hannah played a fine game guarding the strong Kava line. Janet Nicholson, a new girl with little previous hockey experience, made a proud record as Kava goal, while Louise Grover fully lived up to her reputation as a valuable asset to Cae. Betty played with her accustomed speed and accuracy and Marcelle was always to be relied upon for a resounding whack when the ball came her way. Thus on and on the score went up until it reached 4-4.

The spectators sat tense, the players redoubled their energy, the ball sped down the field, and a goal was made for Kava. Instantly the battle was on again but was that the whistle? Yes! The game was over. Kava had won by a score of 5-4.

SALOME JOHNSTON.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

For the account of the Anniversary Celebration you are referred to the Main Department, but it is interesting to know that ninety-two girls in all were back for one or more of the various events. The following is a complete list of the registration, with the places from which the girls came except Lowell: Alice Baker, '14, Smith College; Hilda Baxter Thompson, '11,

Lima, O.; Dorothy Benton Wood, '12, Belmont; Thelma Berger, '14, Philadelphia; Ruth Bill, '14; Alice Billings, '11, Belmont; Frances Billings Woodman, '09; Barbara Brown, '13; Julia Burke Mahoney, '11; Ruth Burke; Margaret Clarke, Newton; Harriet Coburn, '95; Grace Coleman Smith, '13, Gardner; Natalie Conant, '08; Cornelia Cooke, '08, Portland, Ore.; Alice Davis Richards, Braintree; Lorena De Vere, '14, Canton, O.; Annie Dewey Mann, '95, Quechee, Vt.; Kate Dyer Evans, '10, Chicago; Betty Eastman, '13; Helen Easton Baker, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, Winchester; Helen Eveleth, '15; Bernice Frisbie; Edith Gates Syme, Pawtucket, R. I.; Anthy Gorton, '05, Gloucester; Ruth Greene, '15; Ruth Griffin Pope, '09, Beverly; Florence Harrison, '02; Henrietta Hastings Young, Cambridge; Frances Herman Neale, Harrisburgh, Pa.; Helen Hill, '99; Sally Hobson, '10; Ethel Hockmeyer Clark, '13, Leominster; Madge Hockmeyer Parker, '10, Newton Centre; Mary Holden, '14; Helen Huffman Miller, '08, Newark, N. J.; Elenore Hughes, West Pittston, Pa.; Aida Hulbert, '14, Everett, Wash.; Juliette Huntress Dowse, '04, Wrentham; Betty Huston, Smith College; Louise Hyde Mason, '04, Massena, N. Y.; Leslie Hylan, '14; Estelle Irish Pillsbury; Meta Jefferson; Kathryn Jerger Sabine, '14, Brookline; Mary Kellogg, '00, Winchester; Kathrine Kidder, '14, Woodstock, Vt.; Agnes Kile Allbrecht, '14, Akron, O.; Grace Lambden, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13; Mary Lucas, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mildred Mansfield Wingate, '10, Winchester; Susan McEvoy, '12; Mildred Moses Harris, '09, Brookline; Florence Nesmith, '00; Harriet and Isabel Nesmith, '05; Hilda Nesmith Thompson; Helen Nesmith, '10; Gertrude Parker, '12; Laura Pearson Pratt, '14; Polly Pew, Salem; Nellie Pickering Trull; Frances Redway; Kathryn Redway, '13, Smith College; Helen Smith, '14, Swampscott; Julia Stevens, '97; Elizabeth Talbot, '12; Lillis Towle, '13, Bangor, Me.; Helen Tyler; Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11; Edith Whittier, '14, Smith College; Marjorie Wilder, '15, Boston; Ruth Woodbury Hill, Beverly; Elouise Bixby, '16, Haverhill; Rachel Brown, '16, Plymouth; Elizabeth Caverno, '16; Hazel Coffin, '16, Germantown, Pa.; Rachel Hoyer, '16, Chambersburg, Pa.; Katherine and Louise Jennison, '16; Elizabeth McConkey, '16, York, Pa.; Hilda Morse,

'16, Wellesley; Ruth Spearman, '16, Wellesley; Mary Weiser, '16, York, Pa.; Margaret Wood, '16, Brookline; Ruth Allen, Farmington, N. H.; Hannah Benton, Belmont; Gladys Mason, Springfield; Jeannette Rodier, '17, Cleveland, O.; Almeda Herman, '17, Harrisburgh, Pa.; Nan Sibley, '17.

July 30th, Helen MacCorquodale was married to Mr. John H. Darling at her home in San Francisco.

August 3rd, Harriet Gage was married to Mr. Ralph M. Phelps in Haverhill, Mass., and they are living in Beverly.

August 18th, Ethel Hockmeyer, '13, was married to Lieutenant Lincoln Clark at St. Anne's Church in Lowell. Her sister Madge Hockmeyer Parker, '10, was matron of honor. Lieutenant Clark is a brother-in-law of Eugenia Meigs Clark. He is stationed at Camp Devens in Ayer and he and Ethel are living in Leominster, Mass.

August 29th, Helen Gallup, '11, was married to Mr. Joseph G. Pyle, Jr., in Sandusky, O. Her new home is at The Mertz Apartments, Sandusky, O.

August 29th, Helen Adams, '04, was married to Mr. David G. Morrison in Sharon, Pa.

September 8th, at a double wedding in their home in East Orange, N. J., Joanna Carr, '08, was married to Mr. Wilbur A. Swain, and Katherine, '09, was married to Reverend Clyde Merton Wilson. Katherine wrote that she and her husband had just a week together before he was sent to France for relief work with the Y. M. C. A.

September 12th, Laura Pearson, '14, was married to Mr. Blanchard E. Pratt in Lowell. Betty Meigs was maid of honor and Edith Stevens, '15, was one of the bridesmaids. The Pratts are living this winter at 75 Fairmount Street, Lowell, Mass., and Laura christened her new home by having her wedding reception there.

September 22nd, Lucretia Walker was married to Mr. Luther M. Sibley in Edgartown, Mass.

September 25th, Mildred Creese, '12, was married to Mr. Alden C. Goodnow in Danvers, Mass. They will make their home at 138 Tracy Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

September 25th, Cora Robertson, '16, was married to Lieutenant William D. Bickham in Paducah, Ky. Cora's sister Anne, '19, was maid of honor. After November first, the Bickhams will be at home at 615 South Lawrence Street, Montgomery, Ala.

October 6th, Eleanor Bell, '14, was married to Mr. Ralph E. Badger at her home in Lowell. Susan McEvoy, '12, was one of the bridesmaids and Alice McEvoy Goodwin's daughter, Molly, was the flower girl. Eleanor will live in New Haven, Ct., where Mr. Badger is doing some special research work at Yale for our government.

October 24th, Marion Sibley was married to Mr. Franklin C. Gurley at her home in New Haven, Ct.

December 1st, Marjorie Miller, '10, was married to Mr. W. Fairfield Peterson in Milwaukee, Wis. Her sister, Constance, '16, was maid of honor.

Early in October, Rachel Hoyer, '16, announced her engagement to Lieutenant Arthur Jopson, Dartmouth, '17, who expects to see service in France soon.

In October, Grace Lambden announced her engagement to Mr. Roland Vaughn of Haverhill, Mass.

In November, Margaret Bigelow, '15, announced her engagement to Mr. John R. McLean.

In April a second daughter, Mary Constance, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers S. Clapp (Gladys Baldwin, '03).

July 31st, twin sons, Thomas William, Jr., and Albert Llewellyn, were born to Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Owens (Agnes Tibbetts, '10). Mr. Owens had a call to one of the churches in Portland, Maine, in the spring and their new address is 136 Neal Street.

In August, a son, John Newhall, was born to Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Ellison (Nan Newhall) in Lowell. Nan says, "I wish that John could attend Rogers Hall!"

September 26th, a daughter, Eugenia, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clark (Eugenie Meigs) at their home in North Billerica, Mass.

October 9th, a son, Frank Kemp, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Quigley (Lucile Kemp) at their home in Columbus, O.

October 14th, a son, George F. Jr., was born to Dr. and Mrs. George Worcester (Blanche Thompson) in Merrimac, Mass.

Elise Gardner Hume writes that her husband is commanding officer of the 91st Aero Squadron, stationed in October at San Antonio, Texas, but soon to leave for service in France.

Rebecca Reynolds Lewis writes that her husband has been commissioned as 1st Lieutenant in the Ordinance Officers Reserve Corps and was ordered to duty in Washington. If he is stationed there for the winter, Rebecca will join him, otherwise remaining at her mother's home at 185 Bay State Road, Boston.

Helen Towle Creighton's husband was transferred this summer by his powder company to Houghton, Michigan, where they are now living. Helen visited her mother and Lillis after she moved East but could not wait over for Reunion.

Tracy L'Engle, '11, is working this winter in the National City Bank of New York, patriotically filling the place of a man who has entered the army, instead of devoting herself to her chosen profession of the theatre. She is living at the Women's University Club, 106 East 52nd Street.

Katharine Kessinger, '10, is acting as filing clerk for the District Board of Appeals in Vincennes in their work with the draft exemptions from the National Army.

Aida Hulbert, '14, is spending the fall with Thelma Berger in Philadelphia and is playing on the Germantown second hockey team with Hazel Coffin, '16, who is also a member of the first team.

Kathrine Kidder, '14, spent most of her summer in charge of the canning classes in Woodstock and the nearby towns, besides having her own garden, taking First Aid Courses and managing a Fresh Aid Fund.

Captain Kellogg, husband of Ruth Dutcher, '01, is in training at the officers' camp at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, so that she is now living in Minneapolis at The Ingleside, Oak Grove Street.

Sibyl Wright Eaton, '04, writes, "My husband is at Fort Snelling and during the early fall I shall visit my mother in Vermont. After training camp, I shall stay with Mr. Eaton, if possible; if not, I expect to remain in Sioux City. Any Rogers Hall girls in that vicinity please look me up or let me know of

their whereabouts. * * * The idea of a Rogers Hall Alumnae scrap book is splendid and I am sending some contributions. I only wish the pictures could show my boy's red cheeks!"

Nan Ogden Shoemaker contributed to the Reunion catalogue the following verses which doubtless many of the girls will echo:

"You ask me what I am doing,
When we're all doing the same.
If my answer is just like all the rest,
Who will be to blame?"

At Rogers Hall some time ago,
I was taught to do my bit;
So mindful of our soldiers' needs,
I 'take courses,' sew and knit."

Alice Cone Perry, '09, evidently carried out Hoover's suggestions this summer for she writes, "My husband and I had a garden this summer in Hartford, Vt., which has supplied us and my parents with all necessary vegetables, canned and fresh, for all winter probably. A raspberry patch yielded all we could eat or cared to can, and enough berries were sold to pay for the seed for the whole garden. We are now living in Ludlow, Vt., where my husband is principal of the High School."

Katharine Wood is the Assistant Executive Secretary of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association.

Juliette Huntress Dowse, '04, says, "Compared with other girls' activities, I am afraid mine sound very dull. To me, however, farm life is never dull and I am very content to feed the pigs and care for the numerous animals. Even my three boys, after a visit in Lowell which I thought might spoil them for the farm, announced that they didn't like Lowell as well as the farm because there were no hay-makers and plowing and things to watch. We are three miles from Wrentham, a nice old New England village where we have a very active Surgical Dressings Chapter so that there is plenty to do in the way of war work."

Dorothy Wright, '06, has removed with Caroline and her father to Chelmsford, Mass., where Dorothy is manager of the

Linden Hill Apiary which produces fancy honey. She is one of the State Agents in Bee-keeping and lectures and contributes magazine articles on her profession.

Mary Bard Ermentrout, '04, writes, "The Alumnæ scrap book idea is a splendid one and I'm going to do my little best and add a kodak picture of my son, then if there is room, of my husband and myself. I look just the same except that taking care of a home and a small son who is just learning to walk make me smaller than I used to be in school. One great pleasure I have is Mildred Wilson, '03, who brings me all the news of the outside world. She is Charles Jr.'s godmother and has promised to teach him to run the Ford when he is old enough. * * * I wish I might find a way to come up to the Reunion, for I should love to see the dear old place again and the people who made my years there the happiest of my life, my single life that is!"

Josephine Howland Purdy has moved with her family to Atlanta, Georgia, where her address is 120 Linwood Avenue.

Charlotte Tibbetts Tomkinson, '07, writes that her husband received a call to the Oak Lane Baptist Church in Philadelphia, and they have removed there and are living at 6803 North 11th Street.

Helen Munroe, '11, took an apprenticeship course of six months, in the spring, in the library of the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York City, with the plan of going into Art Museum work. "Now I am waiting for a position to present itself and in the meantime am doing Red Cross work with our local chapter, knitting and studying stenography. My brother Thomas, U. of P., '17, has gone into the aviation service and sailed for France or Italy after completing the ground school preparation at Cornell."

The Lowell Red Cross Chapter has enlisted many of our girls: Ruth Burke is chairman of the Middlesex County branch; Elizabeth Talbot, '12, is in charge of the wool supplies and knitting, assisted by Meta Jefferson, Sally Hobson, '10, and Gertrude Parker, '12; Leslie Hylan, '14, is the recruiting agent and many of the other girls work at the Headquarters and at the Red Cross Canteen.

Susanna Rodier, '14, graduated in June from the Cleveland Kindergarten Training School. While waiting for a vacancy in the Cleveland kindergartens she has accepted a position as secretary to one of the public school principals.

Eleanor Paul, '94, in a letter said, "The Reunion invitation deserves a more prompt response but I have been trying to decide how I could go. This is just the busiest time of the whole year with us, apple harvesting, and I am glad to say that it looks as if we should have a good crop. But alas for the pickers, where are they! We had a good number engaged but they struck for higher wages—so much higher that it seems out of the question to comply with their demands. * * * It is a great undertaking for Miss Parsons, and very lovely of her to attempt it. It seems a very long time ago, October, 1892, and a long journey with no very joyous outlook just at present, but we are all hoping for better times." Eleanor's pickers did finally arrive the very day, October fifth, so that she had to telephone a very reluctant regret.

Jeannette Rodier, '17, showed the proper spirit in returning to the celebration as her own words prove, "You can imagine just how much I want to go when I tell you that I am chief cook and bottle washer for the Rodier tribe just to get there! I had already taken two trips this summer and I had a feeling that father might not see a third so that I just arranged with mother to let me be cook, after we returned from our trip until October, for the little jaunt up to school. I haven't been doing it for quite a week yet but it seems years. I am afraid that if I keep it up until October, I'll look the part and none of my friends will know me!"

Lucy Pond, '10, is working under the Minnesota State Board of Health in the Infantile Paralysis work, and is living this winter at 628 Fourth Street, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. She writes, "After four years of travelling and enjoyment, I have taken up the work I trained in but this time the Infantile Paralysis end of it. Minnesota has had two bad epidemics the last few years so that there is lots of work for the after-care clinic. We cover the whole state by a series of clinics and I assure you the travelling man has nothing on us! We are in all kinds of places from the

twin cities to the Indian reservations including many small towns so that you can imagine the various wild times we have. There is no doubt that there is a great amount of good being done by the unit and as the state has appropriated money for two years at least, I shall probably be out here for a year longer. I hope it is my first step Californiawards, where I intend to locate permanently."

Hilda Morse, '16, entered Pine Manor this fall, the school for older girls and high school graduates at Dana Hall in Wellesley. During the summer Hilda worked in the children's ward at the Fitchburg hospital when the staff was very short of nurses, after she had taken the First Aid and Home Nursing courses.

In November, Dorothy Scott, '14, was dancing at Keith's in Boston and came out to school with Dorothy Johnson Salisbury one morning.

Rogers Hall is represented by another girl in service now in France. Anna Kuttner, '11, went over this fall to do bacteriological work in the Paris laboratories under her New York health chief. Anna's especial line is the typhoid investigation and analysis whereby "carriers" are discovered within a short time of the test, the same work that she did for our government when the United States troops returned from the Mexican border in 1916.

Helen Foster, '06, is taking the short business course recommended by the National League for Women's Service, besides working with the Red Cross.

During the summer, Cyrena Case Kellogg, '03, had a Red Cross circle meet at her home on the lake and one day gathered a Rogers Hall party consisting of Louise Ramsdell, '02, Isabel Nesmith, '05, Alice Ramsdell Farrington, Hilda Talmage Lundoff, '06, Edna Foster Smith and Helen Foster.

In November, Jessie Ames Marshall, '99, published the volumes containing the letters of her grandfather, General Benjamin Butler, which she has been editing.

Ruth Wilder Green, '03, has removed with her family to Washington where Mr. Green is engaged on government work.

Edith Gates Syme has moved to Pawtucket, R. I., since her husband's manufacturing interests have called him there.

In October, after Congress adjourned, Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, went to England with her husband on the Congressional mission. Going over their ship was chased by a submarine but escaped and their first night in London they experienced one of the Zeppelin raids.

The "sisters" among the new girls at school this year are Helen Fogg, niece of Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02; Helen Lambden; Virginia Lucas; Peggy Stover; Eleanor Whittier.

November 20th, Lucy Clark, '16, announced her engagement to Mr. Howard Ross Alexander.

Ruth Bill, '14, has joined the ranks of the students and is studying kindergartening in one of the Boston training schools.

Genevra Whitmore is studying kindergartening at Miss Harte's School in Philadelphia. Part of her practise teaching is at the Southwark Neighborhood House where she helps with the little children of from three to six years old. Her address is 3810 Powelton Avenue, Philadelphia.

Kate Dyer Evans is in San Francisco for the winter and it is possible that she will decide to live there. Her present address is the St. Francis Hotel.

Cornelia Cooke's address for the winter is 47 West 49th Street, New York. She is studying interior decorating at Columbia University.

Mildred Moses Harris is taking a trip with her husband through the west. She wrote from Detroit that they expected to be gone several months, going as far as Seattle and San Francisco but she hoped to be back by Field Day.

Ellen Burke entered the Farmington School this fall and is a member of the basket ball team.

Margaret Wood, '16, has made the hockey team at the Boston School of Physical Education.

November 28th, a daughter, Helen Josephine was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Purdy (Josephine Howland) in Atlanta, Ga.

The Alumnae will be interested to know that Dr. Robert L. Jones who joined the medical service of the army, last spring, was commissioned a lieutenant and has been transferred from Camp Devens, at Ayer, to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. In September, Dr. Jones was married to Marion Bill, sister of Ruth, '14, and she will go with her husband to Georgia.

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Department of the Red Cross

Alumnæ News

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No. 2

EDITORIAL.

A school in which the faculty are but instructors and the girls no more than pupils is not broadening in its influence; at least we who live in a community where our teachers are our friends and where we are citizens in our own democracy believe that other type of school to be inferior to our own. But just as the National Republic has faults which can be remedied so is ours capable of improvement. We should be extremely egotistical if we really thought our system of Student Government to be perfect, but let us frankly admit that our faults are many, and in the realization that only through experience can we gain in wisdom and efficiency, face our problem in a material effort to attain the ideal which has been conceived and set before us.

In a completely worked out and perfectly executed system of Student Government there would be no question of untidy rooms, of visiting in study hour, or of being late to bed. The councilors would then be what their name indicates instead of being policemen. Let the question of whether a thing is right or wrong be decided by the individual's conscience. The desire to "put one over on" a councilor is strong, the desire to have a good time even stronger, but it is not fair to a councilor to make her feel that she must, because of her position, go to places where she is not wanted. It is an honor to be a member of the Council,

but the duties of a councilor are many and she must continually be conscious of her responsibility. We are given opportunities to have good times, and it should be a matter of honor with every girl in school to enjoy those good times only when the councilors may share them and when they are entirely "above board." If we are truly to govern ourselves we must obey in spirit as well as in letter, the necessary regulations which have been constructed with the purpose of making Rogers Hall a community of self-government and equality.

After a survey of the situation at present one is led to believe that the trouble is primarily with the old girls—augmented at each succeeding election by as many new girls as they have converted to their method of electioneering. We hear of graft in New York, of Boston as the city of ward bosses, but should we not be ashamed to hear some one refer to Rogers Hall as the school that had the Student Government of Electioneering? Yet our elections are no more free from politics than are those of any other community. An actual experience is to have a girl from the House, let us surmise, go up to a resident of the Hall and say, "Will you do me a personal favor?" "What is it?" the other asks. "Vote for A, B, and C in the House and I'll vote for L, M, N, and O, in the Hall if those are the ones you want."

Any girl will admit that this is not a desirable state of affairs and not until voting is freed from the consultations and agreements which now precede each election can we expect to have an entirely satisfactory system. When the Council is composed of those girls whom the majority honestly believe to be most capable of being councilors then our ideal will be much nearer our daily life. Having elected those girls whom the majority deem best fitted to be their representatives, stand by them! They are not policemen, nor do they wish to be so. The unfortunate situation which exists is the fault mostly of the girls, a very little of the councilors—if we may state our modest opinion. It is the fault of the citizens because they will persist in trying to get the better of a councilor, because they will sing after nine-fifteen if they feel inclined to, because they will go to another girl's room during study hour if they have a bit of gossip to

impart, and because they will get up after nine forty-five. It is the officer's fault in so far as it is so easy to give demerits, especially if the girl in question is an old offender, and it is so easy to enjoy to an excessive degree the privileges of office.

We shall never achieve our ideal unless we are fully conscious that our honor is involved in every infringement of Council regulations, unless we are responsible to our own consciences, and unless we are fully aware that the councilors are girls like ourselves, desiring to be just, but human after all. Let us use a little of that resistance to temptation which our boys must use in such large measure. Let us in June feel that we have left behind us a fair record of honorable, democratic, progressive citizenship. Especially to the Class of all classes is this appeal—to the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen—to make our influence toward nobler womanhood and wiser leadership be Rogers Hall's memory of us.

THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG ON THE FRENCH FRONT.

One beautiful day in August in the year of 1914, the Foreign Legion was marching through Paris, and above the heads of the group of Americans in the Second Regiment floated the glorious stars and stripes of the United States. These men were true Americans, with true American patriotism, honor and loyalty, and they were proud of their flag. It was the first American flag on the French front, and as it could not be carried openly on the field of battle the men took turns carrying it on their persons. So it was that the flag went with them into camp, the trenches, on march, and "over the top" into the thick of battle.

Once after a combat one of the men, when he found he was going to die, called for the flag and waving it cried, "I am an American"—then died, clasping to him the flag of his beloved country.

At last the time came when the United States joined in the great war, and the group of American volunteers in the Second Regiment dispersed. Some had previously been killed, some

wounded, some taken prisoners, and now the rest went into their own army. One of these men forwarded the flag which his comrades had treasured and honored so long to the rector of the American church in Paris, asking him to offer it to the French Government in their name.

The Fourth of July was the day set for the presentation of the flag, and the first detachment of American soldiers was in Paris, ready to attend the ceremony before going off to the front. The ceremony was held in the Court of Honor of the Hôtel des Invalides. It was crowded and in the center were President Poincaré, the Minister of War, Marshall Joffre and many other notable Frenchmen. There were American soldiers and sailors and French poilus present, and although the American uniforms were not worn and shabby like those of the poilus, the loyalty and devotion expressed on the faces of all was equal. The American band played "La Marseillaise" and the French band played "The Star-Spangled Banner", and all those present were stirred with a thrill of patriotism. Then the battered and well-worn flag was presented to the noble veteran General Noix, who accepted it in the name of France as the emblem for which the brave men gave their lives to France.

On this day the first American flag borne on the French front rests in the Hall of Honors of the Musée de l'Armée, where it will be cherished and remembered by all forever.

AMY CURTIS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

It was a lovely morning in spring. There was sunshine everywhere, covering the new, green grass which sparkled with dew, and the fresh, pink apple-blossoms in a way that made you feel you owned it all and must stay out and enjoy it.

Our hearts were delighted, for the previous day, my brother and I, then at the knowing age of six, had planned a delightful trip to the lake, all by ourselves, too, which greatly added to our enthusiasm. After breakfast we started out, having secretly

gathered together a large amount of provisions. Mother watched us from the veranda, all unconscious of our destination. It was well she did not know. Happy and carefree we trotted along, enjoying all the glories of the day, planning our programme. We were to go to the pond, and while Fred got his favorite fishing rod, I was to pick some of my beloved buttercups. Then we would make our way to the lake.

Half way to the pond Fred turned to me and said, "Now Marj, you take these eats, won't you?"

"Oh, no. Mother said when a young gentleman comes with me, he carries the provisions."

"Yes, but she means Tommy or some of them, you know. They're not like your brother. He does things for you but he doesn't have to."

"No, no, I'll go home, I will, an' then won't you be sorry! Have to go all by yourself and your dear sister won't come—no."

"Wouldn't a bit. You're a nuisance anyway. That's what the cook said when you spilled the jelly on the floor the other day. Well, go home, I don't care a bit. No, sir, not one little bit."

"Jest because you want me to go, I sha'n't, so there. I'm coming along an' get my yellow cups just the same as if you weren't there—so now.

"Well I guess p'rhaps you'd better. You're sort of useful."

After that everything calmed down and peace was restored. We reached the lake about ten o'clock, Fred with his fish pole and I with a limp bunch of buttercups dangling from my round hand.

"Marj, you go and get some stones and make a nice, round, flat little seat, while I fish," he said, as I watched him, with awed eyes, tying a bit of string to a stout stick.

After trudging about, in search of stones and having made many journeys to and fro from my ever-growing pile, I sat me down to enjoy my buttercups.

"Oh, Marj—come 'ere quick! Gee look a' this big one. Now, what do you think of your big brother," cried Fred, pride shining over his face. I looked in amazement at an average sized pumpkin seed, and marveled at his skill.

“Go and get some sticks, quick, and we’ll cook him. Hurry up, he may die.”

Whereupon I stumbled over a tree-root and cried without any great reserve. The twigs collected and fire started, Fred left me to hold and turn the tiny creature over the fire.

At first it was a pleasure to see it dangling there, drying like the clothes on our line, but they had poles to hold them up and I was not fond of being a pole for any length of time. I decided to lay down our treasure on the fire, for he did not seem to be cooking with any great rapidity. As I leaned down, a tiny flame caught my dress and set it on fire. I screamed with terror and Fred turned to see what was the matter. Laying his fish pole down very carefully he dashed up—caught me by the arm and the next thing I knew, I was standing on the beach very wet, indeed, after a startling morning plunge in the lake.

My clothes dried, we gathered our possessions together, not the precious fish, for it was a smouldering ruin, and reached home at two o’clock very hungry.

I will not describe our reception or mother’s greeting when she saw my dress, for perhaps the same thing has happened to you. In that case we will both agree that it was a painful occasion when father returned home that night.

MARJORIE ADAMS.

* * * * *

Yesterday I passed a house, a large, white house, that I had not seen since childhood, and the sight of a little side porch brought vividly to my mind the following incident. Laughable enough it may seem now, but at that time it was a tragedy to me, something awful, incomprehensible, not to be whispered to a confiding mother or poured out to the ears of a pitying friend, but a thing to be kept in the secret bottom of my heart forever. In fact, it was my first encounter with a real falsehood.

I had just passed my sixth birthday, and, a simple, trusting little girl with two thick, pudgy pigtails, I trudged twice daily to school.

On this particular day I had just finished lunch and was on my way back to school. Feeling lonely through lack of

company, I stopped on my way at the house of a friend. Was she a friend? I really did not like her, and in some queer way feared, mistrusted her. But, for the sake of company, I stopped.

At my call she stepped out on that little side porch of the big, white house, with a large piece of generously buttered toast in one hand, and a book in the other. She greeted me with "It's early yet, wait 'till I finish this toast." Obediently I sat down on the step. Recognizing her book to be the one the teacher had lent her the day before, I asked to look at it.

"Be awful careful. It's a nice book; teacher said so, an' you mus'n't dirty it."

I looked at it carefully, turning the pages with reverent fingers. Suddenly her voice startled me.

"Oh, look! You got butter all over that page. What'll teacher say? Oh, what a big spot!"

"But I didn't get it on!" I cried.

"Course you did. You had the book."

"But I know I didn't."

Arguing all the way, yet in fear and trembling, we at last reached the schoolhouse and entered the classroom.

Caroline, as one confident in herself, posted herself before the teacher and began.

"Oh teacher, look what she did! She went and got butter all over your book, your nice, new book, when you said to be so careful."

"Please teacher, I didn't," I cried desperately.

"You did too, you had the book," Caroline returned.

"Caroline, please tell me exactly how this happened."

"Yes'm," Caroline replied glibly, "she came an' took the book an' was reading it an' got butter all over it."

"But please, I didn't have any—" began I in a trembling voice.

"Are you sure of this, Caroline?"

I made one last effort. "Teacher—"

"Caroline! I said," interrupted that hard-hearted woman. And then came the last blow when my friend replied, "Yes'm, she came with a 'normous piece of toast 'n butter an' wiped it all over the book. There!"

It was "there" for me too. Her statement overwhelmed, terrified me; my cheeks grew crimson. Never had I heard of such a thing before. What did she mean? The teacher's voice interrupted my thoughts.

"Have you anything to say?"

I had nothing, I could say nothing, I was through. Convinced that I was guilty, she pronounced my sentence and weeping, the object of many pairs of curious and unfriendly eyes, I crept back to my seat, miserable.

For one long week, at recess, as the other children ran shrieking joyously down the school steps, rejoicing in the open air, I sat silent and unhappy at my seat, my little hands folded on the desk before me, and hardly able to suppress the tears as I looked longingly out of the window at the happy-go-lucky world outside.

HARRIET STEVENS.

JEANNE.

Jeanne was a beautiful girl. Everyone thought her so and no one more than her father, except perhaps Henri. They had all been so happy before the war. Jeanne, her old father, and Jeanne's lover, Henri, in the pretty French village of Chauny near the border of Alsace-Lorraine. Jeanne was idolized by her old father and worshipped by Henri. Everyone in the little village had been looking towards the day when a wedding would take place in the pretty church of Chauny, when Jeanne was to become the bride of Henri. Everyone loved Jeanne, so everyone was thinking as much about the wedding as she herself. Then the war broke out and that changed everything. The wedding was given up as Henri had to be hurried off at once. The last time they had heard from him, he was fighting at Verdun.

Life had certainly changed for Jeanne. A few months before how happy she had been! Now Henri had been taken from her! She was young and as human as any fun-loving

American girl. She had had many hopes for the future. Now, life looked dark indeed, but she knew she must keep up for her father's sake and Jeanne was a brave girl. She went about the little house singing as before but ears sharper than her old father's would have detected a sad note in her song.

Many stories were circulating about the village of the cruelty of the Germans. Jeanne could hardly believe them. She could not conceive of anything so horrible as people being driven from their homes and made to slave for the Germans. Poor Jeanne! She was to learn for herself that life was full of real sorrow.

One lovely spring day nearly eight months after the outbreak of the war, loud cries were heard in the streets of Chauny. Jeanne and her father were terrified.

"Ce sont les Prussiens!" "Ce sont les Prussiens!"

Jeanne realized then in a moment that the Germans had really come. She thought of her father. She was young and strong and knew she could endure the hardships, but it would surely kill her poor father. Before she could breathe a German soldier was walking up the path. He opened the door without ceremony.

"Make ready to leave here in half an hour," was all he said.

She walked towards her father who was stunned by the words of the soldier.

"Do not worry father," she said, "I am sure everything will be right soon. Our dear country will not allow us to suffer long."

Within an hour all the villagers were on their way to Germany. Old men, women and children had left their beloved homes, perhaps forever. The sights that Jeanne saw filled her young heart with sorrow that could never be forgotten. The terror on the faces of the people was pitiful to see. Little children had become separated from their mothers and they were crying. Jeanne was forced to move swiftly, helping her father as best she could. Her father soon became tired and she begged that he might be allowed to rest. A growl was the only answer she received. They walked along, her father getting weaker every moment. At last he stumbled and Jeanne's young arm could not hold him up. He fell and she stooped to help him.

“Go on,” was the command. “Let him die, we cannot stop. There is no time to lose.”

“Oh, but I cannot leave my own father to die,” Jeanne answered.

She was only pulled more roughly between two soldiers and forced to go on, leaving her father to be trampled on by the hordes that followed.

She became as one in a trance. She trudged on mechanically, unconscious of everything about her. They walked for several hours, stopping to rest only for a few minutes at a time. Night came and they were still on their way. At last when it seemed that none of them could go a step further, they came to the village where the camp was situated. Above the cries of the children could be heard the gruff voices of the German officers.

“Unpack and get ready for work,” was the command.

Jeanne was shoved about and forced to unpack her few possessions.

The first few days were a blank in the memory of Jeanne. She was soon brought to realize her situation however. From early morning until night she was forced to work in the fields. She often thought she must drop over from fatigue. Being insulted by the German soldiers was the hardest thing she had to bear. She longed for Henri.

One evening on returning from the fields, as she was going across the camp to her quarters, she saw a small group of French prisoners talking together in front of one of the tents. It thrilled her to see the dear uniforms and she went up nearer to them and scanned their faces with eagerness. There was something familiar about one of them who had his back turned towards her and she kept her eyes fixed on him. Then he turned. It was Henri! Henri had recognized her too and he came towards her.

“You here Jeanne?” he said softly.

She could not answer him but pressed his hand. Finally she said, “It has been hard Henri, very hard. Father died you know,” she choked. “I have been waiting for you to come.”

“Your father is dead? Pauvre enfant! We will go away together, you and I, back to Chauny,” he said.

Her heart beat fast, "Back to Chauny," she echoed, "dear Chauny!"

A few evenings later, Jeanne returned from the fields with a happy heart. She and Henri were going to escape and go to Chauny that night. The girl knew how dangerous and difficult a thing it was going to be but she was full of hope and courage. She never doubted that they were going to succeed.

About twelve o'clock a young girl wrapped in a dark cloak could have been seen coming out of a little house at the end of the camp. She cut across the fields swiftly and went through an opening of a barbed wire fence that ran along one side of the camp. She crawled along close to the ground with only a fence between her and the line of tents. She could hear the heavy breathing of the soldiers as she passed near, and in the opening between the tents, she could see the sentinel walking up and down. She seemed absolutely fearless so sure was she of success. Henri was to meet her on the road a little distance from the camp. She was not alarmed when she found he had not arrived there before her. She knew it would take him longer to get out of the camp than it had taken her. She realized, too, that he had only one chance in a thousand of getting out at all, but she felt confident that he would succeed. Henri always had succeeded and he would not fail now she was sure. She sat down by the side of the road and waited. An hour passed and Jeanne still waited, confident that he would come. She heard the village clock strike one, and fear, for the first time, entered her heart. The awful tone of the bell seemed to sound a warning to her. From that time on minutes seemed like hours. At last, when she had almost given up hope, he came calling her name softly. She wondered then at her fears of a few moments before. She might have known Henri would succeed! His tent guard had been asleep as he had expected. The guards were in the habit of drinking heavily to relieve their tired bodies at the end of a hard day. It meant death to them if they were caught but they went nearly insane with fatigue.

The rest was comparatively easy. They had to cross a one-line trench before they were out of danger entirely, but the

trench was practically deserted at night, so they did not have much fear of being seen—it was as they had hoped, no human being could be seen either way along the trench line.

It was only three miles to the border of France and they were as happy as two larks, never thinking what was coming after. All Jeanne could think of was that she was going back to Chauny. All Henri could think of was that he was with Jeanne; nothing else mattered to him. They walked on and on, weariness never seeming to come to their young bodies. At the break of dawn they were in their beloved country, France, and only a few miles from Chauny. Daylight brought stinging memories to Jeanne. She recognized the road she had walked over five weeks before on her way to Germany. She came to the place where her father had fallen. She clutched Henri's arm and he understood.

The nearness of Chauny gave them increased vigor and in the morning they came within sight of the village. But instead of pleasure what horror it brought to their eyes! Chauny was in ruins! It seemed more than Jeanne could bear. She had suffered so much and she had expected to find some happiness in seeing dear Chauny again. She seemed to lose all her youth in that one moment.

Together they walked amidst the ruins seeming to derive some pleasure in recognizing familiar objects.

“Is it worth living?” the girl asked.

“Yes Jeanne,” the man answered.

She marveled at his bravery and it made her ashamed of her weakness. Life had not been given her solely for her own happiness. She loved her country and it was not worth living in if it was not worth giving up everything for.

“You are right, Henri,” she said, “I have been a selfish girl. I have lived only for myself and my few friends. I know I shall find more happiness than I have ever known in living for my country.”

He rejoiced at her words. As they were standing there a lark flew up over their heads singing its sweet morning song. Joy came into their hearts. A lark was still happy amidst these ruins! It gave them renewed hope.

"I shall go to Paris where I can become a nurse," Jeanne said. "Perhaps then I can be of some use to my country."

"And I shall go back to my regiment near Verdun," Henri told her.

The lark was singing again its glad song and peace reigned in their hearts.

HELEN BELL.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

It is a matter of some pride with us that we have representatives of Rogers Hall in active service "over there." It is Miss Parsons' desire and our desire to have a vital part in the work of the world to-day and to make our accomplishments really worth while.

Miss Hill has recently received a letter from one of our Red Cross nurses. That she is having a very active part in the war is evident from her letter in which she speaks of the Christmas celebration which the nurses arranged for their "boys." The "entertainment" began at three in the morning when the Machine Gun Corps awoke everyone in the hospital by playing Christmas carols.

"At noon we served the boys a big dinner and stuffed them just as full as we could," she continued.

In the afternoon they had an informal entertainment and the Christmas bags were given out.

"It did us all good and made us forget how tired we were to watch the amount of enjoyment they derived from their bags."

The nurses and doctors are hockey enthusiasts, as they expect to play all winter in spite of snow, to keep them fit, and coast on improvised sleds made by the soldiers. She stopped writing to go to a tea given to the nurses by the officers. Her preparations consisted of donning a clean apron!

In Paris, Anne Kuttner is working as a bacteriologist and Eileen Patterson has volunteered for canteen service. We, who

are only "school girls," envy those who are really in the midst of things. Some of us have brothers in France, some of us have sweethearts, and all of us have some relative either already there or on the way. War seems very near to us now and it has entered into our daily life more than we dreamed that it could a year ago.

At Christmas time, those of us who were able to get it, brought back sugar and now we have closed the gym. Yes, even the Mid-year Dance was in the Hall and the hours were from six to ten in accordance with the Fuel Administrator's orders. Many girls work daily on surgical dressings and the old girls who know how busy we are at R. H. can appreciate how much those girls are doing. We still knit at breakfast with much enthusiasm, and without undue effort on the part of any individual, we hope that we are doing our part.

Although the war is the all-absorbing topic at present, with a view to a broader, though more distant future, Miss Parsons arranged for a series of twelve lectures given by Miss Mabel Hill of Dana Hall Graduate School. Known as the "Socialized Civics Course," her talks dealt with the problems which we, as the "new women" will be called upon to face and solve. It was her purpose to present to us conditions as they are, for our consideration. Her topics were not entirely unfamiliar to us, but were presented in such an intimate and detailed manner that we felt that they were truly our problems. Miss Hill said: "I should consider this course a failure if I did not leave with you some new channels for thought, some new ideals to be attained."

Beginning with "Immigration" her talks followed along the lines of civic and domestic improvement.

During the twelve weeks in which Miss Hill came to school, each girl made a study of some phase of civic activity in her own city or town and on February 14th, they exhibited their charts. These were made on large cardboard sheets and were covered with illustrations and printed matter concerning the maker's subject. Nine of the girls gave short talks on general subjects. The speakers and their topics were Mary Frances Ogden, "The Woman in the Home"; Elizabeth Carpenter

and Marjorie Coulthurst, "The Young Working Girl"; Anne Keith, "Conservation of Human Resources"; Katharine Wilson, "Rural Conditions"; Esther Watrous, "Cities and Their Social Problems"; Ruth Shafer, "Child Welfare"; Christine MacGregor, "Immigration"; Eleanor Taylor, "Child Labor and City Streets."

Although some groans and many shivers were occasioned by the thought of this ordeal, everyone entered into the spirit of the work with a sincerity which speaks well for the atmosphere which Miss Hill created. It has been a privilege to hear her and she has given us something really worth while to think about and has left many suggestions for future activities, especially for those of us who graduate this year. She will send us out with a purpose in view not to devote ourselves selfishly to pleasure, but to try to lend a helping hand to our neighbor, be he rich or poor.

She has taught us that when we shop the cheapest thing in price is often the most expensive. Cheap articles are apt to be made under bad working conditions, at starvation wages, and will, in the end, strike back at us through the "vicious circle." She has also told us to make the home the center of culture, because the home is the unit of the nation.

About half of the lectures were devoted to the conservation of resources. Under this head came the betterment of working conditions, child welfare, and the preservation of the country's natural resources. Next we were given a glimpse of the woman in the business world, and at the very end, Miss Hill propounded the question which has not yet been unanimously answered, "Which do you think the more fascinating, the man's work in the world, or the woman's?"

So you in the outside world see that we are not confining our interests to the limits of our white picket fence, but are reaching out unto the ends of the earth to find their problems and to prepare at least to help advance their solutions.

A CLOUD-JOURNEY.

Once upon a time a small girl was gazing at a tiny, rosy cloud. It was early in the morning—a school morning, too. How she wished she might sail away and never see the tiresome red school again! She sat down to watch the cloud and slowly it approached her, the edges curly and very, very pink—the pink of a baby rabbit's eyes. Towards the center it grew rosier—the pink of a fresh blown rose. It enveloped her completely and she felt herself being gently lifted and carried up.

She was perfectly happy and not a bit afraid as the cloud sailed on. Suddenly on the edge of it she saw a tiny form, a really-truly fairy, such as she had always longed to see. This particular fairy was a miniature of a miniature lady dressed in a flower dress made of a single lily of the valley for a skirt and a forget-me-not for a waist. The child was too enchanted for words and merely looked her delight and amazement. The fairy smiled at her and asked if she would like to visit her home. The small girl, still speechless with delight, nodded her acquiescence and the cloud began to sink.

Then it sailed slowly over the tops of buildings—but such buildings! Some were of glass with tall towers; some were of peppermint candy with pink stripes; and some had battlements of loaf sugar shining in the sun. There were trees and flowers, but of a kind never seen by man—for the tallest trees were no taller than maiden-hair ferns and the flowers were so tiny that the child wondered that she was able to see them at all! It was then that she first realized that she was herself nearly as small as her fairy guide. They sailed over miles of fairyland with its roads of hard molasses candy and its bridges of rich brown chocolate.

At last the fairy pointed out in the distance a shining dot—and told the child that it was her home. The dot grew larger and developed into a wondrous city—similar to the others, but much more wonderful.

The wee inhabitants were evidently having a celebration of some sort, for the streets were flooded with people dressed in the

blues of forget-me-nots, the yellows of buttercups, the purples of violets, the pinks of the sunrise, the golds of the sunset, and in colors known only to fairyland. The fairies were singing, but to the child it was the song of a lark.

The fairy told the child that they were welcoming her—their first guest from earth—and in her eagerness to see the fairies better she leaned far over the edge of the cloud, a bit too far, for she began to slide off. She caught at the cloud but the fluffiness melted through her fingers and she slipped over, right towards the center of the largest and gayest group of fairies. In her fear of crushing them she held her breath, but the bump couldn't be prevented, it came, and such a bump!

The earth child opened her eyes slowly and saw in place of the fairies only her own small brother with his pug nose and freckled face. He had come with a message from the school-master that in punishment for her tardiness she must recite all the multiplication tables after school—and she knew them only up to the fives!

ISABEL CARPENTER.

THE REPRIEVE.

The fire-light played on the hair of the girl, changing it from brown to gold, as she sat before the great hearth, lost in thought. So bright was the fire that its rays penetrated into the farthest corner of the cabin, and gave a sheen to the brown furs hanging carelessly over the walls and rude chairs. Rough as the furnishings were there was something comforting and home-like about the room. The four walls seemed to crowd closer together and the large rafters to lower in the dazzling light of the fire. The heavy breathing of the huge dog stretched before the fire, and the ticking of the clock were the only sounds that broke the stillness within. Outside, the wind whistled and shook the furs on the wall. The snow was driven so violently against

the door that occasional stray snowflakes forced their way over the sill and left tiny pools of water on the rough boards. The girl shivered slightly at the sound of the wind, but did not take her eyes from the fire. The dog, too, stirred, thrust his damp muzzle into her hand, and receiving no answer blinked at the flames.

The girl's face was very lovely, softened by the light of the fire, but her expression was one of mingled horror and wonder. Every now and then she would stiffen and the corners of her mouth tighten with the bitter expression that came over her face, then she would sink helplessly back in the big chair, like one who wishes to cry and cannot. At her feet lay a crumpled piece of paper. Once she stooped, picked it up, and looked at the words written on it. "Minette dear," it said, "they are making me die tomorrow. I have done nothing wrong. Trust me, dear.—Jean." She read it slowly, dumbly, shaking her head and whispering, "No, no." Then she held it in the flame and watched the black ash whirl up the chimney. The dog looked at her questioningly, but she continued to stare into the fire. The wind outside shrieked like a human voice and pounded at the walls.

Suddenly the dog stiffened as though listening, then bounded to the door, whining. The girl turned, listening too. Then she rose quickly, and opened the door. The blast of wind blew it against the wall with a thud, and the snow drifted in, clinging to her hair and clothes. Nothing could be seen but a blowing film of snowflakes, and there was no sound save the wind. So she closed the door again, with an effort, and went back to her seat by the fire, leaving the dog with his muzzle at the sill. Then she heard it again, a cry for help, carried along by the wind. The dog heard it too, and ran to her. In an instant all her listlessness vanished. She leashed the dog, almost smothered herself in furs, so that only a bit of her face was visible, and the two forced their way through the door, out into the storm. Once outside she heard the cries plainly. The dog, too, heard them and without hesitating, dashed away to the left, the girl running with him. Twice she fell, only to shake the clinging snow from her and plunge after her guide. For a moment she

lost him, and stood irresolute. Then she heard his excited barking quite near to the right, and ran on. The dog was tugging at something lying half buried in the snow, in the shelter of a bank. The man half rose as she approached, but sank back exhausted, moaning faintly. Well she knew what danger he was in, and, supporting him with her strong arms, made her way back through the snow, to the house. Once inside, the man sank down before the fire and lay still, the water from his clothes running into the fire in little streams with a hissing noise.

Minette threw off her furs, and knelt beside him, forcing him to take the brandy she held, and when he smiled faintly and tried to rise she loosened his huge coat, took off his shaggy gloves and hat, cut away his snowshoes, and covered him with warm blankets. Then while he lay there in a half stupor, she made some steaming broth and after a while he drank it and stretched out his hand, as if to thank her. For some time he lay there, contented. Suddenly he straightened, and clung to her with eyes wide with horror. The girl attempted to quiet him, but he tried to speak, failed, and tried again. Then he fell back, exhausted, his face turned to the fire. The girl brushed the damp hair back from his forehead, and then looked at him closely. Something in his face, his eyes maybe, seemed so familiar to her. She had seen it before somewhere. She looked again and this time the face was that of Jean Gasperre, her Jean, whom they were going to kill for doing nothing. "Nothing," she murmured to herself again and again. Why should they kill her Jean for doing nothing wrong? No, no, he couldn't have done it, he couldn't. And she could not say good-bye to him, could never see him again. Her shoulders shook, but she did not cry. She looked again at the man. Something in his face seemed—suddenly he clutched at her arm, startling her out of her reverie, and whispered, "There, there," pointing at his coat. "Yes," she said, "Yes." And brought it to him. He tried to grasp it, but his fingers would not hold, so she reached into the lining where he fumbled, and drew out a folded paper, with a red seal hanging from it. He grasped it eagerly, and whispered to her to come nearer. He seemed to want her to know something. "See," he gasped, holding the paper out to her, "Brother, his brother. I

did—he,—is saving me, I must—go—help him—the paper, look.” The girl was puzzled, but she took the paper and the man seemed relieved, but watched her. “Read,” he insisted. She opened it and read slowly. Then one hand flew to her throat, as if she were choking, and she swayed slightly. A reprieve for Jean Gasperre—Jean Gasperre! The words seemed to dance before her eyes. Reprieve! Surely that meant he would be freed. She stood still as though stunned. The man tried to rise. “I must go,” he gasped. “Take it to them. He—free,” then fell back in a heap, fainting. Then suddenly the girl shook off her wonder, and quick thoughts chased in clear succession through her mind. Jean Gasperre, the whole world to her, would be killed to-morrow at noon, if this bit of paper were not there to save him. She must take it. She knew the way and could make it by noon if she hurried. She must not think of the storm or the danger, for she knew the danger too well, but she must go with the paper. Then she remembered the words of the man lying before the fire. “Brother,” he said, and “He is saving me.” Then the likeness came back to her. She looked at the man with horror, but he lay without stirring. She did not try to understand, she only knew that she must start on her perilous journey at once.

Hurriedly she threw on her fur coat and cap, drew on her moccasins, and fastened the snowshoes onto her feet. Then going to the cupboard, she put a flask and some biscuit into her pocket, fastened the reprieve in the lining of her coat, and drew on her fur gloves. The dog who was lying in the corner, watching the man, sprang toward her at these signs of going out, and whined as though pleading with her to go. “Dear boy,” she murmured, stroking his silky head, “we are going to save him, you and I, aren’t we?” She then went over to the man. He seemed to be sleeping, so she put more logs on the fire and covered him with the blankets. Then, after making sure that everything was safe, she and the dog went out into the blinding snow.

She knew the trail well and found the walking fairly easy, only the blasts of wind drove the biting snow into her eyes and almost blinded her. Gradually however, as she went on, the wind sank, and the snowflakes cleared away. Then, later, the moon

shone faintly out of a bank of clouds, and she got a better idea of her way. At another time she might have faltered at the thought of walking alone for the rest of the night, but now her thoughts were all for her mission and the quickest and surest way to take. It was now half-past twelve. She had just twelve hours to go. In clear weather ten hours was the shortest time for the journey, and now snow blocked the trail in some places, until it became almost impassable. She came to herself with a start. Why was she thinking of failure? It was impossible for her not to succeed. "We will save him, won't we, old boy?" she said to the dog at her side, and he looked up at her, barked joyfully, and plowed on through the drifts. After an hour's walking she went to the right into the tall woods. The dog, tired of running ahead, trotted at her side now, his red tongue hanging from his mouth. On they went, through the white, silent aisles of trees, the girl's snowshoes sounding like distant shots as they broke through the thin crust. Except for this, and the crack of the icy twigs as the dog forced his way through the bushes, everywhere was silence. When the sun came up, rosy and cold, they stopped at a little clearing and the girl looked at her watch. Seven-thirty, and four more hours to go. Somehow she had figured on reaching here an hour earlier. They had not made as good time as she had expected. That was all the more reason why she should not delay. She took a biscuit from her pocket and threw one to the dog. He only sniffed at it, and started ahead, as if anxious to go on. She smiled to herself as they went in through the trees again. "Good old fellow," she thought, "he's just as eager as I am to get there." One hour more and she took out another biscuit. This time there was a queer numb sensation in her hands and arms. She wasn't tired but somehow her hands refused to hold the bread, and it fell into the snow leaving a little round hole. She bent her fingers but each time they seemed to spring back. Then she reached up to break off a twig but her arm fell back before she could reach it. A gray rabbit scurried across the path in front of her and the dog disappeared through the bushes after it. The strange numb feeling came into her feet. She tried to run, like the dog, but somehow she only walked as before. Shrugging her shoulders,

she went on. Two more hours passed. The numb feeling crept up slowly through her body. She realized what it meant, but attempted not to give in. Each snow bank looked so round and white and soft. She wanted to lie down and sleep, but she knew that she could not. The feeling increased. She could not fool herself any longer and fear took hold of her. She tried to look at her watch again, but her fingers refused to obey. Nevertheless she recognized where she was, and saw that she must keep on if she were to be on time. If she were to be on time! Of course she must be on time; she would. There was no doubt of that. But the numb feeling crept on and the drifts looked so soft. She walked slower now, and the dog sniffed at her hands, and whined, then tugged her gently forward. She smiled vaguely and her steps quickened. "Must, must," ran through her mind as she half staggered forward. Drawing her fingers together with an effort she reached into the lining of her coat and drew out the paper. The dangling red seal seemed to fascinate her. Over and over she murmured to herself "Reprieve, reprieve! Will free Jean!" She wanted to cry more than ever before. She was cross because she could not cry. Once she almost fell stumbling over a hidden root. She wanted to put back the paper, but her fingers refused to let it go, so she went on, clutching it in her hand. She did not notice where she was until coming into the open she saw the little town at the foot of the long hill. The dog barked expectantly as though impatient for the command to start. Finally when she did not move, he tugged gently at her skirt. She looked at the paper and her lips moved as though asking for help. Then, straightening her shoulders, she began the long descent.

Through the streets of the town the girl staggered to the state building. She never knew how she climbed the steps and went down the long corridor to the big room. As she pushed the door open, the rush of warm air almost stifled her. The many faces seemed to close in around her as she held out the paper, swaying. It seemed to her that Jean's face stood out above her. She tried to reach for him, but only whispered, "My dear!" and smiled faintly as she sank in a little heap on the floor.

* * * * *

The man lying before the fire stirred and looked searchingly around the room. Then he fumbled for the paper, but could not find it. Then he called, but none answered. "She's gone with it," he said aloud, thankfully. "She will free him. God help her to be on time!" He rose unsteadily and went to the table, and with a hand that trembled violently wrote:

"Jean:—

"My brother, I did not know you were protecting me. I went to them and confessed and begged to bring your release myself. They consented, but I cannot bring it. She will free you. Goodbye, my brother, and may God bless and keep you. I only wish I might think that you could forgive me."

Then he went back to the fire and knelt there, sobbing. The flames had almost died away, now, and only an occasional light flared up out of the grey ashes. Finally there was no flicker at all, but the clock kept on with its even, regular ticking. The man's sobs ceased, and he rose and opened the door. The wind blew the door back and he swayed on the sill, then disappeared through the thin curtain of snowflakes. The snow drifted in through the open door, and from the strong draught of air a long flame shot up from the ashes and then died away.

ANNE KEITH.

A BID TO A "PROM."

All that could be heard in the room cluttered with clothes and girls was, "Jane, you lucky girl!" "May I borrow your evening dress?" "Who owns a good looking stole?"

It was nine o'clock; only a few minutes before Jane had received a telegram inviting her to the Dartmouth "Prom." She was to leave early the next morning and this meant she must get her clothes ready in an hour as lights were out at ten.

"I wish you all would leave me alone. How can I pack and tell you all the particulars at the same time?" exclaimed Jane. "I'm a nervous wreck, that's all I can say. 'Why didn't

he ask me before?' You certainly have your nerve to ask me such a question. I knew he wanted to take me all the time, but his mother thought he ought to ask a cousin of his. Naturally he had to ask her first, and probably he had just received word she couldn't come when he telegraphed me. Go get your hats and let me try them on. I must find an attractive hat to wear. Meg, will you get up early tomorrow morning and manicure my nails? They're a sight. That reminds me, I must curl my hair tonight. Who has another suit-case? Mine's full already. I must have another one. I'm so furious, I don't see why he couldn't have let me know before. How can any girl pack for a three days' 'Prom' in an hour? I've got a good mind not to go. Jim would be so sore though, I don't think he would ever forgive me. I wish you girls could see him, he's so good-looking and he's one of the kind that never takes a girl anywhere unless she's a perfect 'whiz,' so I'll have to look my best."

At last both suit-cases packed, Jane dropped down on the bed with a sigh of relief.

"Jane, what are you going to wear?"

"Don't talk to me about clothes anymore. I'm dead tired. Of course I'll wear my velvet dress and fur coat."

"But Jane, you've packed your velvet dress."

"Don't tell me that! I haven't!"

In her excitement she rushed over to the suit-cases and turned the contents of both upside down before she found her dress.

"I'm so tired, I never want to see clothes again or hear of a 'Prom.' "

Bursting into tears she tumbled into bed declaring she would telegraph Jim the next day she could not go.

The next morning she was awakened by hearing Meg say, "Jane are you ready for your manicure?"

Jane sprang out of bed with a whoop, "You bet I am and I'm certainly thrilled. You pack my suit-cases over while I dress and I'll be all ready for a manicure. Wouldn't Jim have laughed if he could have seen me last night?"

PAULINE GOODNOW.

READY MADE THINKING.

“Ready Made Thinking” startles us not a little more than does the stamp “Made In America.” To the latter however, we are becoming quite accustomed. It is a term that first came into use at the outbreak of the war. It necessarily took the place of that familiar trade-mark “Made In Germany,” which used to attach itself to every delicate piece of china, every package of hair pins, every kitchen utensil and likewise to many other articles which were purchased by us. When “Made In America” first made its début it was not received as cordially as it might have been. We were rather inclined to frown upon it and naturally assumed that it signified an article of inferior make. It meant that we were in imminent danger of war and we didn’t want to be at war or to suffer its inconveniences. It meant that our imports from Germany, on which we had depended more than we could realize, had been gradually cut off and we were loathe to have our trade interrupted.

It meant that it was incumbent upon us to develop our own resources for a great many of our own manufactures and we concluded that our own manufactures could not be the best. We fretted and parleyed and wondered where our Christmas toys were to come from if not from Germany. We were wrong! We are living in a land abounding in natural resources: fertile country, extensive mines, rich oil wells, wonderful water power, and yet we had looked to other nations for so much. With this demand came a new realization of our resources and an incentive for greater inventiveness on our part. “Made In America” was a cry of victory from the commercial world.

“Ready Made Thinking” if used as a trade-mark would cause a great deal of bewilderment and yet how many of our minds bear this very label. It would designate that from a particular mind was conceived no original thought. It would show that a person so marked had appropriated some one else’s thought or had simply acquired knowledge from books and treated it as thought exclusively his own.

It is much more worth while to think for one's self, however clumsily, than to depend simply on what we hear other people say or on what we read.

Shakespeare has said :

“Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep searched with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly god-fathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame
And every god-father can give a name.”

We all underrate our own ideas and are timid in expressing our own judgment. We are too much afraid of the criticism of others. We are too indifferent and too lax about forming any intelligent opinion of our own. It is so much easier to take another's idea or come around to another person's way of thinking. Again, it is too often that we are dishonest to ourselves in failing to stand up for our own convictions after we have formed them.

We have a wonderful organism, the brain, which receives and interprets impressions from the outside world. We can see with no other man's eyes, neither can we hear with another man's ears; no more should we think through other men's minds. The world is about us and it is for us to make use of perception, knowledge, imagination, memory and representation and construct in our mind the thought, an intricately woven article, which like the article stamped, “Made In America,” is our own, and which worthily discards the stamp “Ready Made Thinking.”

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

ON GOING TO SLEEP.

There are many times and places for going to sleep. Undoubtedly a bed at night is the ideal situation, although it may lack some of the fascination which accompanies sleep at other times. After a busy day in which one has found no free moments, to climb into a huge, soft, warm, four-poster bed seems the acme of bliss. I say four-poster because in no other type of bed can one go to sleep with the same completeness of comfort and delight. Let yourself sink down into the soft mattress, with plenty of woolly covers to keep you warm and the pleasantest thoughts and feelings will be yours. It is just as you reach the verge of unconsciousness that your bliss attains its height. You just know that you are absolutely contented, you feel sure that all the charming things you have been thinking about will come true, your ideas become more and more vague and you are lost in Dreamland. Is not this an enticing picture for those of us who must, at nine forty-five, jump into our narrow iron beds and wonder if we shall ever be sleepy? But even at school there is a satisfaction in falling asleep, and a satisfaction which grows as drowsiness increases.

There are many places other than a bed where one may sleep, and often with felicity. I attended a lecture last autumn at which I had a most enjoyable nap, punctuated by vague echoes of the lecturer's voice. I awoke suddenly when a neighbor dropped a purse full of small coin, but within two minutes I was again so nearly asleep as to be conscious only of the monotony of the speaker's voice.

That peculiar time when one is neither wide enough awake to think of anything concrete nor soundly enough asleep to be oblivious of the fact that sleep is rapidly overtaking one is altogether delightful, unless it be in a place where sleep is absolutely impossible, in which case it is agony. Of course church is a place where many people nap peacefully, but the pews are usually too hard and narrow to furnish satisfactory conditions for sleep.

Trains are often agreeable places in which to enjoy a siesta, and the monotonous grind of the wheels and the snort of the engine, just as one is nearly asleep, have charms peculiarly their own, especially if one is on the way home from school. Drowsy and happy you vaguely realize that home is drawing nearer, that before many hours you will be there, and then the noise of the wheels is music to your ears.

Methods of going to sleep are strikingly individual and characteristic, and I have been interested in discovering how varied this ordinary process may become when practiced by various individuals. There is the fat, satisfied business man who, on a train or car, pulls his hat over his eyes, clasps his hands over his rotund stomach and snores contentedly. There is the dear, old-fashioned grandmother whose knitting drops slowly from her hands and whose lace cap nods gently while she takes her "forty winks" which she always insists are "nothing at all—oh, no she wasn't asleep." And there is the romping ten year old who, declaring he is wide awake, falls asleep almost before his head touches the pillow, his hands unwashed, and his boyish soul in Dreamland, filled with blood curdling visions of tomahawks and Indians.

If you are one of those unfortunate people who do not enjoy going to sleep, make a study of how your friends do it and if you are persistent enough to discover how much pleasure may be derived from this daily practice you will make yourself really anticipate going to sleep.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

SCHOOL NEWS.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

November 26—Visit to Fenway Court.

December 5—Concert at St. Anne's Parish House.

December 7—Reading by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy.

- December 12—Informal musical by Mr. Vieh and Mr. Smith.
December 15—Andover Musical Clubs concert and dance.
December 16—Informal talk on French Orphans by Mlle. Pierrard.
December 17—Lecture by Major Ian Hay Beith.
December 19—School Christmas party.
January 20—Informal talk by Mrs. John Jacob Rogers on her recent trip to France.
January 22—Concert at the Middlesex Women's Club.
January 26—Tea Dance at Andover.
January 29—Lowell Choral Society concert.
January 30—Miss Parsons' supper for the Council at the Country Club.
February 1-3—Trip to White Mountains.
February 8—Illustrated talk on "La Bohême."
February 9—Mid-Year Dance.
February 12—Readings from the Life of Lincoln by Fourth Reading Class.
February 14—Open meeting of class in Socialized Civics with speeches and exhibit of charts.
February 16—Play by the Hall for the benefit of the Red Cross.
February 20—Trip to Boston to the opera "Carmen."
February 22—Lecture by Mr. Lewis MacBrayne on "Our New Business of Making War."
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MR. AND MRS. KENNEDY'S READING.

With the gracious informality and dignity characteristic of many famous people, Mrs. Kennedy greeted us on the memorable Friday when she and her husband were the guests of Rogers Hall. It was a pleasure to look at her in her exquisite rose and gray gown, and a still greater pleasure to feel her cordial grasp and to know that you were shaking hands with Edith Wynne Mattheson, as she is more familiarly known.

Those of us who had luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were quite content to listen in silence to them. We caught our breaths as Mrs. Kennedy referred to Sir Herbert Tree as "such a

funny old thing." We laughed heartily at more than one of Mr. Kennedy's anecdotes and scarcely knew what to say when he asked if we were all Seniors. "Yes," he continued, "I thought you looked laden down with the burdens which only Seniors bear!" We felt wonderfully familiar with him as he told us about "The Army of Banners"—his latest play which is yet unpublished, and went on to tell us the story of a yet-unwritten play, the scene of which is laid in Persia.

We came back to earth—luncheon was over.

At three o'clock the school room was filled with Lowell guests, many old girls among them, and the school. Mr. Kennedy began the programme by reading Lady Gregory's "Workhouse Ward." In the next reading Mrs. Kennedy charmed her audience by her rendering of the teasing, charming, selfish, delightful Lady Teazle, while her husband balanced this with his very natural impersonation of the bluff, but soft-hearted Sir Peter, who never could deny his beautiful wife anything, although he made many vows to the contrary. To the great joy of those who are to take part in "Twelfth Night" they then gave several scenes from this. Mrs. Kennedy's interpretation of Viola was very appealing and her Olivia was no less artistic, but Viola is the more beloved of the two characters. She concluded the programme by reading several Tagore poems. An artist would have considered it a privilege to paint her just as she stood there, yet her greatness lies not in her physical beauty, but in her power of interpretation of characters in drama.

Some of the audience felt that Mr. Kennedy merely supplemented his wife, but those of us who heard him when he came alone to Rogers Hall last year, can never put him in the background. When he read "The Servant in the House," and "The Terrible Meek" he created into living people the children of his genius. It is then that one is conscious of his extraordinary power. To see Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy together convinces one that their domestic life must be as inspiring and wonderful to them as their public life is to others.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

THE ANDOVER CONCERT AND DANCE.

"I know perfectly well that I'll draw a man who comes to my shoulder," "I know mine will be an infant in arms," "Well, I never have any luck, so goodness knows what mine will be," were the remarks that flew from one to another of the Rogers Hall girls as they stood in the Hall waiting for the special car, which was to bring the Andover Musical Clubs.

But when the men came I noticed that no great giantess was entertaining a small dwarf and that no precocious young lady of sixteen was being bored by an "infant in arms."

As soon as the reception and the usual "Didn't I meet you last year's" were over, everyone went into the schoolroom where Miss Parsons had decided to have the concert. The various selections by both the Mandolin and Glee Clubs were very well given and the new addition of a Banjo Club gave a very pleasant variety. The climax of the concert came when the mandolin soloist announced that he would play a piece composed especially for the occasion, entitled "Starlight Kisses." For a moment everyone was stunned and searched in their minds, I imagine, for a double meaning, but in a second the tension relaxed and a loud burst of laughter and applause followed.

Supper followed the concert and then came the dance in the gymnasium.

As the first dance started we were all agreeably surprised to see a new orchestra. Consequently everyone agreed that even in the case of the music, the realization far surpassed the anticipation.

Ten o'clock came much too soon and the strains of "Home Sweet Home" broke in harshly upon "I Don't Want To Get Well!" For an instant it was rather disconcerting, but everyone decided to make the best of the last dance and—yes, I believe they even wanted an encore when it was finished.

Then the boys gave two long cheers for Rogers Hall and Andover and, after many lingering good-nights, finally clambered on to the car, still shouting "Won't you write to me?" and "Can you come over to a tea dance with me?" after the discreetly disappearing figures of their hostesses.

KATHERINE Y. WILSON.

LECTURE BY IAN HAY BEITH.

A lecture on the war by a uniformed officer direct from the front, is always impressive and without fail arouses patriotism. Major Ian Hay Beith's talk was certainly impressive and aroused, to judge from the enthusiastic clapping, the patriotism of the entire audience. The pictures of the war zone, most of which the Major had himself taken, made his lecture all the more interesting and stirring. Major Beith has a personality all his own, and at times showed a keen appreciation of the humorous side of war.

It is hard to believe that many of the beautiful old cathedrals and quaint French and Belgian towns, that one reads about are but a mass of ruins now; that whole forests have been entirely destroyed, their former grandeur now shown by a few woe-begone stumps; that great gullies have been made in the land by the huge shells; that one-time hills are now great holes and vice versa. These holes, so Major Beith said, make excellent fortifications for an army and are often used by both the Allies and the Germans.

Major Beith was very encouraging concerning the war, saying, among other things, that America's entrance meant far more to England and France than we could possibly realize and that both were greatly encouraged.

"The war is a long way from its end," he concluded, "and there will be many a hard struggle before peace is obtained, but England and France feel sure that with the added power of the United States the Allies cannot possibly fail."

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

THE ANDOVER THÉ DANSANT.

And it came to pass that the Andoverites, feeling the spirit upon them, cried aloud unto the Rogers Hallites, saying, "O, Come ye and join us in our gladness for we are to make merry on the twenty-sixth day of the first month of the year. Yea, when the sun is about to sink in the west will we make merry."

And the Rogers Hallites went, they went in goodly numbers. A chariot from public service gat they unto themselves and in it they went. Even unto Andover went they. And when they had arrived they found awaiting them stalwart youths who had arrayed themselves in festal attire and wondrous did they look in their R. O. T. C's. One Andoverite with his brother came out to meet them, out to meet the Rogers Hallites came he. And when he and his brother had come, they bowed down before the Rogers Hallites and welcomed them and led them into an hall, bright with an hundred candles. The walls of the hall were hung with wreaths, with Christmas wreaths were the walls bedecked and with three colors—with red and white and blue were they made glorious.

Fair youths played music, wondrous music played they; they played upon timbrels and harp, they played upon organs and stringed instruments, on all kinds of stringed instruments played they. And while they played other youths danced with the maidens; and the maidens' hearts were filled with joy, for they were wondrous glad. And near the sixth hour they feasted, upon ox and bird and dishes as sweet as honey feasted they.

Now it came to pass that a ruler ruled over the Andoverites, named Mr. Eaton, and he ruled his people with a heavy hand. With a heavy hand ruled he them, for he would say, "Do this," and it would be done. On this night he cried aloud to his people that the eleventh hour had come and that the time was at hand for the guests to depart. And when the youths and maidens heard this cry they wept much and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. But the maidens feared the Andoverite leader so they gat themselves into their chariot and started on their way home. And when they had come unto their home they found a hot drink all prepared for them. Yea, one of their number had prepared a drink of hot chocolate for the Rogers Hallites. They did drink of it with thanksgiving and sang unto her who made it with praise, for the day had brought forth great joy unto them and they were glad in their hearts.

MARTHA HOWELL.

MISS PARSONS' DINNER TO THE COUNCIL.

The Council felt very much honored to be entertained at dinner, with Miss McMillan and the new members of the faculty, by Miss Parsons on January thirtieth.

We knew in advance that we were to go out to the Country Club and from past experiences we anticipated the time of our lives. It is needless to say that we had it.

The late afternoon was a glorious one spent in tobogganing, and the crisp, cold air gave us keen appetites for the dinner that awaited us after we had come in and warmed ourselves at a great open fire. And indeed we feasted royally! In the evening by bright moonlight some of us tobogganed again, for we had to make the most of an opportunity for such fun, while others skated.

It was a real mid-winter party with plenty of snow and we were all certainly grateful to Miss Parsons for giving us so much pleasure.

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

THE MOUNTAIN TRIP.

After our friends had collected the various muffs, purses and coats which we'd forgotten in the excitement of leaving, we made ourselves as comfortable as nine selves and nine suit-cases can possibly be in three rather under-sized taxies, and started for the station. At Rochester, Mr. Bassett met us with just enough lunch, as he said, "to keep away a headache." Our old friends, David and Rex, met us at the Intervale station with the sleigh and in about two minutes we drew up in front of the Bellevue Hotel. We could scarcely finish lunch and get into our sweaters quickly enough, and soon we were ready to try anything once. We put on snowshoes and went for a tramp through a forest of fine old pines and silver birches. Then we tried skiis and the toboggan slide until it was time for dinner, when we proved to the hotel management that they were not going to make much money during our stay.

At eleven o'clock, Saturday morning, we loaded our snowshoes, a toboggan and ourselves on a train and went higher up in the mountains. Now Fritzie's fears that she was not to see a real mountain were quieted because mountains and sky were everywhere. We had lunch at the Crawford station and started back through the notch on snowshoes. I think we were all wondering how long six miles on snowshoes would seem, but there was so much to look at and appreciate, that, with the aid of Miss MacFarlane's frequent distributions of molasses taffy, we finally reached Willey's station. There we heated some coffee on the stove and made ourselves perfectly at home in the little station till it was time for the train which was to take us back to Intervale.

All the way back to the hotel we kept congratulating ourselves on having taken this snowshoe trip because it was the sort of experience we shall remember and appreciate for a long time.

Next morning it was snowing when we were awakened by the ringing of the old familiar bell downstairs, but not hard enough to spoil our plans for climbing Mt. Surprise. In the afternoon we tobogganed till the last minute—in fact till almost a minute too late, because Mr. Bassett was shouting "all aboard" before we had half packed our suit-cases.

It took five trains, one sleigh and one taxi to carry us back to school, but reach there we finally did, and tired though we were we easily mustered up energy enough to walk a few steps farther when Miss Parsons told us cocoa and sandwiches were waiting in the pantry.

We all declared that we would go on the mountain trip next year if we had to come from the other side of the world to join the party.

HANNAH McCONKEY.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

It hardly seemed possible to believe that our long anticipated Mid-Year Dance was over. But over it was and it certainly

could be called a success. Wishing to do our "bit" we observed the Garfield hours and made our party from six to ten, calling it a dinner dance.

A brief reception in the drawing room was followed by supper and dancing in the schoolroom. The music was excellent and we soon found ourselves having the best time ever known at Rogers Hall. We were doubly proud of our party because so many of the men were in uniform, both the army and navy being represented. At ten sharp, we sped the departing guests, until Sunday afternoon, and went off to our rooms to talk things over until the councilors finally thrust us into bed.

SALOME JOHNSTON.

"HOW THE STORY GREW."

Dear Ruth:

Last Saturday night some of the Hall girls gave a play—"How the Story Grew." It was for the Red Cross and I think we raised about fourteen dollars. We had to give it in the schoolroom for, you know, the gym is closed to save coal. Blazing logs in the fireplace, pewter on the shelf, a deal table and chairs converted the space where the desk usually stands into a series of quite realistic kitchens, for all the action took place in the kitchens of a New England village fifty years ago.

Miss Whitten coached the play and she certainly did good work, for the girls made the housewives they represented real individuals and they only had to be prompted twice—I know too, for I did it.

They were exceedingly funny especially Helen Fogg, singing "Blest Be-e the Tie-ie That Binds," as she vigorously scrubbed the floor. Lou Grover was fine, and I must say that an old hat of Miss Parsons was very becoming to her. Everyone said that Polly ought always to wear her hair the way she had it that night—parted in the middle and drawn down over her ears so that she looked exactly like an old daguerreotype grandmother. Poor Salome was suffering from deafness and had her troubles hearing lisping, squeaking Esther Watrous, whose tight plush jacket, by-the-way was a joy to any eye. Jerry Coulethurst

wore the dearest pink dress you ever saw, all ruffles, and wielded a flatiron most expressively. Mary Frances Ogden and Marcella Chalkley were excellent as distracted, scared women, afraid to say that their souls were their own. Here is the whole cast:

Mrs. Brown, Louise Grover; Mrs. Green, Helen Fogg; Mrs. Bean, Salome Johnston; Mrs. Rice, Esther Watrous; Mrs. Doolittle, Marjorie Coulethurst; Mrs. Snow, Marcella Chalkley; Mrs. Taylor, Pauline Goodnow; Mrs. White, Mary Frances Ogden.

After it was over the Hall teachers gave the cast and stage hands delicious hot chocolate and creole cake—and it certainly tasted good, too.

Don't you wish you could have been here? I do, for I know you would have liked it immensely. As ever,

“Ic.”

REPORT OF THE ROGERS HALL RED CROSS.

On January thirty-first a mass meeting of the Red Cross chapter was held. The meeting opened with the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner. Of the various committees that on surgical dressings reported 1,200 compresses completed and wrapped, and that on knitting reported fourteen pairs of socks, nine pairs of wristers, forty-six sweaters and one muffler finished. Several letters from Rogers Hall girls at the front were read and Miss Helen Hughes, of New York, gave a short talk on the work of the Y. W. C. A. and the uses of the Prison Camp War Fund.

ANNE KEITH, *Chairman.*

ALUMNÆ NEWS.

The Alumnæ Editor wishes to remind the girls to send her news items about themselves and their friends and also to please report to her promptly any changes in address.

November 17, Nora Belle Simpson was married in Salina, Kansas, to Mr. Dorman D. Drake.

December 5, Brunhilde Patitz was married in Minneapolis, to Lieutenant A. Gordon Klapp of the U. S. A.

December 6, Agnes Kile Albright, '14, was married to Mr. Carl H. Gleason in Watertown, Mass.

December 8, Thelma Borg, '15, was married to Mr. Ramon H. Winette in Lowell. After January first they will be at home at 44 Eddy Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

January 26, Ruth Chapman was married to Mr. Roland M. Hauck in Hartford, Ct. They will be at home after April fifteenth at 333 Washington Street, Hartford, Ct.

December 10, a daughter, Helen Virginia, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Sigurd S. Larmon (Katherine Steen, '14).

January 19, a daughter, Helen Jane, was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Valk (Helen Stokes), in Los Angeles, Cal.

December 31, Marcia Bartlett, '17, announced her engagement to Mr. Eliot W. Denault.

January 19, Dorothy Tobey announced her engagement to Mr. Everett T. Nealey, Jr.

Polly Piper, '15, is taking the secretarial course at Columbia University this winter, and is living at Fernald Hall. Polly expects to practice her new accomplishment under her father, who is serving in the army.

Kate Dyer Evans, '10, started with her husband for California two days after the October reunion at school. They made the trip by motor and Kate writes, "The trip was perfectly delightful and interesting beyond words, although I found myself a bit weary when we stopped riding and had time to relax. I was disappointed not to be staying in Kansas City, but it is lovely here now and we expect to have a very nice winter. I should not be surprised if we were to live here. * * * On the way out I saw Alice Faulkner Hadley, as I had planned, and such hundreds of questions as she asked me about reunion! * * * In Fresno, California, we stopped to see Marjorie Stanton Osborn. She looks so well and has a new baby, so pretty and sweet. Her home is attractive and she is so happy, and hasn't changed one bit. She has promised to spend a

week-end with me soon at our home here in San Francisco, at the Hotel St. Francis. * * * What a good time we all had at reunion! I can't begin to tell how sincerely I enjoyed and loved every second of the time and of how much we appreciated Miss Parsons' efforts, sacrifice and bother. I am doubly proud to belong to the Alumnæ since being back at school, and seeing how nice it all really is."

Christmas night, a son, Clive Edward, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Clive E. Hockmeyer (Lydia Langdon, '13), at their home in Lowell.

In December, Eva French announced her engagement to Mr. Egbert Jenkinson, Tufts, '16, of Brookline, Mass. Mr. Jenkinson is one of the Y. M. C. A. Secretaries at Camp Devens.

Lucretia Walker Sibley is spending the winter at Red Maple Inn, Still River, Mass., so as to be near her husband who is in service at Camp Devens. She writes, "I frequently think of Rogers Hall and was most sorry not to be able to be with you all for the reunion, but after our short honeymoon, Mr. Sibley left for Camp Devens and my time was very full in making preparations to be away for the winter. I see my husband three nights a week and can telephone him, so, although I have had to become accustomed to walking and eating alone and actually talking to myself, yet I realize that I am much more fortunate than many. I keep busy doing Red Cross work, writing letters and working on my stories, and occasionally I visit the camp. I realize fully the cruelty and horribleness of this war, but it has come too near home for me to want to dwell upon it greatly, so that I only try to help as each opportunity appears and be proud that I have a husband and many friends who are doing 'their bit,' as well as four of my father's nephews who are 'somewhere in France.' Another one has returned practically blind and two more were killed in action."

Doris Jones, '17, has given a beautiful silver vase to be won by the girl in school this year, who does the most faithful and efficient work for the Rogers Hall Red Cross Chapter. Doris herself is the switchboard operator at the headquarters of the Red Cross in Oak Park, Ill., and writes that she does not find

many idle moments between nine and five, even for knitting on socks. Later in the year she hopes to get back to school for a visit.

Early in February, Eleanor Goodrich, '17, and Mary are to sail for France to join their father and mother. Mr. Goodrich is working with the Y. M. C. A.

February 2, Helen Faulds, '09, was married to Mr. William E. Hill, in Amsterdam, N. Y. They will be at home after March first at 70 Clinton Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

January 26, Carol Heath announced her engagement to Mr. Marcus Cole of Lowell.

Katherine Carr Wilson, '09, sailed the first of the year for France. She has been appointed secretary of the University Club in Paris, a club established by our different American Universities and Colleges for the benefit of their members who are in service abroad. The club has already grown to such proportions that its managers have taken over one of the large hotels of Paris.

Another girl, who is simply waiting for the final call to sail, is Eileen Patterson, who has volunteered for Red Cross canteen service behind the lines.

During the Christmas holidays on January 2, a Rogers Hall luncheon was held at the Women's University Club in New York City. Miss Parsons went over especially for it, and Florence Harrison, '02, President of our Association, was present to preside. The old girls back were Rocco Ashley Wolfe, '99, Joanna Carr Swain, '09, Helen Huffman Miller, '08, Marian Huffman, '15, Cornelia Cooke, '08, Eileen Patterson, Margaret Wood, '16, Amy Condit, '11, Carlotta Heath, '11, Grace Lambden, Nathalie Kemp, '11, Dorothy Johnson Salisbury, '16, and Dorothy Scott, '14. Of the school faculty there were present also Miss McMillan and Miss Linthicum and two of the girls now in school, Helen Lambden and Helen Robinson. Six other old girls had accepted, but the luncheon fell on the day that Secretary McAdoo took over the railroads and in the consequent embargo on passenger trains, some of the girls did not reach New York until long past the reunion hour.

The first morning that Florence Harrison was in New York, her neighbor at her sister's breakfast table, proved to be Lucy Walther, '02! Lucy is the employment director for one of the large corporations of the city, and proudly states that at last she has arrived at the distinction of an office to herself with assistants under her and her name on the door!

Florence and Miss Parsons likewise saw Tracy L'Engle, '11. Harriet Hasty is spending the winter with Dorothy Scott.

Dorothy Johnson Salisbury's husband has been accepted for the aviation corps so that Dot has come back to Boston to live, and has taken an apartment at Riverbank Court in Cambridge.

Cora Robertson's husband, Lieutenant Bickham, has been transferred to France, and has cabled his safe arrival over there.

Mildred Daniels has entered upon the training for a nurse and is in her probation period at the Hartford, Ct., hospital.

The Alumnæ will please notice letters from some of the girls that are published in the main department, in connection with war work activities.

Helen Edlefson Barr, '10, was soloist at the Strand in Lowell, during the last week in January, and won delighted applause from the audiences.

Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, spoke to the girls at school one Sunday evening, after her return from Europe, upon some of her experiences in the war zone. She visited a great many hospitals in England and France, and also was privileged to go to the front trenches in the French sector of the line. Edith also spoke to several different groups of people in and around Lowell, who were glad to get the point of view of one who is not a professional speaker and who had had most unusual opportunities for learning the real facts of the war situation.

Bernice Everett, '02, was appointed in December, by the federal government, special food demonstrator for the Lowell district, and she has been at the head of the city food conservation plans. She has been assisted in her demonstration by Natalie Conant, '08, and Ruth Greene, '15.

Bertha Holden Olney, '97, has been prominent in furthering the work of the Patriotic League For Girls in Lowell, and is chairman of the sub-committee of the Public Safety Committee of which Helen Hill, '99, is also a member.

February 11, a daughter, Barbara, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jessup (Dorothy Kessinger, '13), in Vincennes, Ind.

February 16, Edith Whittier, '14, announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Holmes, Jr., Harvard '15. Mr. Holmes has been chief chemist in the high explosives' department of the Dupont Powder Company, at Woodbury, N. J., since he received his master's degree at Harvard. Edith is a member of the Senior Class at Smith College.

The class of 1910 and her many Alumnæ friends extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mildred Mansfield Wingate, whose daughter, Diane, died suddenly on February fourteenth.

The 1917 girls will be glad to hear of the safe arrival in France of our ex-school nurse, Miss Frazier, who has joined the nursing corps of the army.

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No one seems exempt from knitting these days. Judging from the army of young girls and women who daily seek our Yarn Department we have a splendid variety of yarns and accessories. To the Rogers Hall Red Cross Society, we give a special discount on the purchase of accessories.

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No. 3

EDITORIAL.

“Ssh!”

“I won’t ‘ssh;’ give me the key.” And all in a loud tone of voice late at night when other weary souls were trying to rest in peace after a strenuous day. It might not have been a very heroic or spectacular deed to be quiet and considerate of others instead of disturbing them in the dead of night, but it would have been courteous. We suffer so much from the uncourteous and inconsiderate, that it would seem that we would cultivate some of the opposite attributes ourselves.

We admire the gracious dignity and civility of the so-called “old school;” perhaps if we introduced some of that courtesy into our hurried struggle for existence, life would be less irritating and more liveable. Courtesy is not as some seem to consider it, a trait to be put on or taken off at will depending upon the wordly state of those present; nor is it an affectation. The acquirement of courtesy necessitates the sacrifice of many little personal desires to the comfort of many, and until we all learn to be less selfish, to be more thoughtful of others, we shall be struggling in the same state of discomfort and irritation as now.

If in a crowd, we are trodden upon or jabbed with sharp elbows, we resent it, but at the distribution of the mail we often forcibly pull and prod our neighbor in our eager, although futile attempt to hurry the distribution.

Complaints are frequently heard too, because people do not pay attention when we are discoursing, but do you think we show much courtesy if we bang our desk covers and chatter when notices are being given out in the school-room? And how many meals have been spoiled by private conversations including only one or two at the table or by a sullen fit of the blues indulged in publicly by selfish individuals?

We are vexed and often indignant when arriving a few moments late for nine o'clock lunch or Sunday night supper to find the "eats" gone, but if we are the early ones, don't we literally supply ourselves with never a thought of others as hungry as we?

There is lack of fine feeling too, in the attitude assumed, luckily by a minority only, toward the teachers, our superiors in age and knowledge. I fear they are not always shown the deference which is their due; some of us are prone to argue about corrections in a discourteous and undignified manner. They do not take the time and trouble to point out to us our mistakes for their own amusement; therefore it behooves us to take advantage of their helpfulness to advance ourselves instead of being so resentful about it.

These are just a few of the many ways in which we violate the laws of consideration and courtesy, laws which make it possible for many opposing temperaments to live together with the least possible friction and most ease and enjoyment. So if we all consciously practice a more perfect courtesy for a time, it will soon grow to be second nature, and not only shall we be more attractive, more likeable girls to others but we shall find life smoother and rosier for ourselves.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE
December 27, 1916.

My Dear Miss Grant,

I was the lucky man to receive your package and letter and I felt I must thank you for the Christmas message from home. Yes, I am one of the few Americans on the firing line

at this time, enlisted in October with the Canadian troops, partly because my mother was English but mostly, I am willing to admit now, in the spirit of adventure. But all that is gone now. Two months here in France did it. No fellow, no matter how carefree and irresponsible his life has been, can come here and see the devastations of war, without being changed.

Christmas here was a happy day for every one of us. My regiment happened to be in rest billets so our day was comparatively quiet and peaceful. While I was opening your package two of my friends, tiny French girls, watched me eagerly. They were delighted when I shared your chocolate with them because there is very little candy in a French child's life these days. My French is very limited, so our conversation is carried on mostly by signs, yet we three have become the best of friends.

Here I am, writing as though you were an old friend. It isn't customary, I believe, for a soldier to ask to be adopted but I defy the conventions and ask if you will adopt me. You see I am really very much alone, no family at all, and you know the army "exists on mail."

Waiting anxiously for more news from home, I am,

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD WINSLOW.

February 10, 1917.

My Dear Miss Grant,

I was beginning to think I wasn't to be adopted when your letter came. Once more we are in rest billets and let me tell you, people may fuss about straw beds but never after they have spent two weeks in trench mud. Why we feel like millionaires now.

You asked me to tell you about myself, so I am going to tell you "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." I am twenty-six years old and have lived most of my life in Columbus, Ohio. And then I'm engaged to the best girl in the world. Does my adoption allow for frequent ravings about "my

girl?" I can't describe her but she's as pretty as a picture and—oh I don't know—she's just right. Very vivid description and probably just what every fellow says about "the" girl, but somehow I feel you understand me. That's all there is to tell; now what about you?

Today I went over to the Y. M. C. A. just as they were opening a bundle of newspapers, mostly English, but I discovered an old "New York Times" among them. It's hard for us, over here, to realize that things are going on just the same as ever at home. If you have seen "the Follies" send me a program. I feel the need of something real frivolous.

Please tell little sister I appreciate the love she sent and return it with interest.

Until next time,
RICHARD WINSLOW.

February 27, 1917.

My Dear Miss Grant,

This letter will be short because we are in the trenches, and though things are pretty quiet now, goodness knows how soon Brother Boche will begin to liven things up for us. Please pardon sample of trench mud, but there's nothing within miles that isn't distinguished by that trade-mark.

Your letter came this morning and saved me the disappointment one feels when there is no letter. You have no idea what an event the arrival of mail in the trenches is. Sometimes it comes every day—sometimes not for weeks.

I thank you in advance for the sweater although it did not come with your letter. I have no sweater; you see Julia is so busy that she has no time to knit. Girls have so awfully much to do with all the winter parties and things. But tell me this: Suppose the man you were engaged to was over here, don't you think you could find time to write to him more than every two weeks?

Sincerely yours,
RICHARD.

March 6, 1917.

My Dear Miss Grant,

The sweater came and I'm tickled to pieces with it. Did you really make it yourself, and how do you know what to write to make your letters so interesting to me? You seem to tell me just what I want to know—the sort of things that make me feel as though I'm listening to you talk.

The night before we were relieved, twenty of us were sent out to repair the damage done to our barbed wire entanglements by the German artillery fire. As frequently happens, during these visits to “no man's land,” we ran into a party of German scouts, and then it was every man for himself. I'm sure there have been more records made in those runs through “no man's land” back to the trenches than there ever were in all our track meets. Nineteen of us got back with only minor wounds but Sandy wasn't there. Sandy is the youngest of the company, only seventeen, and the pet of everyone. The word fear simply isn't in that boy's dictionary, and not even a week of steady rain can dampen his eternal cheerfulness. Well we watched all night and Sandy never came back, and early the next morning we were relieved. The incident cast a gloom over all of us; and although we didn't say much, it's safe to bet each man of us is praying the stretcher-bearers found the kid and he is in some first-aid post.

That's the way it is. You get really to know a fellow and along comes a token of Fritz and he's gone—sometimes to Blighty but more often, “West.” Do you mind hearing about things like that? Horrible things make Julia ill but you've just got to write what you want to somebody.

Keep up the good work for you can be sure your letters are appreciated. Don't see how I got along without them before.

Yours,

RICHARD.

March 29, 1917.

Dear Molly,

Do you mind if I call you that? It's lots easier to write to Molly than to Miss Grant, so unless you cable your disapproval, Molly it will be.

I have written you twice in the past week but in case you don't receive either letter I shall thank you again for the fudge. If you have been without candy or sugar of any sort, in fact, for the past three months, you can appreciate how I enjoyed your box.

Yes, it was my name you saw in the paper and I wanted terribly to tell you that I'd won the Croix de Guerre, but at that time we didn't know each other so well and I was afraid you might think I was tooting my own horn rather too much. But I never will again if you'll tell me things that happen to make you happy. Is it a go?

Things look pretty unsettled over home don't they? We, over here, are wondering what the next month will bring and are hoping that soon the Star Spangled Banner will be flying with the Allied flags. I feel sure that the United States will step in sooner or later but the war seems so far away to you all. France is waiting breathlessly for our President's message and it makes me swell with importance to see how much our country is depended upon.

Until next time,

DICK.

April 6, 1917.

On the Firing Line.

Dear Molly,

News came this morning that Uncle Sam has stepped in, and there is the wildest joy in the trenches. This is what France has waited for and to celebrate we cut loose and gave Fritz a little machine gun music to dance to. Fritz is a wonder at repartee and he came back at us, but for today at least there will be little despondency along the front.

That the United States is in the war is all we know. Just what plans Uncle Sam has we don't know and won't find out until we are relieved and are in rest billets once again. I have whistled "The Star Spangled Banner" until my neighbor, a very unappreciative chap, has threatened violence if I don't stop right away.

No letters for two weeks but maybe there are some waiting behind the lines. Here's hoping!

Goodbye for a time,

DICK.

May 21, 1917.

Dear Molly,

No doubt you have wondered at my long silence but I can explain, and, Molly, if ever I needed a friend, that time is now. There were letters waiting for me behind the lines but not the sort I expected. There was one from Julia asking to be released from our engagement. It seems she intends to marry a Chicago man, rich and all that. Says things are so uncertain and I have no right to ask her to wait 'til the war's over, and I may not even come back at all. Cheerful thought! I never dreamed she was any different. She has never written more than twice a month and although her letters were full of this chap, I just took it that as popular a girl as Julia must have someone to go around with. I am still stunned. I never knew anything to happen so suddenly. I can't decide whether to be heartbroken or fighting mad. It's good to have some one you can relieve your mind to. You don't mind, do you, Molly?

DICK.

June 10th.

Dear Molly,

Don't worry, I'm normal again. Your letter helped a lot to bring me to my right senses.

Julia sent my ring back. Why the deuce did she have to do that? But as it is I'm glad. There is a poilu, just a boy, who is engaged to a little French girl about a mile from here. He was with me when I opened the box and after I'd gotten over

the rage I felt when I saw my ring, I noticed how his eyes sparkled. "Do you want it?" I asked, not at all graciously, I'm afraid. He grew red, stammered, and I thrust it into his hand and went away trying to forget that there ever was such a thing as an engagement ring. Well that afternoon I met them and when they saw me they rushed up and began thanking me together at about a thousand words a minute. At first I couldn't get the point, then I saw Julia's ring, or rather my ring, on the girl's finger. Right away I began to feel better. Why when Julia first saw that ring she slipped it on without any ceremony whatever and here was this French girl looking as though the world were hers. Then Jean stood looking on, pleased as Punch while she kissed me, the greatest reward, in his opinion, she could have given me.

As for myself—I'm cured. For the enclosed check will you please buy Jean and his soon-to-be-wife a wedding present? Something pretty and frivolous that you would like under the circumstances.

Yours,

DICK.

July 7th.

Dear Molly,

Does your hair stand on end when you see the flag—our flag? If it does then try to picture me in Paris several days ago when our men marched through town. Glory! I'm a wreck from seeing those men in khaki and hearing the "Star Spangled Banner." I know there wasn't a dry eye in Paris when the United States came to pay its debt to Lafayette. Everyone turned out early to get a good place—wounded poilus in their wheel chairs were given first choice.

I could go on writing forever but I sha'n't. I have applied for a transfer and I think there will be no trouble getting it. I will hate to leave my Canadian regiment—I have never met such a splendid lot of men—but you can't blame me for wanting to fight under my own flag.

How are you going to find time for Red Cross work? Be careful not to do too much. Because I'm over here and can't stop you by main force doesn't make any less of a tyrant.

Yours,

DICK.

American Training Camp.
August 20th.

Dear Molly,

I have written you every day for the past two weeks and there hasn't been a word from you. What's the trouble? Is it that Weston man? Never before have I been so jealous but I'm having my fill now. Three weeks without mail has shown me what it has taken me a long time to find out—that I love you. I've loved you for ages and I haven't even seen you and now I'm fearfully afraid I have lost you.

Yours,

DICK.

September 10th.

Molly Dear,

It seems so queer to have your letters coming friendly as ever and here I am writing you daily love letters. By this time you have my letter and in three weeks I can expect an answer. How can I ever wait three weeks?

I don't want you to promise anything definitely, because these times are uncertain and it wouldn't be fair to you, but tell me, have I a chance? Goodnight, Molly.

Love,

DICK.

October 1st.
On the Firing Line.

Molly Dearest,

When I read your letter I would have given anything to have been within scolding distance. The idea of even insinuating that I only imagine that I am in love with you, because I am over here and you happen to be the handiest person to be in love with. You don't really believe that do you? But your post-script was worth a fortune. Don't you think it was encouraging? "But Dick, time and distance don't make any difference and sometimes a girl likes to be tied down." After that I'm not even uncomfortable in these old trenches and I'm crazy to show Fritz what we have in store for him.

Best love,

DICK.

November 2d.

Dearest Molly,

I hope you haven't worried. I had a pretty bad time of it but am pulling through nicely. Got a bad one in the leg and may be crippled for life. Molly dear, I'm glad you made no promise to me because it would be harder to let you go, but I love you too well to even let you dream of marrying a cripple. I wish I had been killed outright.

I love you, Molly,

DICK.

December 25th, New York.

Molly Dearest,

I am writing to you partly from force of habit, partly because I can't wait until tomorrow to see you again.

Last Christmas I got your letter—this Christmas I saw you for the first time. You are exactly what I pictured you—but if I get started I'll tell you all over again, what I told you this

afternoon and am going to tell you tomorrow and every day after that. I don't believe I could realize we are engaged if it weren't that I miss my signet ring and then picture it on your left hand.

Good news! It may be some time before I walk but eventually I'll be as good as new, but, Molly, I love you a thousand times more because you were willing to marry a cripple.

If my nurse finds me writing there'll be the dickens to pay.

Until tomorrow,

DICK.

HANNAH McCONKEY.

DUBLIN.

Perhaps Dublin does not sound like a probable name for a nurse, yet that position was never filled with more devotion, patience or courage. Dublin is never too tired to stay with the baby, never unwilling to forego dinner to watch Robin as he sleeps, never asks for recompense, yet receives it gladly when it is offered. Of course Dublin is only an Irish setter, but his fidelity and devotion to the most precious member of the family have made him the envy of his neighbors.

When I first saw him he was only one of twelve wriggling, crawling, reddish brown puppies, snuggling down in the straw about their mother, who was trying to take care of them all at once. A few weeks later Bob announced that he had "purchased one of Dudley's setters." He brought him home and for a time all the funny little animal did was to wiggle uncertainly but affectionately, about one's feet, and try to wag his mite of a tail. As he began to grow up he became very friendly with our old English setter, who evidently regarded him as an irresponsible young creature, needing advice from one of more experience. They were great pals and Dash, for that was the older dog's name, entered into the education of his young companion with an evident interest. When lessons in "charging" or "pointing" were going on, Dash would quiver with excitement and anxiety lest Dublin should confuse the words which to Dash were so familiar.

For several years we made a great pet of Dublin. He was free to go where he pleased in the house or yard, but was never allowed in the village unless accompanied by some member of the family since, like all spoiled children, he delighted in running away. Dash died when Dub, as we began to call him, was between four and five years old, and for a few days he evidently missed his good-natured friend, but Dash had been too old to romp for so many months that in a short time Dub began to look for new play fellows. For a while it was pleasant to chase my dignified black cat up a tree, but after she scratched him severely on the tip of his inquisitive nose, he lost his zest for that sport. One of his brothers lived nearby and they became constant companions. They chased stray cats together, they even shared their bones, and often had a pleasant meeting at the Club, whither they accompanied their respective masters. They even went so far as to attend "Ladies' Night," but were not urged to stay for refreshments!

Dublin has a passion for automobiling, and the instant the engine starts, a streak of reddish brown rushes down the drive toward the garage. Even after a long ride he will sit in the motionless machine until forcibly removed.

Dub's is a sociable nature. He is always present when there are callers, and his method of making himself comfortable on such occasions is unique. Selecting the largest unoccupied chair in the room, he puts his hind feet in the chair, and resting his front ones on the floor, looks about as if to ask, "What more could one ask of a gentleman?" He sits in human laps in the same way and will even be content to occupy a very small half of an armchair, provided the other occupant is one whom he considers a friend. An open fire is his idea of what home ought to be and he frequently intimates that a bone at the same time would complete his heaven on earth.

But alas! When Robin arrived Dub's jealousy knew no bounds. Beyond his comprehension were the many and stringent rules instituted by a strange creature in white. But by the time Robin was three weeks old Dublin had learned to accept the new order of things and by the time Robin had reached six weeks, Dub was his devoted slave. He will leave the house only when

the baby, too, is out. If a caller who is unknown to Dub, views the remarkable infant, he is noticeably uneasy until the stranger has departed, while a cry from the baby brings forth a really pathetic wail from Dub. His wistful, eager eyes watch the baby's slightest move, and it is as a nurse maid that we have learned Dublin's steadfast character and unswerving devotion and loyalty.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

CHILD WELFARE.

I am going to discuss with you a problem, always a vital one but now doubly so, under the existing war conditions; that of child welfare.

A trite but none the less true saying is "The child is father of the man." The babe in arms of today is the citizen with the controlling vote of tomorrow. The fate of this nation depends solely upon the ability of its citizens to meet the problems, both social and civic, which from time to time confront them. When this war is over, thousands of the voting population will not return to take up the responsibilities of politics again. Is it not, therefore, our duty to have a generation fitly trained to take up the burden where the departed laid it down?

Perhaps you in your comfortable, protected homes ask what all this agitation is about. All the children whom you know have respectable, responsible parents and good environment. But do you know that there are tenements where babies are born and reared (as long as they can stand the conditions) with no light, no sunshine, no pure air, no baths, no doctors nor nurses to regulate their diets; clothed in all sorts of heavy, filthy garments or almost none at all; fed on coffee, unsanitary milk, soured in summer from lack of ice, or anything else the family happens to be having for the meal? Do you know that there are children with teeth rotted out, bowed legs, deformed noses from adenoids, blind or weakened eyes and emaciated little bodies, all from want of the simple necessities of life, pure food, fresh air, proper clothing and general intelligent supervision?

Do you realize that there are little ones as young as four years, who work all day in factories, mills, mines and cotton fields? You no doubt have heard of sweat shops and home labor, but have you ever stopped to think that the flowers on your hat, the buttons and buttonholes on your suit or the nut-meats you buy were perhaps worked on by some poor little consumptive in a damp, windowless tenement, at ten cents a hundred?

From a selfish point of view do you want the children whom you know to come in contact with these children of the slums who are exposed to every imaginable disease and filth, mental, moral, and physical? Yet as long as such exist there is danger. Do you think that children raised under these conditions will make responsible citizens? Are you willing to trust to the starved minds of these to guide our nation? Yet an overwhelming majority of our citizens grow up under one or more of such handicaps. Why then do not the prosperous individuals who bemoan present political conditions, do something to alleviate such appalling circumstances? How can the future generation be expected to succeed under the same conditions which wrought such havoc with the present one? A wound must be healed at its source, not on the surface, or it will only break out again.

You ask "But how can I help? I cannot give my time. I know nothing of such things." Your time is not being asked for now, but your money and moral support are.

Perhaps you did not know that there is already established a splendid bureau of Child Welfare at Washington which supervises and regulates child welfare all over the country. But such a huge institution cannot be successfully operated without the enthusiastic support of every community. So your money is asked for the support of skilled social workers, doctors and nurses; to establish infant welfare bureaus, dental, medical and mental clinics, playgrounds for poor little waifs whose only yard is the street; milk stations where pasteurized milk may be bought at a minimum price or even given away, ice stations, and libraries where the books so dear to childish hearts may be read and stories told.

Of course everything cannot be done at once for your community if none of these have been established there. It is best to

take one or two and work them out in detail. Take the ones best suited to the needs. I am sure the results will astonish as well as delight you. In the moral support both the rich and the poor can share alike. When any laws pertaining to child welfare come up for consideration, those who have the vote, vote intelligently, wisely, unselfishly, with an eye towards the future. Those who have not the vote, try to influence the holder to do likewise. You who have influence see that many such bills are presented. Only in this way can such things as better housing conditions, compulsory education laws, minimum wage and hour law, physical training in schools, and school doctors and nurses be obtained.

Does it not, therefore, behoove us to be active about this, the most vital of all questions today? I hope and know that there is a unanimous answer of "Yes" in all your hearts and minds, for remember the words of the One who said, "As ye do it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do it also unto Me."

RUTH W. SHAFER.

A DISCOURSE ON HAIR NETS.

Have you ever worn one? If you are a gentleman you emphatically answer "No." You doubtless do not even know what they are,—though you might easily guess—unless you have a wife who wears them or unless you are six feet, three inches in height and have accidentally at some time or other, gotten one caught in your watch chain as you were doing a turn on the dance floor with a girl who only came to your elbow. If you are a lady, perhaps you have worn one, perhaps not. It all depends on whether or not you have acquired the habit. If you have not—do not.

There are all kinds of nets that range from a fish net, a butterfly net, a tennis court net, down to a hair net. I say "down" because this particular net is extremely infinitesimal in size as compared with the nets before named. They come one in a package, done up in a very neat, flat envelope and carefully folded in a square of tissue paper. If I were advising one just how to purchase a hair net I should begin thus—"Do not buy one hair net—buy a dozen at a time. You'll need them after you

have once started. Enter a store, seek the hair goods' department and say "Hair nets" with a rising inflection on the word "nets," at which will promptly come from the girl behind the counter— "Two for a quarter—now, fifteen cents straight—gone up since the war—they are the cheapest we have. Color—Ma'am?"—hastily giving a squint at your face and endeavoring to catch a glimpse of your hair beneath your close fitting turban. She has gone through her same little formula for the sixty-seventh time that day and repeats it in an abstracted parrot-like fashion.

With an air of utter disregard of all this explanation and of all salesgirls in general you reply in one breath—"Dark brown, cap in front, loose in the back—a dozen at a dollar and ten cents."

"A dollar and a quarter now? Indeed! How absurd that they should go up in price. I shouldn't think the war would have anything to do with hair nets," you exclaim.

Some hair nets are cap shape—that is—they resemble a dust cap or a boudoir cap in dimensions—some have a rubber band to hold them in place, but this variety is most despicable. Others are shaped in the front only and straight in the back. The former is easily adjusted; the latter require much skill in manipulating and calls for an experienced wearer. I advise you to buy the cap net on first trial.

But to return to the purchase. The beautiful pink envelopes are hastily scanned by the deft and exquisitely manicured fingers of the salesgirl. She is unable to find the "dark browns" and she hopes they have your particular style in stock.

"Aha—there they are—if there are only enough." And she counts for the third time the bunch of envelopes marked "Invisible Uniform Hair Nets. Real Hair. Handmade."

"Just the number. How fortunate!"

You have her produce one from its casement—a most painful and delicate operation—just to convince yourself it is cap in shape and not of a silvery grey tone. You will eventually discover that it will fulfill its specifications and be invisible at the time you are madly hurrying to do your hair and scan the top of the dresser where you are sure you left it the night before.

When the truth is known, it is with the collar button behind the dresser where the wind has deposited its filmy self. This is because you indiscreetly failed to weight it down with the button hook on retiring. As for their being "hand made" I shouldn't care to vouch for that, but truly they are far more intricately woven than a bit of handmade lace.

Hair nets are like bad habits. They grow on you. After you've worn one and it goes pretty well, you think you'll try another. The first one didn't last awfully long. It had a large hole torn in it the first thing, as you very carelessly caught a hook in it, while putting on your dress. This is a very dangerous proceeding and often proves most disastrous. It is better to complete one's toilette before placing the hair net.

Hair nets are to some people as unbecoming colors. They are apt to take away the natural softness and beauty of the waving hair while to others they act as do big hats to little faces—they produce a smoothness and finish to the coiffure.

Last of all on purchasing hair nets be sure and lay in an additional supply of hairpins. They too should be "invisible" but of varying lengths and sizes. These will greatly aid in the first attempts to arrange the net. After several occasions it will "come to you," just as easily and just as surely as it does to ride a bicycle, to swim or to be the performer of any such difficult art. All that it calls for is practice, long suffering, hard effort and patience, and after all these things the joy of being the proud donor of a hairnet will be yours.

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

TRYING TO WRITE A COMPOSITION.

Now I must settle down and get this miserable thing done. Why in the world she gives us such hard subjects is more than I can see. Oh dear! I suppose if I had thought about this more, as we were told to, I could do it. What did you say, Marcella? A mouse! Where? In the waste basket! Here, don't scream or you'll have Martha Howell and Mary Frances in here. Give me your shoe and I'll swat him. There he goes! Thank goodness! Now, since that's over, maybe I can settle down

to work. Heavens! It just popped into my head that we are supposed to know that first scene for rehearsal tomorrow. Will you please take the book and see if I can say it? Now let me see. Oh! I know. "Old Smith charges such high rent he'll never get anybody to take it. Ten dollars a month! I never heard the beat of it."

There. I guess I'll get those lines all right if Louise Grover gives me the right cues. Now I simply must get to work on this old composition and write as I have never written before.

If that Eleanor Edwards doesn't stop thumping around, I shall go mad. Guess she must be cleaning out her closet by the sound. That reminds me! Miss Bagster inspects tomorrow and it might be well for me to do a little house cleaning. What a mess! I'll never get it clean. At last it's done, but what a dust! Phew I'm hot! Now to finish this. I have it about a quarter done. What!! That can't be the bell. I'm a nervous wreck! Oh well, nearly an hour left; I ought to be able to finish it in that time. My goodness! If they would only stop laughing and screaming maybe I could do something. Huh? Wonder what the joke is? I guess it might do me good to have a good laugh, and besides I'm nearly starved. Guess I will go out and finish this old thing in the morning. I'll have to get up early but never mind, I'm going out now, composition or no composition.

5.30 the next morning.

B-r-r-r-r-r it's cold! Well I suppose I've got to get up and finish that miserable composition. Marcella Chalkley! Will you look at this? Wake up! It's snowed in and my books are a mess and the floor is simply covered with snow. I suppose now I'll have to wipe it up before it soaks through to the school-room ceiling. I wish you would stop grunting and help me. You say that you're sleepy? Well I am too. I dreamed about that dreadful thing all night. Now I surely will have to hurry around. I'll never be the same after this. Horrors! My ink is frozen solid. What in the world shall I do? Guess I'll have to finish it in pencil. The main thing now is to get it done. I never was colder in my life. My fingers are simply frozen. At last I have it done. It doesn't look very well, but it will have to do because I simply couldn't help it.

HELEN FOGG.

ALI, THE EGYPTIAN DONKEY BOY.

In Egypt there are many native boys who spend their time and earn their living running beside the donkeys that have been hired by tourists who wish to visit the Pyramids and the ancient Egyptian cities in the desert.

Ali, a bright, mischievous boy, lived with his father and mother in a three-roomed baked mud house which was situated near the banks of the Nile, and in the shadow of the great pyramids, just outside the city of Cairo. Ever since Ali was a small boy he had watched the travellers as they went by on the donkeys and had longed for the day when he would be old enough to become a "donkey boy." His father had promised him he should be one when he became sixteen. Until then he must stay with his mother and help her tend their small garden while his father was away. Ali often wondered why his father was so seldom at home. The other boys' fathers stayed always at home and never had strange white foreigners visit them, as his father had.

At last Ali became sixteen and his father gave his consent for him to be a "donkey boy" and also gave him a white donkey that he named George Washington.

Ali was overjoyed and spent many happy months taking tourists to the pyramids and into the desert. Then the tourists began to stop coming and Ali learned that a war was being fought between countries in Europe. He began to notice that his own country was making many preparations and that troops were being formed.

His father was away most of the time and many of his friends were going into the army. As he could not really understand why they were, he questioned his mother who explained to him that Egypt was a colony of England and that he was a part of England just as the white strangers were. He decided he would go into the army, but wanted to take his donkey to which he had become deeply attached. He was accepted as was also the donkey. The donkey was used to carry provisions about the camp and Ali, much to his joy, cared for him and drove him. Ali was now greatly changed in appearance. Instead of his

long, white cotton robe and white cotton turban he had to wear a hot khaki uniform, and a most uncomfortable cork hat, and had to encase his bare feet in heavy shoes. He did not like these new garments, but found he must wear them. In fact he found there were many things he had to do which he did not care for. For many days he led the same monotonous life, carrying provisions and drilling. He could never do as he pleased and life became very dull to him now. The hardest thing for him to remember was to salute an officer. Unfortunately, one day, he forgot to salute a newly appointed English lieutenant who felt that he was commander-in-chief of the whole army. This lieutenant made Ali salute him fifty times for punishment and commanded him to report to camp headquarters. He told his story to the captain in charge, who ordered the lieutenant to salute Ali the same number of times, because every salute requires the salute. This episode brought Ali to the captain's notice. In the short interview he became interested in the young Egyptian and admired his honesty and sincerity in telling what he had done.

After several days Ali was again summoned to the captain's tent and the captain told him he had received orders to send a boy to headquarters in Cairo to carry out certain instructions that would be given him there. He must be observing and honorable. He felt sure Ali would be capable and told him to start immediately. Ali set off for Cairo which was only a few miles from camp. The directions given him led him to Shepherds' Hotel where the headquarters of the commander were. He had many times passed by the beautiful hotel with its wide pavilion, full of tables, music and gaily dressed people, but it was a new experience for him to enter it. He gave a letter to the blue velveted, brass buttoned porter and was soon ushered to the rooms occupied by the commander.

Ali was very much frightened when he saw the stern looking Englishman before him. After being questioned through an interpreter, Ali learned what he was to do. He was to return home, to wear his own native clothes, to take his donkey and resume as much as possible his old trade. His business was to watch every movement of strangers who happened to be in the vicinity of his home, every chance he got he must take foreigners

upon his donkey wherever they wished to go and note carefully everything they did and remember what they said, especially if they spoke about any of the native people. Every other day he was to report exactly what he had seen and heard. For several days Ali was very happy with his mother. But few tourists came so he was in the house a great deal and he began to notice that his mother was very grave and anxious. Of his father, he saw very little for he stayed in his room nearly all of the time and when he did come out he seemed gruff and pre-occupied.

One evening while sitting outside of his hut he noticed two men dressed in the costumes of Arabs coming toward his home. He knew they were not natives and thought he had better watch them. They came right to his door and asked to see his father. He let them in and stayed as near as possible for he was very curious to hear what they were going to say to his father. He could catch only a few words of the conversation. "The big pyramid and one hour." He decided to go there also. The Arabs set off presently by the high way, so he started through the sand on his donkey. The sand was very deep but George Washington managed to plough through successfully. Upon arriving there he sent the donkey back so he would not be noticed. The two men were coming, for he could see their shadows. He must hide himself quickly. He thought of the entrance to the tombs in the big pyramid and climbed up the huge steps until he found the opening. Then he lay listening and watching. Their voices came nearer and nearer, and to his surprise he found they were coming to his hiding place. There was nothing for him to do except run down the dark passage until he came to a small chamber at the end. Their voices rang through the damp, musty passage, coming nearer and nearer to him until he felt they must be almost upon him. Fearing he would be found he climbed into the stone sepulchre of one of the ancient kings and waited breathlessly. They were in the same chamber that he was. He could not see them but their whisperings were so clear he felt they were shouting. He could tell nothing of what they were saying, however, as they spoke some foreign language. Soon he heard papers rustling and then it was

so quiet he thought they must be studying something. In this quiet, Ali thought he heard another step coming toward him. As it came nearer it seemed to sound familiar. It sounded very much like his father's. Soon he heard a whisper. It certainly was his father's voice. He dared not move. He hardly dared breathe. They were now speaking in his own language and were discussing a bridge. Oh, if he could only see what they were doing and know why his father was there! He could see only the flickering shadow of a candle and that was very dim because of the excessive dampness. Could it be possible that the two men and his father were planning to wreck a bridge? His father was really agreeing to it and was to have a great deal of money for it. Now came to his mind the directions of the commander—he was to tell everything he heard and saw. He felt he certainly could not tell this because his father was implicated in the plot. He did not know what to do. He heard the men tell his father that over this bridge a long train of British soldiers was coming to Cairo at eight the following evening and before that time his son was to place bombs along the track. Ali was horror stricken and was on the verge of making himself known and refusing to do such a thing. The words of the commander came to him and he restrained himself and kept quiet. In a few more minutes the men started for the outside. Ali could hear their steps and voices growing fainter and fainter, until they became only an echo. As soon as he thought they were far enough away he left his hiding place and groped his way through the narrow passage to the outside world. He walked and walked, in the great shadows of the pyramids and finally sat down and gazed at the bright stars that seemed so near to him. He could hardly believe that his father would be an accomplice in such a plot but he had heard him speak and say that he would. Ali wondered what course he should take. He felt his duty to his country but could not bear to be a traitor to his father. Then thinking of the many brave white men whose lives were endangered he hesitated no longer and ran toward home as fast as he could. He got his donkey and started for Cairo and the rooms of the commander. It was long past midnight when he reached there and at first

was told he could not see him. Ali insisted, saying he had something very important for him to know. He was then admitted to the commander's presence and breathlessly told him all, forgetting the commander could not understand him. An interpreter was called and through him, Ali again told his story. Realizing the danger, the commander ordered extra guards to be put upon the bridge and a searching party sent out for the three men immediately.

The next morning Ali was ordered back to the camp with the good wishes of the commander. For several months he remained there, hoping in vain for some news of his father's fate. Finally he was sent with many others to partake in active fighting. In the first attack he proved his bravery and at the same time was severely wounded. It was a proud moment for Ali, in the hospital, when he was given the Victoria Cross and for several days thereafter he seemed to rally. Then came suddenly a relapse from which there was no recovery.

ELIZABETH LYDEN.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

My thoughts turn back to one of those silent nights of summer, when all the world seems lost in slumber, when the air, freshened by a passing shower plays around, carrying with it a fragrance of the honeysuckle vine and of the blossoming orange blossoms; one of those nights when the very stillness seems to cast a spell of enchantment over all human beings. When the soft canopy of stars seems just over my head as they twinkle and gradually merge into golden hues. Slowly—slowly as the rose unfolds to the first rays of warm sun on its dew-kissed petals, dawns on my consciousness a sweet awakening to all nature breathing back from forest and meadows, from bushes and the long grass, from calm and placid rivers the message of frisking squirrels, of running hares, of chirping crickets, of noisy frogs and of softly cooing birds resting in their drowsy nests.

But suddenly a perceptible little chill envelops my whole being. I am desperately frightened, for out of the silence, and

not a great distance, comes a long, low call that seems to turn my blood cold. "Tu-whit, tu-whoo," "tu-whit, tu-whoo." It is a plaintive and doleful cry that begins in a shrill unpleasant key and dies away in a mournful, minor tone. It is the owl's theme that runs through and harmonizes peculiarly with the strains of the night's symphony. I feel as though I were surrounded by invisible beings with cold hands about to clutch at me and drag me into the night. I think of all the grewsome goblin stories I have read as a child and of all the suffering and sorrow in the world and lastly of the insignificance of my own person.

With his night-seeing eyes, with his smooth and shiny plumage of golden brown hues and with the dignity of an archbishop the owl holds sway over the realm of night and the mysteries of darkness. All of its thousands of secrets are recorded in his wise, old head.

Faintly, from far away, comes back the call of another and I wait in breathless expectation for the answer, to discover, if I may, the location of this harbinger of magic.

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

AND STILL THE WORLD GOES AROUND.

"Granny, tell us a story."

"What kind of a story do you want, kiddies?"

"Oh, tell us a story about the war."

I was sitting before the fire knitting, and my three grandchildren sat around me. It was our usual Sunday evening's pastime to sit before the fire and tell stories, and the children never tired of stories of the war the world fought when I was young.

"Well, then if you will promise to go to bed just as soon as the story is finished, I will tell you one you have never heard before."

The children nodded assent, and their eyes sparkled with joy at the prospect of a new story. I could not help thinking of the difference between hearing the story told and living it.

“When I was about six years old I lived in a little border village in Belgium with my mother, father, sister and brother. We were all very happy in our nice, warm, little cottage until the terrible war broke out. The Germans came into our peaceful country, ravaged it, burned the villages, and killed or took the people prisoners. Our cottage was fired and everything we owned was burned. My poor father and brother were taken prisoners, and then my mother took my sister and me down into the cellar, the only part of our cottage left, where we lived for some time. After awhile the Germans left that part of the country and we lived in safety for a little, working in our fields at night to try to keep ourselves supplied with food. I remember how thin and worn my poor little mother got during those long months of hard work, suffering and misery, living in the cold, damp cellar. I was too young then to realize how much she suffered trying to keep us from as many of the hardships as possible. The nights were cold and although my sister and I gathered all the wood we could find, we could not keep up a fire large enough to keep us sufficiently warm. Sometimes we had to go two or three days with practically nothing to eat.”

Here I stopped to look into the fire and think back into those terrible days of suffering when the women and children starved while their loved ones were being killed or wounded on the firing line. The memory of it all is so deeply impressed in my mind that nothing could ever make me forget it. I looked at the children and their faces were turned up to me and their big childish eyes, usually so full of fun, were now serious. Yes, it would seem to them a sad story, and I was thankful that it would never be more than a story for them. I was called out of my reverie just then by a childish voice questioning:—

“But, Granny dear, didn’t you ever see your daddy again?”

“Yes, children, I saw him just once again—just once. The Germans came back through our village driving their prisoners before them. My father and brother were among them, but all we could do was to stand by the roadside and wave to them. My father held out his arms to us in an attempt to show us how he loved us and yearned to take us from the land of strife, fire and bloodshed, and he received a sharp blow on the wrists for it.

I little realized then that it was the last time I should see the father and brother whom I loved from the very depths of my heart. But my poor little mother realized it only too well, and I shall never forget the look on her face as she turned away from the taunting, jeering looks of the soldiers. Her eyes filled with tears of the deepest kind of sorrow as she took us each by the hand and hurried us back to our cellar. When we had been existing in that awful dark, damp place for almost a year, my mother was taken sick. One day she went to the village, about ten miles away, to try to get some potatoes. When she started to come back the road was under such heavy fire that she had to crawl from one clump of bushes to the next, and through swamps. When she finally reached us she had such a terrible chill that her very bones ached, and this was followed by a great fever. We covered her up with what few things we had, and heaped the last of our sticks of wood on the fire to try to make her as comfortable as we could. By night the fever was very high and she turned and tossed on the bed in her agony. We did all we could for her and still she did not improve. The next morning just as the cold, gray dawn was breaking, and I sat by my mother as usual, she put her fevered hand tremblingly toward me and I saw she was trying to say something. I bent over her but she was too weak to make a sound, so I shall never know what she wanted to tell us. She opened her eyes and looking dazedly at me, tried to smile, then fell back, Then—then, children, the dear woman who had been such a good, kind, loving mother to us all, and who had withstood so much during the past year, left this world for another and better world where she would know no more pain and sorrow.’’

The tears came into my old eyes in spite of my attempts to keep them back, and I felt a small sympathetic hand creep into mine as I went on with my story.

“We had lived in the old cellar for almost a week, eating only a tiny bit of food each day in order to make it last longer, when one day we heard some troops coming and hoped it would be the French or English. But it was the Germans again! As soon as we recognized their uniforms we ran quickly and hid in

the darkest corner in hopes we would not be discovered. The soldiers must have seen the smoke from our tiny fire for the first thing we knew we were being dragged out of our corner into the light, to face rows and rows of our hated enemy. My sister, being the older, was called upon to answer their questions. The big man, who was evidently their leader, asked her if she had seen any French soldiers pass by.

"I will not tell you! I will not answer any questions you ask me—I HATE you! I hate all Germans—they are thieves, they steal our food and take our papas and mammas away. Oh, I HATE you!!"

I became more frightened than ever as I watched the officer get angrier at every word.

"I guess you will have to come with me, young lady," he said.

"I won't—I won't! I'll do all I can against you. I'll kill you! You can do anything to me, but I'll never, never go with you," shrieked my poor bewildered sister.

Then I witnessed the most terrible act I have ever seen in all my life! That German officer drew out his sword and grasping my sister roughly by the wrist he cut her right hand off! I screamed with terror and flung myself in front of my sister with some wild idea in my mind of saving her, although it was too late. In my mind I can still see that brave girl as she stood there for a moment, with one arm around me, and the other still held out before her all mangled and bloody at the wrist, yet she made not a sound. Then she reeled and fainted. I thought she was dead as I peered into her face, creased with suppressed pain, and I was more frightened than ever. Those awful men soon went away and left us there to die for all they cared. Doubtless we would have starved to death had not some kind women come and taken us away with a lot of other little children like us. My sister had not died, though she was very near it, for she had been through a lot and the final shock was too much for her. These women were very kind to us and listened to our story with a great deal of sympathy. We were within about five miles of safety when my sister was killed by flying shrapnel, and deprived now of the last thing in the world that I loved,

it seemed to me as though I could not live without her. However I did live and we were all taken to a large house in Paris, where we were cared for in the best way possible. When I had lived in Paris about two months I was called into the library one day, where two or three women sat talking earnestly together. I particularly noticed one of the women because she was dressed differently from the rest, in a plain black suit and a small hat, and looked very stiff and proper. At last I was told that a lady in England wanted to adopt me, and that the woman in black had come to take me to her. I was not glad to leave, yet I was not sorry; in fact nothing mattered much to me now that I had lost my home and all my family. It did not take us long to get to London, and from there it was only about three hours to——shire. We were met at the station by a boy with a horse and carriage and taken to a little white house on the outskirts of the town. My new mother, Mrs. Browning, met us at the door, and folded me in her arms just as though I were her own daughter, and already I began to love her. We did not stay in England very long and soon I was steaming away on a great ocean liner towards America. Mrs. Browning did all she could to try to make me forget the awful things I had been through and had seen during the last year or so, and once more I began to be happy and be able to look upon things with a smile.”

“And now, children, you have heard my story and you must go to bed as you promised you would.”

The children did not say a word, but kissing me goodnight went silently upstairs.

I sat for a long, long time that night alone before the fire thinking of my childhood and of the story I had just told the children. It seemed as though it all must have been a bad dream; that such terrible things never could have happened; that men who lived in this civilized world could never have lowered themselves to do some of the terrible, barbaric things that were done during the war. Yet it was all true,—I know, because it is branded into my mind and memory forever.

AMY CURTIS.

ON WAITING FOR THE POSTMAN.

There is no experience of our daily life which can produce such an entirely satisfactory thrill as waiting for the postman. There is a tenseness in the atmosphere, a feeling of suppressed emotion with which nothing can compare. As you stand just inside the door, anxiously peering out to see if a familiar blue figure is approaching, you tremble with the uncertainty of the situation. You wonder if you will hear from——mother? Well, yes, but not until your wonder concerning Willie's correspondence has been quite exhausted. Did he write you on Sunday as he said he would, or did Miss Smith have such an enticing little supper party that, in spite of all his vows to the contrary, Willie was there with all the enthusiasm with which he used to grace your affairs? When you have considered all the vague lures to which he might fall victim you are free to wonder if you will hear from mother. Yes, you will undoubtedly receive her Sunday letter, telling how much she misses her darling daughter, how lonely the house seems without you, how the baby has grown, that the coal shortage is worse than ever and—oh, you can imagine its contents, and possibly some stamps will be forthcoming. If not—you simply cannot write home until they send some, for you haven't a single one left and—.

It's ten minutes past time for the mail now and that unutterably slow man hasn't appeared yet. You wish he had to wait for his letters once in awhile.

Perhaps you will get a letter which you don't expect. That would be most interesting. There is a chance that you will hear from the French soldier you "adopted" some two months ago. Perhaps he has been wounded or even killed. And the poor fellow probably had no one to say a last tender goodbye to him. If you had only been there you could have made his last moments happy. You picture yourself in becoming uniform tenderly bending over a handsome young officer. Never mind if in reality he is a poilu of no education and some years and unwounded, you can thoroughly enjoy yourself picturing this romantic parting. You even feel a tear roll down your cheek.

Just then Mary comes along and asks if you have had bad news, you look so woe begone.

"I shouldn't think you'd look sad, with a fat letter from Willie and four others. The mail has been here ten minutes," she calls back as she runs down the hall.

ESTHER H. WATROUS.

WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO AUSTIN DOBSON.

A visit when no councillor sees,
 Where is the impropriety?
 How nice with crackers and with cheese,
 A visit when no councillor sees.
 Nor is it wrong, the school agrees,
 If done with real sobriety.
 A visit when no councillor sees,
 Where is the impropriety?

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

SCHOOL NEWS.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

- February 22—Informal supper in schoolroom.
 February 23—Trip to Boston to opera "Faust."
 February 27—Trip to Boston to opera "La Boheme." Informal talk on "The Halifax Disaster" by Miss Ruth Emerson.
 February 28—Recital by Mme. Ethel Leginska at Colonial Hall. Miss Parsons' Birthday Dinner.
 March 1—Trip to Boston to opera "Romeo and Juliet."
 March 2—Trip to Boston to opera "La Traviata." Trip to Boston to opera "Aida."
 March 9—Colonial Play "The Quick Wit of Mrs. Murray."
 March 13—Informal musical by Mr. Vieh.
 March 15—Cae Club goes to the "Movies." New Kavas' party to old Kavas.
 March 16—Kava-Cae basket ball game.
 March 17—House suppers.

“OUR NEW BUSINESS OF MAKING WAR.”

A Lecture by Mr. MacBrayne.

Some of us, perhaps, have wondered just why it was that we, a great, powerful, rich nation, have not made ourselves felt in the war as yet. It is nearly a year now since we declared war on Germany and, so far, very few of our troops have been in the trenches at all. Many men have enlisted, others have been drafted into the service and, taking both together, we surely must have a large enough army. Why this procrastinating?—Why don't we go into the fray with a whoop and show those Germans what Uncle Sam can do?—Thus some of us have been thinking for the past months and the other day, Mr. Lewis MacBrayne enlightened us as to the real reason for what seemed plain laziness.

War today is not what it has been heretofore, he said. In former times men have joined the army and, with practically no training whatever, have gone out to meet the enemy. Then, from behind natural fortifications an attacking party would rush upon the foe, shrieking loudly, brandishing swords in air and, really, rushing out to be butchered. So, at least, it has always been pictured to us.

Modern war-fare is a very different matter. Our men must not be killed by hundreds; therefore—they can not go into it untrained. Today the attacking is not done “on the run;” the heavy artillery usually starts the fight, and the men are all concealed in the innumerable twisting trenches. War is a business, not an adventure. Each and every part of the making of it has to be perfected absolutely. There are the different branches—principally on land, sea, and in the air. Under each of these are numerous smaller divisions. Each one has its culinary department which, though it very likely seems improbable to some of us, is one of the most important of all. Then—there are cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineering, medical, ambulance and many other corps. In the case of the drafted army each man is questioned as to his former occupation and, in every case, is placed where he will be best suited. A stout, jolly

man who has been a baker at home and who has never held a gun in his life is not put into the infantry where he would be at a loss as to what he is to do—but he is placed in the culinary department where he can continue his excellent bread-making, and so it is all through the different branches.

Mr. MacBrayne, himself, has had a close acquaintance with Camp Devens from its start and he told us many interesting and amusing anecdotes of the life there. He said that one day he was at the camp with the commanding officer and, in the distance, saw a company of men coming quite slowly toward him. Some had rifles, others hand-grenades, others bayonets and so on. There seemed to be no excitement about it; each man kept his place and, at a signal, dropped to the ground, then rose again and came on as one man. The perfect calmness of the whole thing impressed him most, he said; there was no adventuresome side to the entire formation. War truly was a business and not an escapade.—On another trip there Mr. MacBrayne went into one of the cook tents and saw a broad-shouldered, husky looking chap stirring the soup. Thinking it queer that such an athletic fellow should be a cook, Mr. MacBrayne spoke to him saying—

“I should think a man like you would want to get into things more than you can here. What’s the matter?”

“Well, you see,” he replied, “my mother and sister thought this would be the safest place and they wanted me to come here, so here I am.”

He came from a country town in Connecticut, was the only son and was really worshipped by his mother and sister who did not intend to have him killed if they could help it. A few days after the episode with Mr. MacBrayne, however, he went to the commanding officer and said,

“Do you think I could get into the infantry? I’m sick of this; I want to get into things more.”

Needless to say, he was transferred.

Thus Mr. MacBrayne talked on, keeping us all immensely interested. He talked so easily and with so much enthusiasm that it was delightful to listen to him and it was with great reluctance that we finally allowed him to stop. “Our New Busi-

ness of Making War'' had proved most interesting and afterwards I heard many a girl say, ''Honestly, I enjoyed that talk more than any that I have ever heard on the war.''

ELIZABETH GLEASON.

OPERA SEASON AT ROGERS HALL.

Everyone at Rogers Hall who was the least bit interested in music formed a habit, while the Chicago Opera Company was singing in New York, of haunting the Current Topics table until the arrival of the ''New York Times,''' which paper they seized and faithfully perused, not the war news, but the opera comments.

The cause for this sudden reading of opera criticisms was that Rogers Hall was looking forward with much enthusiasm to the weeks when the Chicago Opera Company was to be in Boston and they wanted to find out from New York what was in store for them. Fortunately, the New York criticisms were more favorable than those of the Boston newspapers or I'm afraid our enthusiasm would have been nipped in the bud.

Finally the long expected Company arrived in Boston at a very opportune time for Rogers Hall, as we had been obliged, on account of the coal shortage to close the gymnasium.

The part of their repertoire which we were privileged to hear consisted of ''Carmen,''' ''Faust,''' ''La Boheme,''' ''Romeo and Juliet,''' ''La Traviata'' and ''Aida,''' but I will describe only those in which we were most interested.

The first opera we saw was ''Carmen,''' but before we arrive at the Opera House let me tell you something unheard of that we did (absolutely inconsistent with the elevating opera spirit), by going from the ''sublime to the ridiculous.''' Rogers Hall actually had luncheon at the ''Automat'' where most of us were entranced over our stack of nickels and the slot machines.

After a very novel and amusing luncheon, however, we trooped to the Opera House and forgot the now familiar ''drop in nickel and turn handle'' in Mary Garden's and Muratore's Carmen and Don Jose.

Mary Garden is, I think, more of an actress than a singer, though her voice is very lovely and her art of ''song-speech'' is

as highly developed as that of any singer in America. Her interpretation of Carmen, the wanton, fascinating Spanish girl, interested us in the first act, charmed us in the second, then the familiar strains of the Toreador song burst forth and absolutely captivated us in the third act when she defied her lover and sang with the pack of cards in her hands, realizing that Jose's eyes were upon her and that she was deciding her fate. Still defiant, and almost triumphant, in the last act she sang desperately even when she read her fate in Jose's ominous, passionate eyes. Muratore as Don Jose also deserved credit, "for like Mary Garden and Galli-Curci, he is a singing-player, who uses his voice as the instrument of mind, imagination and emotion." His Don Jose, at first indifferent, then yielding to the seductive and beautiful Carmen, and last, passionately angry and determined that Carmen's love shall never belong to another was a vital interpretation of the young Spaniard.

In direct contrast to the brilliant and lovely "Carmen" was the next opera we saw, which was "Faust." We had heard that Muratore was to be Faust and Baklanoff, Mephistopheles and in neither were we disappointed. Personally I thought Muratore's Don Jose better than his Faust and Baklanoff's Mephistopheles better than his Escamillo. Many of us were rather dubious upon finding that Melba was to impersonate the youthful Marguerite, but when in her brief refusal of Faust's offer to accompany her home, her notes filled the Opera House, we thought of nothing but her lovely voice, which is as clear and beautiful now, in spite of her fifty-two years, as that of any of the younger singers who are just making their debut. Only once did a consciousness of her maturity break the spell and that was in the "Jewel Song." But in the scenes with Mephistopheles in the church and with Faust in the prison, not only was her voice perfectly exquisite, but her acting was also faultless, and Melba with Muratore and Baklanoff succeeded in interpreting "Faust" as I am sure Gounod conceived it.

In still greater contrast to either "Carmen" or "Faust" was "La Traviata," Verdi's lovely opera suggested by the story of Camille, which is adaptable to any period of history. In this particular "La Traviata" the time was in the fifties of the last

century and surely there could be nothing more becoming to Mme. Galli-Curci than the full, tight bodices and drooping curls of that period. For it was actually Mme. Galli-Curci who sang Violetta in "Traviata," and for whom Rogers Hall had spent a breathless week of anticipation. They say that "anticipation exceeds realization" but Mme. Galli-Curci entirely disproved this adage; for no anticipation or imagination could possibly conceive of a voice so lovely, so clear and resonant, and a personality so charming as hers.

Her high and low notes alike were rich and clear and in the first act of "La Traviata" in Violetta's scene with her lover the limpid flow of her runs, the sparkle of her staccato, and the freshness and purity of her trills made one wonder if she were quite human.

Aside from her glorious voice, her acting was that of an artist. Her impersonation of Violetta, all lightness and vivacity in the first act, sorrowful yielding to separation from her lover in the second, anguished submission to the insults of Alfredo in the third, and in the last, determined suppression of her physical weakness, as she rallies every vestige of her strength to take advantage of Germont's consent to her marriage with her lover, showed the skill and understanding of a finished actress. Her acting and her singing were always in harmony, thus seeming to be naturally woven together.

Although Nadal and Stracciari sang Alfredo and old Germont well, I think Mme. Galli-Curci absorbed all our interest and praise. Her personality was so charming and her appearance so dainty and attractive, that most of our thoughts were centered upon her even when she was not singing, and they left their spell still upon us long after she had answered her last curtain call.

KATHERINE Y. WILSON.

MISS PARSONS' BIRTHDAY DINNER.

A huge success from beginning to end was Miss Parsons' birthday party. The drawing-rooms where Miss Parsons received, were filled with flowers, roses, tulips, jonquils, violets and narcissus vieing with each other in delicate coloring and fragrance.

At the dining-room door we were met by Miss Harrison who gave us each a prettily decorated card with the number of the table at which we were to sit and a topic under the number. The dinner was a progressive one so there were four numbers and four topics. We each had to speak on our assigned subject during the course or be fined for the Red Cross. As the subjects ranged all the way from "Foot-Wear" and "My Boy in Khaki" to "Coming Months" you can imagine how our versatility was taxed and what a jolly good time ensued. Then there was dancing between the courses, too, and by that and the critical task of safely transporting our respective glass of water and napkin from table to table, we were well occupied every minute.

After dinner we all gathered around the punch bowl and drank long life and health to Miss Parsons and to the school, and then the Kavas formed one group and the Caes another for the long practiced-for-singing contest, the winning club being promised a trip to the movies. Singing alternately, the clubs did their best, both old and new songs being sung with a vim that made the rafters ring, but the Kavas went down to a gallant defeat under the more finished singing of the Caes. We all enjoyed it immensely though, and there were no hard feelings between us, only a unanimous declaration of enjoyment and many thanks and best wishes to Miss Parsons.

RUTH WHITNEY SHAFER.

"THE QUICK WIT OF MRS. MURRAY."

Given in the Gymnasium on the evening of March 9th
for the benefit of the Red Cross.

"The Quick Wit of Mrs. Murray" proved to be a great success. The theme of the play was the defeat of General Howe through Mrs. Murray's hospitality. The opening scene was at the Murrays' home, in the drawing-room, very attractive with its bright flowered chintz and antique mahogany. The curtain rose upon the family circle, Mr. Murray, (Helen Fogg), Mrs. Murray (Marcella Chalkey), their daughters, Delight, Phoebe and Faith (Frances Brazer, Isabel Carpenter and Helen Robinson), and Tom Treat (Sonja Borg), a suitor of Delight's.

Soon they were joined by three small cousins of the Murrays' (Dorothy Wadleigh, Peggy Stover and Martha Sheppard), their colored mammy (Cordelia Durkee) and Aunt Polly (Virginia Willson), an old woman who sells apples.

The opening scene showed the family idly talking, the girls knitting and Tom playing with the children. Then, guns of the British were heard in the distance and Tom left to join his regiment. In the second act the British came riding by and Mrs. Murray asked them into her home in order to detain them, for by this means Washington's army might be saved. Gen. Howe (Theo McEldowney), and his two officers (Frances Hartmetz and Gladys Doelger) were loathe to leave the pleasant company of Mrs. Murray and her fair daughters, to say nothing of the famous peach punch, and Gen. Washington won the day.

The play was produced without a hitch. The actors certainly knew their parts well and looked very handsome as men in the blue and buff of the Colonials and scarlet of the British and very lovely as Revolutionary ladies in flowered silks and powdered hair.

Miss Linthicum certainly is an artist. Given a girl and a makeup box she accomplishes wonders. Never have we seen handsomer men. Helen Fogg might have stepped out of a portrait of George Washington. No one could blame Gen. Howe for being attracted by beautiful little Mrs. Murray and her three stunning daughters. Truly, our schoolmates were well camouflaged. The play was fittingly introduced by a short speech by Mrs. Corwin and closed amid enthusiastic applause by smiling bows from her and the whole cast.

MARTHA HOWELL.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

CAE-KAVA BASKETBALL GAME.

March 16th—

The game was swift from the beginning and the Kavas wonderful team work was in evidence throughout the entire game. The Caes had a wonder in Helen Lambden as jumping center, because she was always right where she was needed most and

never failed to get the ball. The Kavas seemed to have the advantage in the beginning of the game, making six or seven baskets right off, but the Caes just needed a little time to get warmed up, and when they got started, they fairly took our breath away by making basket after basket until the score was a tie. Betty was so calm and collected during the whole game that she seemed to keep her whole team cool. Dot Beeler and Anne Keith each made a very spectacular play and received their reward in loud applause from both balcony and stage.

The referee, as every one agreed, was very fair. The game was played in fifteen minute halves and the last few minutes of the second half were certainly the most exciting of the whole game. The teams were so evenly matched that the Caes were sometimes only one point ahead at what always seemed the most critical point in the game. Then, when the ball got into a Kavas hands, we began to wonder how much more time there was, and oh, couldn't the Caes make one more basket? Suddenly the whistle blew and the game ended with a victory for Cae with a score of 41 to 36.

Happy, every Cae dashed off the stage. Being a Cae myself I haven't any idea what the Kavas did, but I suppose it didn't take them long to get down from the balcony. Miss Linthicum gave a tea for the Cae team and Miss Harrison never was known to forget the Kavas.

At the celebration at night, Miss Harrison, representing Almeda Herman, presented Betty Akeroyd, the captain of the Cae team, with the cup, which, after this second Cae victory becomes the permanent possession of the club. Thus ended our happy day.

LINE UP.

CAE.

J. C.—Helen Lambden
S. C.—Frances Hartmetz
Forward—Hannah McConkey

Forward—Dorothy Beeler
Guard—Betty Akeroyd, Capt.

KAVA.

J. C.—Elizabeth Whittier
S. C.—Margaret Hussey
Forward—Marjorie Adams,
Capt.
Forward—Anne Keith
Guard—Anne Robertson
Janet Stanley
Helen Carter

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

March 14th, Virginia Towle, '08, was married in Boston to Lieutenant Harry Joseph Woodward, U. S. A.

Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy spent the latter part of the winter on the Gulf Coast and found the climate delightful and the region a beautiful one. They are coming northward by way of the Mississippi states.

At Easter time, Doris Jones, '17, visited Katherine Wilson, '18, in New York and will come back with her to visit school at the end of the vacation.

Anna Kuttner, '11, is in Paris doing research bacteriological work under the Red Cross. Her address is 63 Rue Falguiere, Paris, care of Madame Nastorg.

In a letter of March 12th, Eileen Patterson writes to Miss Parsons: "I am finally booked to sail for France a couple of weeks hence and shall surely be gone within the month. At least it is a pleasant time of the season to cross, for I am a bad sailor so that submarines are not my only anxiety on a rough sea! As soon as I learn my bearings over there, I shall write you at length. I know that we are kept in Paris a few days to secure uniforms and await the usual routine of orders as to where we are to be sent. The canteens are so widely varied that I may be sent to a very protected, uninteresting spot or elsewhere. I hope elsewhere. At least in this, all of France is the same, I believe—lack of bath-tubs. I have had a very grand, collapsible rubber one given to me, also rubber boots, thermos bottle, arctics, leather writing-case, all of which will be more than useful. My present wardrobe is rather startling to me; it comprises woolen socks, very thick undergarments, a blue wool dress, thick shoes, many pairs of rubbers, raincoats, warm coats, blankets and sweaters, until I hardly recognize my former taste in clothes. And all of these I must squeeze into a very small trunk*** I expect to see Anna Kuttner through mutual friends of hers and mine. You know I have never met her, much as I have heard of her*** My passport is on the way from Washington and my new title is 'Y. M. C. A. Volunteer Canteen Worker!' Since I talked with you at Christmas the time has been lengthened so that now

I must agree to stay a year*** It would be nice to find a letter from you waiting for me in Paris—to spur me on. My permanent address from which all mail will be forwarded to me is: 12 Rue d'Aguisseau, Paris."

Bonney Lilley Dunbar, '11, writes that her husband has been appointed Second Assistant District Attorney of Plymouth and Norfolk Counties. This means that they must live in Plymouth district for part of the year but they will still keep their home at 11 Braeburn Road, Auburndale, Mass.

Katherine Carr Wilson, '09, is busily at work in the Allied University Club in Paris. She and Gladys Harrison (sister of Florence, '02) watched a German air raid on Paris the day after Gladys arrived in Paris, where she is a stenographer in the main Red Cross office.

Bernice Everett, R. H., '02, is carrying on an active and successful campaign for food conservation in Lowell, and has given many lectures and food demonstrations in various parts of the city.

A letter from Miss Frazier, our school nurse, to Miss Parsons announces her safe arrival in France after a long voyage of sixteen days, and a brief stay in London, where she saw several air raids. During one raid she and her friends had to seek refuge in the cellar of a hotel. She is at present stationed in the Observation Ward of a large hospital in France and writes with enthusiasm of her work. Her address is Miss Mary Etta Frazier, Army Nurse Corps, U. S. A., B. E. F. No 10 General Hospital, France, care of Army Post Office, London, England.

Mary and Eleanor Goodrich have joined their parents in Paris.

Miss Harrison writes from New York where she is spending the Easter holiday, of seeing many Rogers Hall girls and sends the following items of news: Charlotte Heath, R. H., '11, who has been very active in Red Cross work in Newark, sails for France early in April as canteen worker under the Red Cross; Virginia Towle Woodward, R. H., '08, will make her home at Gettysburg, Pa., where her husband is detailed for special duty.

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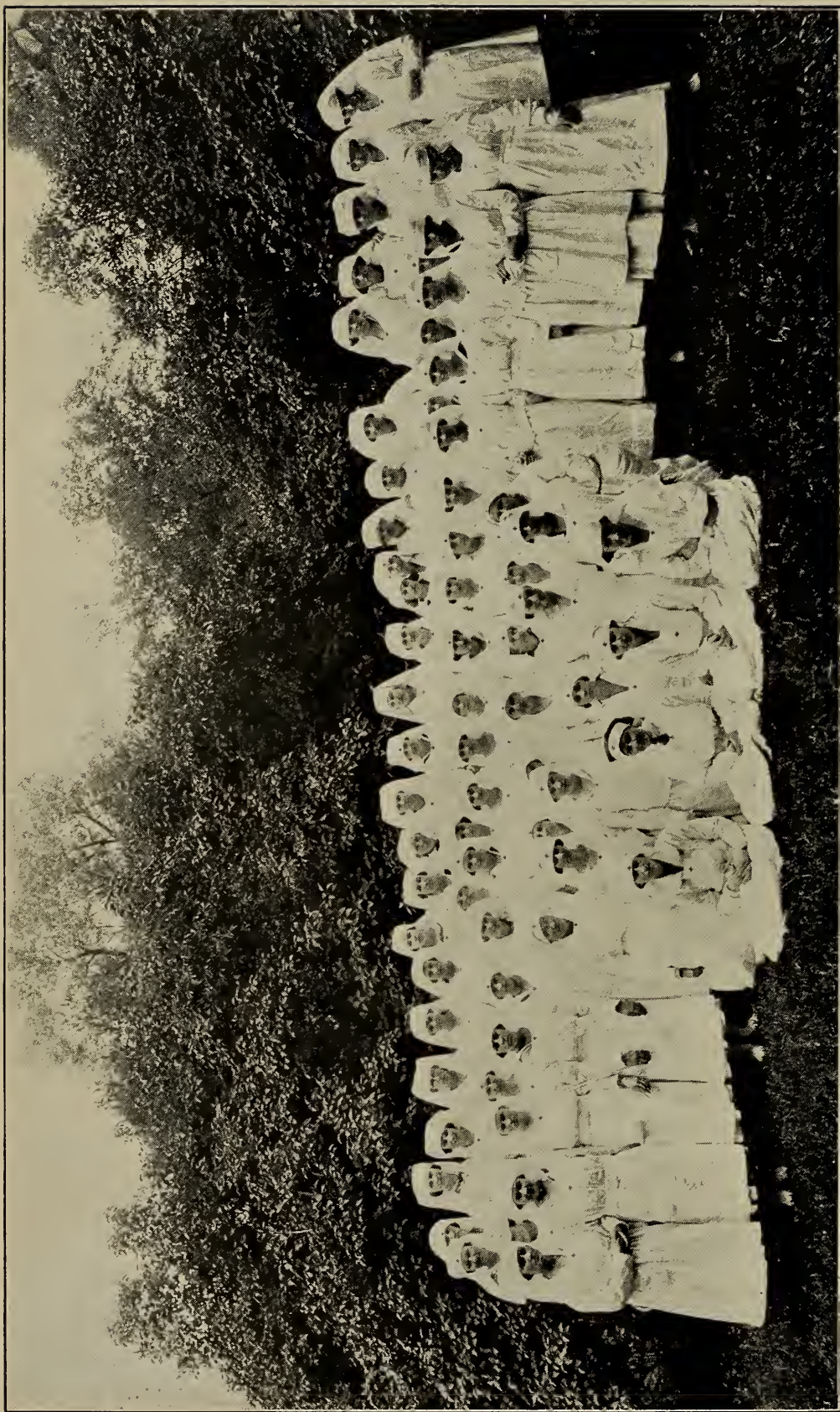
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ROGERS HALL CHAPTER AMERICAN RED CROSS



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JUNE, 1918

No. 4

EDITORIAL.

Commencement is in the immediate future and, as the first week in June approaches, it is perhaps natural to look back somewhat complacently upon the school year. We may even experience a certain enjoyment in enumerating the things which our school, our class, our club, or our individual selves have accomplished, and this is a righteous pride in the things that have been worth doing. But this is a period when the future is the all-important. It is a time when no one can afford to "faire le paresseux," for the problem seems to be, not "Shall I do anything?" but, "In what capacity can I be of greatest service?"

Not only the Seniors but every girl in school should seriously consider in what way she can make the summer months most profitable. Doubtless with the majority of girls who return to school next year there will be an attempt to intersperse frequent visits to Red Cross workrooms with the usual summer occupations of motoring, swimming, and tennis. They will feel the call to help just as they have felt it in the past months. They will be

willing to forego some pleasures for the sake of assisting where service is so much needed. Every girl understands at least something of how great the demand is, how necessary it is that every citizen, young or old, do his or her best. Summer will not lessen their efforts, but is this true of every girl in school? Unfortunately there are a few individuals whose desire to help has not taken concrete form. We do not doubt their desire, but it is of that strangely indefinite variety that accomplishes nothing. Will they, one wonders, feel the impulse after they leave here? Can they fail to work, to give their share of labor to the cause for which the War is being fought? Will they not feel impelled to give of their honest effort this summer? Nothing would give greater satisfaction to those for whom our service flag flies than to know we are with them in spirit and we can prove this only by individual work in at least one of the many War activities. When Rogers Hall re-opens next September we should like every girl to say, "I have done my best this summer."

The Seniors have reached the point where they must decide the question of wherein their biggest duty lies. Various girls say, "Oh, I would love to be a nurse" or "I would be thrilled to go to France, but my family simply would not listen to it." Undoubtedly this is true in many cases so the search to be of use must bring you nearer the domestic hearth. There are innumerable opportunities. For the city dweller the Red Cross Headquarters offers various kinds of work, for they must have switchboard operators, stenographers, clerks, knitting instructors, makers of the many kinds of surgical dressings and refugee garments. There must be people capable of giving all kinds of information to the endless chain of inquirers. Many towns are near camps or other military stations so that canteen workers are required to stand behind the counter and supply the wants of the men in the service. Perhaps you are lucky enough to have a government Messenger Corps at home. Wouldn't you be proud to wear its uniform and wouldn't it be quite novel and interesting to enlist in it and do the various kinds of messenger work required? Some of the *alumnæ* are already doing this.

The appeal of the out-of-doors is powerful at this time of year and farming seems to reply to the call. Many organizations

are forming units, varying in size from half a dozen to nearly a hundred. The Woman's Land Army seems to be one of the most efficient organizations and arrangements can be made through it to become a "farmerette" in that part of the country most accessible to you. Units are also being formed by colleges and schools which are open not only to students of the institution forming the unit but to others as well.

The demand for trained workers in all kinds of service is so great and the variety of occupations offered is so wide that everyone who can take special training ought to do so. Nurses are needed everywhere—not only in France but at home. Girls are offered excellent courses at physical culture schools to learn how to help the disabled soldiers. Is it not one of the most humanitarian things one can do—to be a factor in making it possible for crippled soldiers to become self-supporting and independent again?

The Women's League for Service offers many worth while courses and it might really solve your problem of what to do if you would investigate some of them.

These are but suggestions. There are many other ways of helping win the War, but our plea is, whatever possibilities you may consider, do not be content with staying at home and doing nothing. Really, little is more useful than daily service at Red Cross rooms. So make up your mind to do something, for the great demanding cry of the age is Help somebody else!

* * * * *

The ultimate aim of SPLINTERS is to stimulate interest in writing among the girls in school and to review the more important factors and events in Rogers Hall life. It is not always easy to discover just where the greatest ability lies, sometimes there has even been a discouraging lack of it. And the problem of creating something original has been perhaps the most baffling one which the editors have been called upon to face. But we make no apologies, we have accomplished what we could and if we have furnished any material which has seemed to be worth while reading and an honest reflection of the school atmosphere and events we shall feel that the gain has not been entirely one

sided. As for ourselves, we have learned much and possibly our greatest lesson has been that promptness is a virtue not to be despised.

Our Advisors have worked throughout the year in such a delightfully personal, intimate way that it has been a pleasure to go to them for advice. We appreciate the spirit of friendship which has made our work to-gether pleasant as well as profitable.

We are aware of the debt which we owe to the girls in school who are not members of the Board, but who have given generously of their time and ability. Without them SPLINTERS would not be possible.

The Senior Editors wish long and prosperous life to SPLINTERS who has been one of our most instructive teachers and next year we will even experience a pang of regret that we cannot have a "finger in the pie," but those of us who return will, we are sure, put forth their best efforts to make it worthy to go forth as the representative of Rogers Hall.

THE FORCED PRETENDER.

PERSONS.

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MRS. CLENDENNING.

TED HARDING.

MARGARET OBERLY.

JACK OBERLY.

GUESTS { Clara Desolet.
Mary Knight.

JAMES, butler.

TWO OFFICERS.

ALICE, maid.

ACT I.—Living room in the Clendenning home.

ACT II.—Same as Act I.

TIME—Present.

PLACE—Boston.

ACT I.

The elegantly furnished living room in the Clendenning home. A fireplace at one side, before it a long, low davenport. At the back of the davenport a mahogany table on which there is a reading lamp and books. At the left there is a large writing desk with a

small shaded lamp. In the back an alcove with broad seat and cushions, over that a window with soft hangings. Broad stairs go up at the right of this. On either side in the rear, doors open on to sun parlor. Book shelves line almost the complete left side of room. A baby grand piano occupies a place and a door leads at the right to another room. Large comfortable chairs complete the furnishings.

Mrs. Clendenning is seen at writing desk as curtain rises. She is attired in a morning gown of old blue. She is tall, of middle age and carries herself erect. There is about her an air of capability.

Mr. Clendenning enters. The same type of man as his wife is of woman. Tall and austere looking, with iron grey hair. He is dressed immaculately in black with a cane over one arm and is putting on grey gloves.

Mr. C.—Well, Katherine, it is arranged then; if I call you before ten, you know I am going to bring Harding here to see you.

Mrs. C. (rising and going towards him)—Yes, dear, when you fail in your little business schemes you may rely on me.

Mr. C.—Well, you have come to the rescue before. I've done all in my power and it seems that it is to fail. Harding is young and enterprising but discreet enough to look before he leaps.

Mrs. C.—You talk as if you were going to swindle this youngster out of a fortune.

Mr. C.—No, it is only a case of getting him to take over this contract which means a few thousand to us. He is leaving for Chicago to-night unless we can detain him—and if he does leave, he goes to accept another offer in Chicago.

Mrs. C.—Well we can't have that, you bring him out. He appreciates your regard and if his father has just recently died, he is doubtless not in a position to take care of his millions and the dear boy needs attention.

Mr. C.—You must not think of him as a boy, Katherine. He is a man with a mind of his own. By jove, I admire him and, yes, I like him immensely, I want to do business with him.

Mrs. C.—You shall! (Claxton sounds outside.) There, the car is waiting, I shall expect you to call.

Mr. C. (picking up hat and lighting cigar)—Good-bye! (Leaves.)

Mrs. C. resumes writing at desk. Maid enters.

Alice—The seamstress, ma'am!

Mrs. C.—You may show her in, Alice. (*Exit Alice.*)

Enter Margaret Oberly, a rather tall, lithely built girl with strikingly beautiful masses of light curling hair and large blue eyes. She is poorly dressed in a shabby black suit and a white waist open at the throat. She removes a small black sailor from her head as she enters. She has a delightful atmosphere about her of serenity and good breeding which is in peculiar contrast with her dress.

Mrs. C.—Good morning! Margaret, you wished me to call you! You are here, certainly on time.

Margaret (sweetly)—Good morning! Shall I go to the room I was in yesterday?

Mrs. C.—Yes, you fixed that evening dress very well. With the scarcity of dressmakers these days, perfectly good clothes surely go to pieces.

Margaret—I hope—

Mrs. C. (interrupting)—You did very well, Madam Celeste is not willing to repair. You are indispensable. I've put out three more gowns, you will see what the trouble is!

Margaret—Very well! (*She goes lightly up the steps, Mrs. C. watching her carefully as she ascends. Phone bell rings.*)

Mrs. C. (answering)—Yes? Yes, Alfred. What? You say he came early? You are leaving now! Yes, I am waiting. Good-bye.

Mrs. C. rings for butler. Enter James.

Mrs. C.—James, bring in fresh cigars and bring the tray, my husband will be here with a gentleman.

James—Yes ma'am, very well, ma'am!

Mrs. C. rings for maid. Enter maid.

Mrs. C.—Tell the seamstress I will see her presently, in half an hour or so.

Maid (hesitatingly)—I will ma'am. Pardon ma'am but the lady looked as though she had eaten nothing for days ma'am. I thought—

Mrs. C.—Take a tray up Alice, say it is a mid-morning luncheon. (*Exit Alice.*)

Mrs. C. (aside)—I wonder just who this girl is and from where she comes. She is certainly no ordinary girl. (*Sound of a car is heard outside.*)

Enter Mr. Clendenning with Harding, a handsome, well groomed young man with a clean smooth shaven face. He is clad in grey tweed, wears a soft grey hat and carries a light stick. Mrs. C. is at door to meet them.

Mr. C.—My wife,—Mr. Harding!

Mr. H.—I am charmed, Mrs. Clendenning—

Mrs. C.—How do you do, Mr. Harding? My husband has spoken of you and I'm so glad you could come out for a few moments while you were at the up town office.

Mr. H.—It is indeed a pleasure (*showing a keen and unrestrained admiration for his distinguished looking hostess.*)

Mr. C. busies himself with cigar and walks over to the desk.

Mrs. C.—You have found Boston to your liking?

Mr. H.—It fascinates me, the roundabout way of getting anywhere. I regret that I must leave for Chicago to-night.

Mrs. C.—Surely not tonight, that cannot be! Why, Mr. Harding, you are the sixth one whom I must include in a little house party over the week end.

Mr. H.—Indeed! That is truly disappointing to me.

Mrs. C.—You must stay. Why, you are to attend Margaret Denslow, the most beautiful, the most sought after girl in the city of Boston. You can't imagine how very lucky you are.

Mr. H.—Business calls me. You say over Sunday? To-day is Thursday. Sunday night would get me in Chicago early Tuesday morning. Perhaps I could do it. It is a great temptation, Mrs. Clendenning.

Mrs. C.—Not perhaps—say you will! All work and no play—

Mr. H.—Yes, I know, but I'm afraid Mrs. Clendenning, you might be able to induce Jack to play for the rest of his life.
Telephone rings.

Mr. C. (at phone)—Hello! At the office you say? Just a minute—Harding you and I are needed at 1240 Ware Street.

Mr. H.—How unfortunate (*rising*). I appreciate your very kind invitation, Mrs. Clendenning, and the thought of the week end programme is the only consolation for having this call cut short.

Mrs. C.—I can depend on you, then can't I? Dinner on Friday night. Good-bye. (*The two gentlemen leave.*)

Mrs. C.—Now, that has worked beautifully. The next thing to do is to call the guests. Let me see there are Clara Desolet and Mary Knight and the men are easy enough. But for Margaret Denslow—I'll never be able to catch that dancing butterfly. (*Sits at phone.*)

Mrs. C. (at phone)—This you Margaret? Mrs. Clendenning. Lovely morning isn't it? Yes. What are you doing over the week end? You are leaving for New York? How miserable! Oh nothing—nothing—just one of my little hurried parties. Sorry dear—yes— Have a good time. Good-bye—(*sits and ponders*). What shall I do? What shall I do? I have it! (*Rings for maid. Enter maid.*)

Mrs. C.—Please call the seamstress downstairs. (*Enter Margaret.*)

Mrs. C.—Margaret, could you possibly stay here over Saturday and Sunday?

Margaret—I should love to accommodate you but my husband—

Mrs. C.—Your husband? Oh, that makes no difference. Say it is work you must finish. My husband is entertaining a week end guest. I am having a small house party. You must pose as Margaret Denslow. She is the drawing card that detains Mr. Harding.

Margaret (startled, calculating, not quite understanding). My husband—he is away most of the time.

Mrs. C. rings for maid. Enter maid.

Mrs. C.—Bring down that white gown with the pearls. My dear girl, some of those dresses can be fixed for you. Yes, we are of the same height. (*Maid appears with gown.*)

Mrs. C. (holds it up to Margaret). Complete transformation. Why, you look like a fairy apparition and who will know. I'm asking all out of town guests.

Margaret with eyes shining stands facing audience, apparently fascinated with gown still held before her.

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.

SCENE—Same as first act.

Sunday night—10.45 P. M.

At left of stage Margaret is seen playing chess with Mr. Harding. The rest of the guests are singing and playing. (*Enter Mrs. Clendenning, coming down steps.*)

Mrs. C.—Well, you seem to be having a gay time in spite of the lack of entertainment.

Clara D.—Oh, Mrs. Clendenning, we've been rushing around so much and after the dance last night at the club we have all been willing to spend a quiet Sunday evening.

Mary K.—Yes, and I, for one, am going to bed early. I'm ready now—are you Clara?

Mabel D.—I am. Let's say good-night and wait until morning to tell Mrs. Clendenning how delightful it has all been.

The men—All right, we'll have a game of billiards and a smoke before we come up.

Mr. C.—Well, Harding, you and Miss Denslow are too absorbed in your little game to even hear what is being said.

Harding (looking up)—Oh, I'm about to be beaten. Beginner's luck with Miss Denslow, you know.

Mrs. C. (coming to table)—I guess we'll leave you to your game. (*Turning to Mr. C.*) Do you know, I must have left that large opal dinner ring at the Inn where we stopped for luncheon yesterday. I just missed it. I took it off when I washed my hands and I guess I failed to pick it up.

Mr. C.—Why, my dear,—we will 'phone immediately.

Mrs. C.—I have 'phoned and evidently they are closed for the night. They are perfectly respectable country people and I do not hesitate to let it go until morning.

From the girls—What a shame!—I'm terribly sorry!

Margaret (looking up anxiously)—I'm sure you'll get it, Mrs. C.

Mrs. C.—I am rather anxious but I'm convinced that it is there. I've never been quite so careless before. (*Men retire to other room.*)

Mrs. C.—Come, girls,—I've wanted you to pass judgment on some lovely evening dresses I have (*casting a meaning glance at Margaret who smiles knowingly*).

Margaret—I'll be with you shortly. It will not take long to defeat Mr. Harding. (*Ladies go up steps.*)

Harding (*in a low tone*)—Miss Denslow—Margaret, you won a complete victory the very first time I ever saw you—Friday night as you came down those stairs all in white—

Margaret—It is your move Mr. Harding.

Harding—And I am taking advantage of it.

Margaret—Oh, I mean—

Harding—Do you know this is the very first time we've been left alone and I am going away tomorrow?

Margaret—You were thinking of leaving to-night.

Harding—It is for this moment I have stayed. By my staying Mr. Clendenning has gotten his contract——but you know nothing of that! Margaret, only two days but in those two days I have learned to care for you as I thought I should never care for anyone. I love you, Margaret—

Margaret—No—no—you must not say that, I can't bear it. You don't know, you don't know!

Harding—I have spoken rashly, I have hurt you— It is too soon!

Margaret—No, it is not that. Oh, can't you see? You will go to Chicago to-morrow. You will forget me—you— (*She rises and goes to table.*)

Harding—I will never forget you, I will wait, but I'll come back.

Margaret (*slowly but yielding*)—It can never be—I—

Harding (*looking into her eyes*)—Your eyes do not agree with your words. Margaret, (*he impulsively kisses her and she yields for one moment to his embrace.*)

Margaret—Oh (*she goes towards the steps*). It is good-bye.

Harding (*rather dazed, looks after her*). (*She goes up steps and does not turn.*) (*James enters to close up for the night.*)

Harding—Hello, James! No, you needn't leave any lights for me. (*As James proceeds to go*) I'm going to my room for a few moments but I'll come back later and sit before the fire and have a smoke, so pile some wood on and draw that big arm chair up, will you?

Harding goes up the steps and leaves James making the fire. James hums to himself, leaves room. Margaret slips softly down the steps, looks about her and is lost in the darkness of the sun parlor. Harding comes into the room from the second floor and takes the chair by the fire. He leans over and gazes into the fire, restlessly takes out a cigarette, lights it, then throws into the fire. He has just settled back when a small flash light is seen on the porch and voices are heard.

Man's voice—I am here—

Woman's voice—For no purpose—

Man's voice—You have something?

Woman's voice—I haven't—

Man's voice—You lie—you know better than to let me come here for nothing (threateningly). (They come softly into room.) Finishing up some sewing, eh? I know how you've been posing as one of those swell dames. I was around here and saw you leave in the car with a whole party. I knew it was a good chance to make a haul, that's the reason I sent you the letter. It's time for you to hand over something. What did you get? Where is it?

Margaret—I tell you it is of no use.

Harding starts: He listens but never moves.

Margaret—Haven't you tortured me enough? I've lived in misery since the day I married you. Oh, why did I do it! Why! It killed my father! Why aren't you satisfied to live your life and leave me alone? It is enough to have to live in the same house with you.

Harding (aside)—My God! It is Margaret's voice. (Grasps arms of chair and restrains himself from rising.)

Oberly—I'm not here to listen to a story like that. Do you hear? I'm out with the goods unless you've got it. How would you like that, eh? I guess they'd find out pretty quickly that you're nobody.

Margaret—I am—I am—I simply have your name. Everybody knows a Neilson. Jack, leave this house, I will earn money and give it to you. Anything, anything. I have a ring in my possession but I'm not going to give it to you—

(beseechingly). It is over to-night, I would rather die than have them know. Go—and——— (*Oberly goes towards her and pulls a revolver from his pocket.*)

A pistol shot rings out. Harding jumps from his chair, snaps the button, light floods the room. Oberly lies prostrate on the floor. Guests rush downstairs, clad in night apparel, with Mr. and Mrs. Clendenning. Two officers enter at door at right. Harding catches Margaret as she faints, carries her to davenport.

Mr. C.—What does this mean?

1st officer—We landed him that time. (*Servants enter.*)

Mr. C. (*looking at first Harding and then officers*)—Who is this man?

1st officer—He's a bad egg! We followed him here. Been on his trail for some time. He's drunk most of the time. The lady there (*looking at Margaret*) is innocent all right. We have the dope and know who she is!

2nd officer (*taking up story*)—I shot, Sir, as he was about to attack the lady, Sir. I didn't mean to strike home, Sir, but I guess I've killed the poor devil.

In the meantime the 2nd officer has been talking to Mrs. C. aside. Alice enters with water.

Mrs. C. (*turns and faces guests, officers and doctor*)—I will explain. The officer has told me all. I asked Margaret Denslow to be my week end guest. She could not come. In desperation I turned to my seamstress (*looking at Margaret*) and she is none other than the daughter of Joseph Neilson. To accommodate me she posed as Margaret Denslow.

Harding—Thank the Lord! I beg your pardon— Let me do that. (*He takes the water and bathes Margaret's temples with his hands.*)

Mrs. C. (*she looks as though she understands the situation and crosses to other side of room*)—And I arranged it all!

(*Curtain.*)

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

WAR SKETCHES.

"Tap, tap——tap, tap!" The lone horseman riding along the sunny country road drew in his horse and listened. It sounded like a blacksmith, yet it seemed almost incredible, for the dusty road stretched through long miles of country, once farmlands but now barren, torn and deserted—for the Huns had passed.

Suddenly the man's keen eyes saw a tiny wisp of smoke winding up to the clear, blue sky of ravaged France. There it was, slender, wavering—but an unmistakable sign of life. Surprised he rode across a ruined cornfield and on reaching the top of a small, wooded hill beyond the field, he looked down into the shallow valley beyond. At his right he saw a tiny house with its roof and one corner completely gone, at one side of the house a wrinkled old woman was bending over a blacksmith's forge, absorbed in her work. At a second glance he saw that she wasn't so old, just frail and gray. He spoke to her and she answered with a startled jump, her hand flying toward her heart. She came forward, speaking in her native tongue which, fortunately, her visitor understood.

He talked to her of the war and with a pitiful attempt at a smile she offered to show him what it had brought her. He dismounted and followed her into the one room of the house that had four remaining walls and a roof. She pointed to the wall over the large, old bed and the man's vision blurred and a curious lump rose in his throat.

Over the bed hung a picture—a picture of six dark, curly haired boys—the two eldest, men and the youngest not yet nineteen. Below them on a ribbon tacked to the wall hung five *croix de guerre* and beneath them a postal from a German prison camp saying that Paul, the youngest, was a prisoner of war.

The soldier, unable to say a word looked at the tiny woman by his side. She losing what little smile she had, but only too glad to talk to one who would sympathize, told him that her husband, three months before had been killed by the shell that had so nearly ruined their home; how on that night "this," pointing

to her gray hair had happened; how she was trying to carry on his work; that one by one all the neighbors had left the valley and that now she was alone. This and more she told him, until at last pressing a kiss on each of her wrinkled cheeks he left her, with the promise to do what he could for her and for Paul.

* * * * *

The wind blowing briskly over the fields of France had more than a suggestion of rain in it. The American newspaper man and his quick guide who had been watching the reviewing of the troops stopped and looked back over the field now almost deserted.

The attention of the American was caught by a young captain talking to several other officers. He was a splendid looking fellow, tall and broad, with strong clean cut features. As the two men watched the group a private came up evidently to speak to the captain.

The young man although he saw the private continued to talk. The visitors looked at the latter as he stood at attention waiting for the conversation to end. He was tall and spare and the American noticed with surprise that he had gray hair. The captain, his conversation ended, turned to the private and recognized him. The latter drew from his pocket several papers and gave them to the officer who, after reading them carefully, signed them, saluted and strode away.

The American asked his guide how such an elderly man happened to be a private.

"Oh," said the Englishman, "that's Lord ———. He joined because he believes that every able bodied man in the country should be in the lines and he insisted upon starting at the very beginning although he has brains and his money could have gotten him a commission. Another strange thing about him that may interest you—that young captain whom you just saw him speak to is his son."

And the American marvelling that there could be so little of the father and son and so much of the private and officer between the two, at last understood what English patriotism meant.

ISABEL CARPENTER.

BORIS PETROVITCH KOLOSOFF.

"Game, set! That's enough for one hot afternoon. Let's go for a ride and get cooled off."

Phil got the car and it didn't take long for the four of us to jump in. He put his foot on the accelerator and we raced down the country road. What could be better on a hot summer afternoon than a ride on a secluded country road shaded by huge old pines and birches. We were having such a jolly good time that none of us paid any attention to the big thunder cloud that was darkening the western sky. The storm broke before we realized it and just as we were turning around, a blinding flash of lightning struck a tree near us. We looked around frantically for shelter and as it was a very lonesome part of the road we looked in vain at first. But when we had almost given up hope Margaret noticed a narrow footpath. Realizing that it must lead somewhere we left the machine and soaked through and through we hurried down the path feeling as if we were on some new and strange adventure.

Just as one crash of thunder, which seemed as though the heavens were falling, filled the air, we came to an open place in the middle of the forest and discovered a small, very rude hut, built of stones with a roof made of interwoven branches. Although very primitive this was better than nothing, so we pushed aside the curtain of skins and walked in. For a moment we could see nothing as the place was in semi-darkness. A fire smouldered in the center of the room and smoke filled the air as there was no chimney. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we saw huddled in the corner on a heap of rags, the figure of an old man with a long grey beard and white hair. His thin and wrinkled body was covered with a loose garment of sacking, tied with a rope around the waist. At our entrance he started up but seeing that we were only seeking shelter he made us welcome. We eagerly questioned him as to how long he had been in this out of the way place, and he seemed willing enough to talk. As nearly as I can remember he told us his story as follows:—"My name is

Boris Petrovitch Kolossoff and I was the child of noble Polish parents who had always lived in Warsaw. When still very young I became obsessed with a deep hatred of the Russians. This may seem wrong to you who have always lived in a free country like America but you know nothing, nothing of the oppression and suffering my people have endured under the tyrannical government of the Russian Czars. This hatred that dominated my life was increased to almost a passion when a young man in school I came under the influence of a friend, Konstantine Oblonsky, a socialist. We went through college together and decided to dedicate our lives to the making of a free Poland. We were separated for a year after graduating as Konstantine had to spend that time on business in Russia. That year, in compliance with the wishes of my family, I spent in becoming acquainted with the social life of Warsaw.

"I fell in love with and married Katya Karillovna, a very beautiful and talented girl. But the marriage was unsuccessful and we soon found that we were uncongenial in our views; she had no sympathy for my love of the people and cared for nothing but society. We gradually drifted apart and when Konstantine returned to Warsaw I was glad to join him in his work for the relief of the many poor people of that city. The more time I spent in the misery and wretchedness surrounding the people, the greater became my desire to do something to change it all. In order to mix with the lowest classes I assumed a name, lived the life they did and gave up practically all family ties. I realize now that I must have become almost a fanatic on the subject and finally was influenced by some of my associates to join the society, newly formed, called the Nihilists. The object of the society was absolute individualism and destruction of all governmental authority. I firmly believed that this was the only way that social betterment could be accomplished for the poorer classes. However I will not relate in greater detail, my life during the next few years.

"Finally after the unsuccessful revolution of 1863 the people of Poland being made to bear even greater oppression, our society of the Nihilists, which had now grown to have branches all over Russia, formed a plot for the assassination of the Czar, Alexander II,

as the only possible end for our troubles. Who should attempt the murder was determined by lot and I was the one chosen to do the deed. It was then in the fall of the year 1866. I bade my family a last good-bye as I well knew that carrying out the plot would probably mean the sacrifice of my life.

"The night of October thirtieth I left Warsaw secretly and after a hard journey arrived at St. Petersburg several days later. It happened that I had only a week in which to communicate with a group of the Nihilists there, and to prepare the deadly bomb with which I intended to end both the life of the Czar and the misery of my people. November sixth was the day set and on that day when the Czar rode down a street of St. Petersburg, surrounded by his troop of soldiers, I flung the bomb.

"Oh, it makes me shudder now to think of that awful moment when it seemed to me that the fate of almost the whole world hung on the balance. Perhaps fortunately for Russia but unfortunately for me my aim was not true and the bomb exploded at the horses' feet, killing them and wounding several of the soldiers. Before I could escape I found myself surrounded by soldiers and taken before the Czar. The cold steel in his eyes, as he looked at me, his would-be assassin, almost made me shiver had I not remembered that I was a Nihilist and a Pole who was afraid of no authority.

"I was thrown into prison and after several days on each of which I expected to be shot I was taken out and chained with several other prisoners, placed on a train and started on a long journey. I realized immediately what was happening; I was to be transported to that land of the living dead—Siberia.

"I shall never forget my last, long look at Russia, which hated though the name had heretofore been, I was now most unwilling to leave. The journey to Siberia I will not describe—it was horrible. After we left the train in Russia we tramped for miles over snow covered country like an endless white desert. When I saw the character of the country I gave up all hopes I may have had for escape.

"When we reached our destination we were put to work in the mines. The labor was not as hard to bear as the thought of the hopelessness and endlessness of the monotonous life. I

began to lose interest in everything and not to care whether I lived or died. In fact I should have died had it not been that one day when a new detachment of prisoners was brought to the camp, I noticed a beautiful and slender girl among them. She attracted me not only because of her beauty but because of the fiery anger in her dark eyes and proud rebelliousness in her every movement. I hated the thought that she also would lose her spirit and become a helpless creature like the rest of us. We talked together that night and I discovered that her name was Olga Stepanovna and that she had been exiled for shooting the soldier who had brutally killed her father. She told me her life and the romance and honor of it fascinated me. We told each other our misfortunes and soon became very good friends. She could not get rid of the idea that some way or some how we would be able to escape. Although thinking it impossible I let her keep this belief because it gave us something to plan and hope for. But finally our chance came. One night the guard, who had been drinking heavily, fell asleep so we were able by almost superhuman effort to get some food, a dog and a sled and so escaped from the dreadful village. This we were able to do because the vigilance of the guard had relaxed since for a long time no person had attempted to escape as it meant sure death. I cannot give the details of that journey because I, myself, have scarcely any memory of the events except for one thing, that memory of the death of Olga. The first few weeks she was very brave and was able to undergo hardship I thought no woman could stand but gradually her strength gave way under the strain of the extreme cold and hunger. The night of her death I felt as though I must die also as she whom I loved better than life was dead. But I dug a rude grave in the snow and placed her tenderly in it.

"I continued my journey though I had lost all interest in it. How I ever arrived at the small town of Irkutsk on the Trans Siberian Railroad, I will never know. Here I obtained the first real food that I had had for what seemed like months. When I had rested for a few days, I felt that I must continue my journey as it was very unsafe for me to be discovered in any part of Russia.

I concealed myself in a freight car and arrived in Valdivostock the next night.

"Here I lived for a while but became restless again, so one dark night I became a stowaway on a ship which proved to be a tramp steamer sailing from Valdivostock to San Francisco. That night I hid myself in the hull of the ship among the provisions for the voyage and so remained undiscovered. The journey was very long and tiresome and what little health and strength I had left, I lost because of lack of air and exercise.

"When I arrived in San Francisco I had not the spirit left with which to begin a new life. I had stayed there for a year living in a hand to mouth fashion when the old restlessness returned. I knew it was useless and impossible to go back to Poland but as I felt I must be in the open and alone with my thoughts, I left the dirt and filth of the city.

"I made my way from California as far north as Oregon and coming one day upon this deserted hut, decided to spend the rest of my life here. I know that this will not be for long because I am an old man and I sometimes think that if I could only see Poland again I would be content to die."

Towards the end of this narration of his life, which was to us all strange and wonderful, the voice of Boris Kolossoff had grown weaker and weaker. We noticed the deep pallor of his face and every once in a while he gave a hoarse cough that seemed to rack his whole frame. The telling of this long story had weakened him perceptibly. Eager to do something for him we hurried to a nearby town and brought a doctor back with us. After an examination the doctor said that with good food and care the sick man would be better and that if he could have sight of his native land that would do more for him than any medicine that could be given him. While we had still the enthusiasm the Pole had aroused in us, we collected money among our friends to send the hermit back to his country. Then we bought food, clothes and other necessities and took them to the hut in the woods, and tried to make the place more habitable. When Boris was able to be moved we took him home with us and we spent many interesting hours during his convalescence listening to his experiences.

When he had recovered, he left for his native country, a changed man. We have since had a letter from him saying that he had arrived safely in Poland and was working night and day to relieve the suffering of the poor which the war had made more cruel than ever; and that the overthrow of Russian domination there, had given him new hope of realizing his dream of a free Poland.

THE RETURN.

They will come back these men of ours,
When true peace rules again;
And Christ reborn on battlefields
Lives in the hearts of men.

They will come back beneath the stars,
These men who took the chance;
Out of the dark, into the light,
To arms dreamed of in France.

When children learn to laugh again,
And Prussian power is dumb;
They will come back like Sparta's men,
But tell me—will he come?

KATHRYN KENNEY, 1917.

THE ROGERS HALL ATHLETIC CLUB FOR EMPLOYED GIRLS.

As munitions, cotton and woolen cloth, and many other articles made in the mills of Lowell are necessary for the furtherance of the war, so it is necessary to take care of the health of those who are spending their days in the manufacture of these supplies. Having this in mind, Miss Parsons and the Trustees thought it a pity that the gymnasium and grounds of Rogers Hall should

lie unused all summer and they therefore formed a plan by which the school might do its share in the work of the city toward winning the war by safeguarding the health of employed girls.

With the co-operation of the local Y. W. C. A. secretaries, the Rogers Hall Athletic Club was thus formed, the members being those girls who, during the long, hot summer months wish to use our grounds for rest and recreation. These girls are to enjoy the advantages offered by a fine swimming pool, reading room, tennis courts, and hockey field from June twenty-fourth to September first. They are to come in two groups, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Those who come in the afternoon will be chiefly the younger girls.

Miss Harrison is to be at the school all summer as director of the club and she will have assisting her a trained Y. W. C. A. worker and various volunteer workers, many of them past or present students of Rogers Hall. They will teach the girls any of the sports they wish to play, tennis, hockey, baseball, or swimming, and will help in whatever way they can to make the time pass pleasantly. When it is too rainy or too hot for exercise out of doors, the reading room above the swimming pool, which is to be well supplied with books and magazines can be used. Here also there will be a victrola and records for the musically inclined. No matter what the day is there will always be "something doing."

Posters made by the art class have been put up in the mills and the scheme has been explained to the workers there by Miss Hodgkins of the Y. W. C. A. and by some of the teachers of Rogers Hall. It has been welcomed with enthusiasm by the girls and the membership promises to be large. A small charge for the summer of two dollars for the evening members and one dollar for the afternoon members will be made. As these fees alone will not be sufficient to support the club voluntary contributions have been asked for from the school and its friends and generous gifts of money, tennis racquets, balls, bloomers, and swimming caps have been received.

MARGARET HUSSEY.

HERO VS. PAL.

The clear waters of Little Lake Rumble were unusually quiet to-day. A red canoe floated idly in the middle of the lake, its only occupant being a girl of some sixteen years whose knitted brows gave evidence that she was deeply interested in the book on her lap.

Barbara, for that was her name, was of rather large frame. Her browned skin and supple limbs proclaimed that she was a great lover of outdoors. Indeed, she looked as if she might play a fine game of tennis. Her tanned face was flushed now and her brown hair would take liberties so she looked anything but the romantic little miss that she was.

The prince was rescuing the princess now, and then came, "and they lived happily ever after."

The book closed with a snap. Why didn't something thrilling happen in her life? The nearest she had ever come to romance was when Jack Clyde had told her that he liked her better than any other girl he knew and that was not Barbara's idea of romance.

Now, there was Dick—Dick was her pal—why not make him a hero? He went to Princeton, played football, why—he wouldn't make such a bad hero. It was decided. Dick Rixon, once her pal, was now her hero.

After dinner that evening Barbara sat on the camp steps. The family were likewise making themselves comfortable in wicker chairs and hammocks.

Suddenly, and without warning Dick came up. He wasn't such a bad hero thought Barbara. He was tall and straight. His bronzed face showed clean cut features and his well-formed head was covered with brown hair that was wet and slicked back. Barbara had a thrill. Since when had Dick been taking so much care of his appearance? Why just last night he came over with his hair all rough and touzled.

"Hello everyone," he called. "Who is going up Bare Peak with me tomorrow?"

Everyone had something to do except Barbara. It is true, she had contemplated going to the village but now that thought was away back in a remote corner of her mind.

"Go with me, sis?" Dick asked as he turned to Barbara.

"Love to," was the answer.

Early the next morning the two started off. It was a glorious day and the weight of their luncheon didn't bother them in the least. Mid-day found them eating under a lone tree on the top of the mountain.

"Good grub," came from Dick.

He was a very exasperating hero thought Barbara.

They were perhaps a quarter of the way down the mountain when Barbara caught her foot in a root and fell. Dick quickly pulled her up but her ankle immediately began to swell and turn purple. It was all she could do to keep back an exclamation of pain when she tried to bear her weight on it.

"I guess we will have to camp out for a while," said Dick.

As he went to the nearby spring to get some water, her mind turned back to yesterday. Her hero—well she was having an adventure any way. They bathed the swollen foot and then Dick began to gather up their belongings.

"You are not going to leave me here alone are you?" came from Barbara.

"Hardly," and Dick's smile was good to see. "I guess we will both wander along because it is going to storm."

By leaning most of her weight on him she was able to hobble along but she thought they would never reach the foot of the mountain. Once when Barbara could stand it no longer they halted to rest, but just as the large drops of rain began to fall they limped into camp.

Barbara lost no time in getting to bed and after her ankle had been bandaged she fell into a long slumber. When she awakened the sun was streaming in the window. Dick was outside talking to her mother and she could not help overhearing the conversation plainly through the screened window. Barbara's mind was rather hazy but she heard distinctly the words.

"You ought to be mighty proud of her Mrs. Wade, for that is what I call pluck."

Her romantic hero faded but Barbara sighed contentedly. It wasn't such fun to have a hero—but to have a pal—that was great.

HELEN L. LAMB DEN.

“WHEN ROASTED CRABS HISS IN THE BOWL.”

The sign of the Red Lion, which swung backwards and forwards in the stiff west wind blowing down Half Moon Street, beckoned passersby to drop in and take a cup of sack, or play a hand of cards in the hospitable tavern. Two gentlemen, arm in arm, passed under the sign and entered the large public room. The hubbub of voices lessened as they marched the length of the rush-strewn floor toward the bar, giving a curt smile to a friend here and there at the heavy oaken tables, or cutting a would-be admirer by a scornful glance. Surely they were gentlemen worthy of notice. The drawer of the Red Lion informed the curious lookers-on that the guest in the scarlet doublet with the rapier at his side was Master Richard Burbage, the actor, and that he was accompanied by his friend, Master John Middleton.

Straight to the bar walked the dignified guests where they deigned to stop and address mine host and hostess of the renowned tavern. Master Middleton saluted them by doffing his hat and bowing so low that his black plume swept the floor. The buxom lady curtesied in return, and was soon in a bantering conversation with the guest. On the other hand the actor threw off his cloak and ordered a cup of Malmsey. The host, in a twinkling, had one boy running to the cellar, and another with the discarded garment over his arm hastening to a table in a corner, while he himself, with many smiles and side glances at his guest, escorted Master Burbage to a seat. Master Middleton soon followed with the beaming hostess and seated himself on the bench.

After they had drunk together the host and his wife returned to their station behind the bar. Master Burbage called out to them in leaving: “Keep an eye on the door for a friend; Will Shakespeare hath promised to meet me here.”

Gossip at mention of this name flew around the room. Snatches of it drifted to the table in the corner.

“How didst thou like the ‘Love’s Labor’s Lost’ that was played last week by the Lord Chamberlain’s Men at the Globe?”

"Holofernes did mine heart good, by mine honor, in directing the farce of the 'Nine Worthies' and his fine feast of words. It did remind me of old Master Greene when we were boys in Shrewsbury."

Peals of laughter rang forth over the confusion which resulted when the lovers mistook their mistresses and each poured out his devotion to the wrong lady, and when the love letters were entangled by false delivery.

Meanwhile Master Burbage was also talking to his companion about the new play. "We have presented four plays at Court this Christmas season, and Will Shakespeare hath attained the approval of good Queen Bess. Marry, that he has. In his comedy, 'Love's Labor's Lost,' Will played the part of Biron and his smooth-flowing words and gentle manners attracted the Queen. She laughed heartily when the Nine Worthies were made fools of and her eyes twinkled when the ladies got the better of the king and his train."

"Marry, sir," replied Middleton, "the play doth indeed flatter the Queen. How fond she is of putting off her own admirers!"

"Will is a clever fellow, as you will soon know. I remember the speech when he really appealed to Quess Bess by his taffeta phrases and three-piled hyperboles, which he would forswear if she wished, and return to russet yeas and honest kersey noes, as it were, to win her patronage. Upon mine honor, sir, I saw the Queen tapping approval with her fan."

"Soft, let us see, that little maid of honor of Elizabeth's whom we actors call 'golden Kate' because her hair is so beautiful that she needs neither dye nor wig, by my faith, was she not attentive to your Will?"

"Aye, but the honest fellow paid no heed to her smiles and graces but tended to his lines to please the Queen."

"Is Master Shakespeare wedded or no?" inquired Middleton.

The actor replied, "Married he is. He hath a wife down Avon way whom they say is much older than Will, but Will Shakespeare is noted among his company for a man courteous ever to ladies yet never losing his heart entirely."

While Burbage and Middleton were thus discussing the young actor and playwright, the other tables of the tavern were lively. Amid the clinking of cups, a couple of young gallants on the old black settle by the fire started a song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl;
Then nightly sings the staring owl—

The words were caught up by many a merry voice in the old tavern, for who did not know the songs of the popular "Love's Labor's Lost?"

During this scene, a quiet figure entered the room and made his way to the table in the corner. His eyes gleamed when he heard the song. It was arrested by a shout of welcome from Burbage, usually so reserved and composed. Who was the stranger? No other than Master Will Shakespeare himself. Excitement filled the room and all turned to gaze at the popular actor. The host and hostess beamed on all and filled many a cup to the brim with the sparkling liquid from the cellar. The poet smiled with happiness and gratitude at this reception. He remembered his first appearance in London, his humble task of holding horses for visitors outside the door of the playhouse, later his position as prompter's attendant, and finally his struggle to become an actor. He had not stopped at this, but was ambitious to become a great playwright himself. Tonight he

realized that a bright future might be before him, if he continued faithfully his chosen profession. He nodded gratefully to his little audience and seated himself on the bench beside his friend Burbage. The actors were soon deep in conversation of their own affairs.

Presently, Will's quiet tone was heard: "Faith, Ben Jonson is known to thee, sir? He met me near London Bridge and walked with me toward Bishopsgate, last night. Such a big gruff old fellow as he is, but underneath there is a kindly heart!"

"I hear he hath written some excellent plays, Will," added Master Burbage.

"And I have half promised to speak well of him to our Lord Chamberlain's Men," continued Will. "Marry, he doth wish to join us and write for you."

Will Shakespeare pleaded thus for the playwright and soon won over the impetuous tragedian. They planned a campaign to install Ben Jonson into the good will of the other members of the Lord Chamberlain's company.

"Wilt thou speak a good word for me, friend Will, for a part in 'Sejanus'? Thou knowest my liking for a villain who doth suck blood," joked Master Burbage.

"By my faith, I will," answered Will, "and what sayest thou if I ask for an old man's part?"

"Well, do you so," the tragedian replied. The friends clasped hands and called for a cup of sack from Canary.

"What time o' day?" a dashing youth called to the hostess.

"Day, sayest thou, Master Gibbs," replied the amiable lady, "Prithee, it is night and time young gentlemen should be dreaming of their sweethearts."

One by one, or in small groups, the guests left the room, either to retire to the chambers above, or to go out into the night and tramp their way to their own abodes.

Will Shakespeare bade adieu to various acquaintances on his way out with Master Burbage, who acknowledged farewell by a curt word.

CHRISTINE MACGREGOR.

A BALLAD OF LOST TREASURES.

Tell me now in what hidden places
Shall I find all my lost possessions?
Things of which I have lost all the traces
Because of my own and others transgressions,
Galoshes and sweaters in endless processions
Depart. Whence and whither one can ne'er see,
And of their whereabouts come no confessions.
Where are the treasures which ever do leave me?

Where is my blotter and where my pencil?
Gone from the earth forever I guess.
Soon I shan't have a single utensil,
Nor bloomers, nor middy, nor even a dress;
Of needles and pins the number grows less,
Vanished my fountain pen—where can it be?
The things that remain are a terrible mess.
Where are the treasures which ever do leave me?

Tell me now in what hidden corner
Shall I find the knitting I seek for?
Till it is found I shall still be a mourner
Looking in cupboards, behind every door,
Searching forever; it is the worst bore!
This is the limit, I can't find my trunk key!
I'm looking in places I've looked thrice before.
Where are the treasures which ever do leave me?

E. H. W.

COMMENCEMENT.

HONORS FOR 1917-1918.

UNDERHILL HONORS—

Highest standing in college preparatory course,

MARCELLA CHALKLEY,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Scholarship, individual work, work on "Splinters,"

ESTHER HAYES WATROUS,
Clinton, New York.

Scholarship and influence,

MARY FRANCES OGDEN,
Wenonah, New Jersey.

SCHOLARSHIP HONOR ROLL—

ELIZABETH CARPENTER,
MARCELLA CHALKLEY,
ANNE KEITH,
HANNAH McCONKEY,
CHRISTINE MACGREGOR,
SARAH MEIGS,
MARY FRANCES OGDEN,
MAROE PRATT,

ANNE ROBERTSON,
RUTH SHAFER
MARTHA SHEPPARD,
LUCY STOVER,
ESTHER WATROUS,
HELEN WELD,
ELEANOR WHITTIER,
KATHERINE WILSON.

ATHLETIC AWARDS—

Athletic Medal,

R. H.,

R. H.,

R. H.,

R. H.,

R. H.,

R. H.,

RUTH TRIMBORN.

ANNE KEITH.

ANNE ROBERTSON.

ELIZABETH WHITTIER.

MARGARET HUSSEY.

KATHERINE WILSON.

RUTH TRIMBORN.

Honors in athletics,

HANNAH McCONKEY,
HELEN LAMBDEN,

ELIZABETH SCOTT,
DOROTHY BEELER.

RED CROSS VASE

ANNE KEITH.

THE SENIOR SUPPERS.

With the coming of the Spring term came our Senior parties. Every Friday night at eight o'clock we, the "dignified" Seniors, assembled in the gym with the purpose of getting better acquainted and having some good times. As the first few Friday evenings were cold we celebrated by building a fire in the large, open fireplace. We all sat around that fire and talked of our passing school days and of our plans for the future. About nine o'clock just when we were feeling most hungry, in came the main feature of the evening, the refreshments and oh, how good everything tasted to us hungry Seniors. As different girls had charge of the food every Friday night we took pleasure in choosing something unexpected and we usually kept our plans secret as not knowing what comes next is rather an unusual pleasure here at school. After supper we usually closed up our parties with a few dances and a fond farewell and many thanks to the hostesses of the evening.

On Tuesday, May 28th, we had our Senior dinner which was the event of the year for us. It was a splendid dinner prepared by our exclusive selves. During dinner we were rather quiet and I think we all realized just how much Rogers Hall has meant to us. The rest of the school sang many farewell songs to us and we looked out upon them with pride, mingling with tears and laughter as they strolled away singing, "'Tis hard for you'uns and we'uns old pals—'tis hard for we'uns to part." After dinner we dried our tears and settled down to hear the class poem by Mary Frances which was perfectly splendid. Kay Wilson read us our class history which dated back four years ago when some of us came with hair down our back and big, big ribbons adorning it. The history was touched with humor and brought back many old memories. Esther Watrous read her clever class prophecy and enlightened our minds as to our future. At the close of dinner we pulled down all the shades, locked the doors against the too curious and then the fun began. "How many of us ran around the table?" Oh, we won't tell, that's our secret!

VIRGINIA WILLSON.

MISS PARSONS' DINNER TO SENIORS.

May 30th—

On Thursday evening Miss Parsons gave a dinner party to the graduating class. We were seated at one large table in the schoolroom with Miss Parsons at the head and Miss Mabel Hill as our guest of honor at the other end. We were all rather excited and indeed rather proud, for it was only a short year ago that we had, ourselves, been sitting in the other room—looking with envy at that long table now gay with pink candles, silver cups filled with flowers and surrounded by nineteen very happy Seniors. At each place was a most attractive place card, with sketches drawn by Kay Smith and Isabel Carpenter and verses embarrassingly appropriate made up by Ruth Shafer. During dinner the remainder of the school sang to Miss Parsons, Miss Hill and Seniors, and we returned by singing to the faculty, and by singing our own class song. Between courses we danced. Seniors and under-class girls alike will ever remember that dinner party and it was with a feeling of great regret mingled with pride to be graduates of this school we love, that we sang our Rogers Hall song.

RECITAL.

The recital, on Monday afternoon, by the pupils of Miss Ruggles, Mrs. Parke and Mr. Vieh, was as usual a great success. The rest of us certainly admire the girls who had the courage to pass through the ordeal of playing and singing before the large number of people that filled the gymnasium.

Although we were anxious to see to whom R. H.'s would be given we were sorry when the last number came and we would have been perfectly happy if Ruth Trimborn, our violinist, had played one last piece for us.

At the end of the program Miss Parsons awarded six R. H.'s, the swimming, tennis, baseball and carriage cups and announced

that she would later give a prize to Marjorie Adams, Kava president, who had, on Friday morning spelled down the school.

The two clubs then had their last meeting of the year and elected as presidents,

Ruth Trimborn—for Cae.
Marjorie Adams—for Kava.

RECITAL PROGRAMME.

CHOPIN—Waltz, Op. 70, No. 2,
SINDING—Marche Grotesque,
MARCELLA CHALKLEY.

EDEN—My Dear,
ANNE KEITH.

GODARD—Barcarolle, F Sharp Minor,
POLDINI—Marche Mignonne,
MARGARET BETTS.

PUCCINI—"They Call Me Mimi," from "La Boheme,"
KATHERINE WILSON

BOROWSKI—Adoration,
RUTH TRIMBORN.

CHOPIN—Polonaise, C Sharp Minor,
ANNE KEITH.

EDEN—"What's in the Air To-day,"
MARGARET BETTS.

SCHUTT—Waltz—A la Bien Aimee,
ELEANOR TAYLOR.

SAINT-SAENS—"Printemps qui Commence" from "Samson et Dalila,"

MARY JANE PATTEE.

BIZET—"Habanera" from "Carmen,"

SUSAN MCEVOY.

GREIG—Papillons,

CHOPIN—Waltz, E Minor,

ADELAIDE WALSH.

PADEREWSKI—Menuet, G Major.

RUBINSTEIN—Barcarolle, A Minor,

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

"TWELFTH NIGHT."

"Twelfth Night" is perhaps one of the most popular of all Shakespearean comedies and when it was presented for the benefit of the Rogers Hall Athletic Club for Employed Girls, on June first, the audience witnessed an effective production. We were proud of every girl in it and although rehearsals on warm spring afternoons may have been tiresome the play convinced both spectators and actors that their efforts had been worth while.

Sad experience having shown that outdoor performances are uncertain, the play was in the gym this year, and the classical custom of one setting was attractively followed. The effect was of dull green, with many shrubs and ever-greens about and made an excellent back ground for the action and the unusually artistic costuming.

The people who saw Katherine Wilson last year in the ridiculous role of *Peter* in "Romeo and Juliet" can appreciate her ability as an actress better than those who saw her for the first time as *Viola*, for it is a far cry from the foolish servant to the noble page. She was womanly, graceful and appealing in her interpretation of this much beloved character and she played to a

charmed audience. Salome Johnston as her twin brother *Sebastian* did excellent work and the likeness of their make-ups was a source of admiration to everyone. It was fortunate to have two girls in school of such similar build and size to take these parts.

Olivia, stunning in her black velvet gown and becoming headdress, played a creditable contrast to *Viola*, being as haughty, yet beautiful as one likes to picture her. Dorothy Hunter proved to be one of the strongest actors in the entire cast, in her excellent interpretation of *Orsino, Duke of Illyria*. She showed the various traits of his character well and gave a splendid first appearance in the scene beginning with the famous, "If music be the food of love, play on," in which, as throughout the play, her voice showed a pleasing distinctness and depth.

The shining light of the comedy parts was *Feste*, played by Marjorie Coulthurst. He—or should one say she?—was wise in his clowndom, for to quote his own words "It is better to be a witty fool than a foolish wit." *Feste* had a really noteworthy sprightliness of action, gay abandonment and sauciness which, together with his songs, won for him many admirers. *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew*, played by Marion Willson and Dorothy Beeler, respectively, were excellent make-ups and produced a good deal of boisterous mirth. *Sir Toby* with his buffonery, coarse wit and loud carousals, always succeeded in making a fool of *Sir Andrew*, who posed as a man of wisdom. Faith Shaw made a vivacious *Maria*, and played her trick successfully on the egotistical *Malvolio*, who was amusingly played by Helen Lambden.

The minor parts were creditably taken and in fact much praise is due to the entire cast as well as to Mrs. Corwin. The complete "dramatis personæ" is as follows:

Orsino, Duke of Illyria	Dorothy Hunter
Sebastian, brother to Viola	Salome Johnston
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian	Eloise Tolman
A Sea Captain	Margaret Evans
Valentine	{	Gentlemen attending on	}			Theo McEldowney
Curio	{	the Duke	}			Sonja Borg
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia	Marion Willson

Sir Andrew Aguecheek.	Dorothy Beeler
Malvolio, steward to Olivia	Helen Lambden
Fabian, of Olivia's household	Martha Howell
Feste, a clown, servant to Olivia	Marjorie Coulthurst
Olivia	Janet Stanley
Viola	Katherine Wilson
Maria, Olivia's woman	Faith Shaw
Sailors	{ Bessie Baldwin
	{ Janet Nicholson
Ladies	{ Ruth Trimborn
	{ Isabel Carpenter
Lords	{ Katherine Smith
	{ Helen Fogg
Officer	Sonja Borg
Musician	Ruth Trimborn

Synopsis

Scene: A city in Illyria and the sea coast near it.

Act I, Scene I—The Sea Coast.

II—Olivia's House.

III—The Duke's Palace.

IV—Olivia's House.

V—A Street.

Act II, Scene I—The Sea Coast.

II—Olivia's House.

III—The Duke's Palace.

IV—Olivia's Garden.

Act III, Scene I—Olivia's Garden.

II—A Street.

III—Olivia's Garden.

Act IV, Scene I—Olivia's Garden.

II—The Same.

Act V—Olivia's Garden.

BACCALAUREATE.

It was a rather serious group of girls who occupied the front pews at St. Anne's on Sunday morning, with the rest of Rogers Hall and the faculty behind them, for to us Seniors the fact that we were actually at our own Baccalaureate was enough to cause a tear or two. St. Anne's never seemed dearer to us, we were never sorrier to leave a church than on that June morning, when we went out.

The Rev. Edward S. Drown of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, preached, and perhaps the nicest kind of a compliment was paid him when the father of one of the girls said, "Well, I could have listened to him a while longer." He chose for his text the words, "And an angel appeared unto him and strengthened him." He then made the application to life by saying that the noble desire was not to want the easy path in life, but to want strength to meet and overcome whatever obstacles may arise.

It gave us a very wonderful feeling of intimacy, for he touched upon our leaving our school to face larger things, as if he were our friend and we believe he is, for his strong personality is one that we will like to have in our memory of our Baccalaureate Sunday.

Many of our families came to school for tea that evening, and stayed for our service. To be to-gether for the last time was rather hard, for Sunday nights are such favorite times at Rogers Hall, that we do not like to realize that for us they are over. Mary Frances led, and was dignified and sweet in the way she did it, and Elizabeth McConkey, '16, who was president of the council two years ago, read the lessons. We sang favorite hymns, and it seemed as if the last one was especially appropriate, for our school days were going—and all too fast. It is a pleasant remembrance of the last Sunday, to think of the girls singing,

"Day is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight—through all the sky."

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Never was there a more perfect Commencement day than that on which we of nineteen eighteen became Alumnæ. There was a certain delightful thrill in the atmosphere all day which reached its height as our guests went down the long receiving line, with Miss Parsons, Miss McMillan and Trustees at the head, and then the Seniors, feeling rather dignified but very much excited. When the congratulations and good wishes were over the guests went to the gymnasium and the school formed in marching order outside. We entered to the strains of Mr. Vieh's own march, composed especially for Rogers Hall, and the graduating class, Miss Parsons, Miss McMillan, Professor Hazen and Mr. Grannis occupied the artistically decorated stage. Banks of foliage at the back and sides made an attractive setting for so many white dresses. After the singing of "God of our Fathers" and a prayer for our country at War, Professor Charles Downer Hazen of Columbia University delivered a scholarly address, dealing with the value of literature in life and showing how the present war made a demand for a new interpretation of life and stimulated at least the beginnings of a new literature to satisfy that demand.

It was with much regret that we learned that Mr. Herbert Smith had been detained in Boston, for we were all looking forward to hearing him sing again. Mr. Vieh played to a delighted audience as usual, but to our regret gave no encore.

Mr. Grannis gave the diplomas, after which Anne Frances Keith, president of the Senior class, presented to Miss Parsons an appropriation of seventy-five dollars with which a knitting machine is to be purchased in the autumn, for the use of the Rogers Hall chapter of the American Red Cross. "In the years before the war it was the custom of the graduating classes to give to the school something which should add to its beauty or to the pleasure of the girls in school. * * * We hope the time will soon come when graduating classes may again do this," she said. Then came the real thrill of the evening, the conferring of the Red Cross Efficiency Vase, the Athletic Medal, and the Underhill Honors. A few surprises and a good share of satis-

faction seemed to prevail. Miss Parsons explained to our guests our plans for the summer of organizing a Rogers Hall Athletic Club for Employed Girls, and expressed her hope and our hope that this may prove to be the beginning of something really big and worth while. In speaking of this as being our part in war work she added that we were proud of our service flag with its eleven stars, representing nine girls of whom she told a little, and our former doctor and nurse, both of whom are now in France.

We all sang Katherine Lee Bates' "America the Beautiful" and after the benediction, the Seniors and other recipients of honors were congratulated and even wept over a little. It was all over so soon, our Commencement to which we had looked forward for so long, and the best of it all is that each one of us is going away with the conviction that she has the eighteen finest class mates any girl ever had.

CLASS POEM.

We've come from far and we've come from near
For a purpose that's plain to be seen,
To prepare ourselves for a worldly career—
This jolly class of eighteen.

There are southern talkers
And attractive New Yorkers,
There are girls of renown
From old Boston town,
In this gallant class of eighteen.

'Twas all in the merry month of May
When we met as classmates do,
We said the things that classmates say—
We were Seniors through and through.

We held our elections,
And made our selections,
We fumed and we fussed
As every class must,
We were Seniors through and through.

Anne's won all our hearts, she is so entrancing,
Our president so fine and so true;
She spoke with a smile while at us all glancing,
"Girls, we've a great deal, a great deal to do!"

Make a good time our rule,
Leave a gift to the school;
We must order our rings
And decide a million of things—
"Girls, we've a great deal, a great deal to do!"

We talked of a day not very far away
We felt just like frolicsome lambs
'Till we heard a faint voice quite plaintively say,
"Do you think that we'll pass our exams?"

Oh my, what a blow!
It scared us all so.
But no one, for sooth,
Could discover the truth,
"Do you think we'll pass our exams?"

Round the fire as we sat, we laughed and we sang,
On Friday nights we'll never forget,
The remembrance of them will cause many a pang,
But more, the good suppers then set.

The salads so tasty,
Such nice puffy pastry,
'Twill be a great loss
That chocolate sauce,
But more, the good suppers then set!

The war made us wish we could all do our bit,
We decided to go on a farm,
We would drop all our lessons and make ourselves fit,
And be farmers with grace and much charm.

With rakes and with hoe
To fields we would go,
And was it a sin?
We hoped to grow thin,
And be farmers with grace and much charm.

Duty called us we thought—our desire was so strong;
 At length we propounded the question;
 Our president headed a still, shaking throng,
 What would happen at such a suggestion?

“My dears, ’twould be great
 But just let me state,
 That the war work you’ll do,
 Will be here till school’s through.”

That’s what happened at such a suggestion.

So enlisted right here was the squad of eighteen
 To toil on with our work as before.
 To the school we will give a knitting machine
 As our part towards winning the war.

We did Red Cross for hours,
 And we gave up our flowers;
 We had just a small share
 Though we weren’t “over there”

As our part towards winning the war.

We played tennis and ball, we ran and we swam
 But our duties we never did shirk;
 In our classes they never accused us of sham,
 We couldn’t think of neglecting our work.

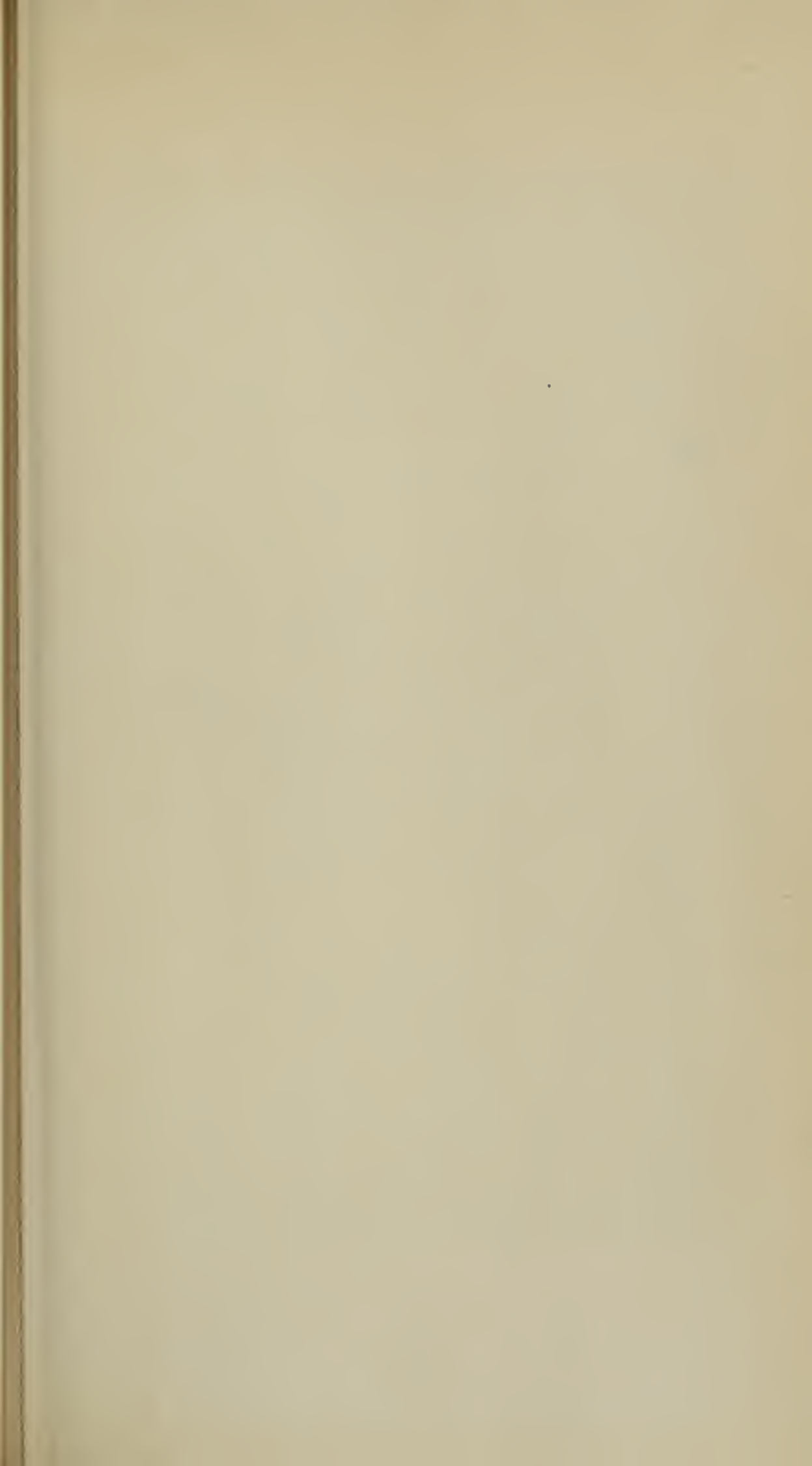
Unprepared? No—oh, no!
 How could one think so!
 We excelled in our Psych
 And Drama alike,

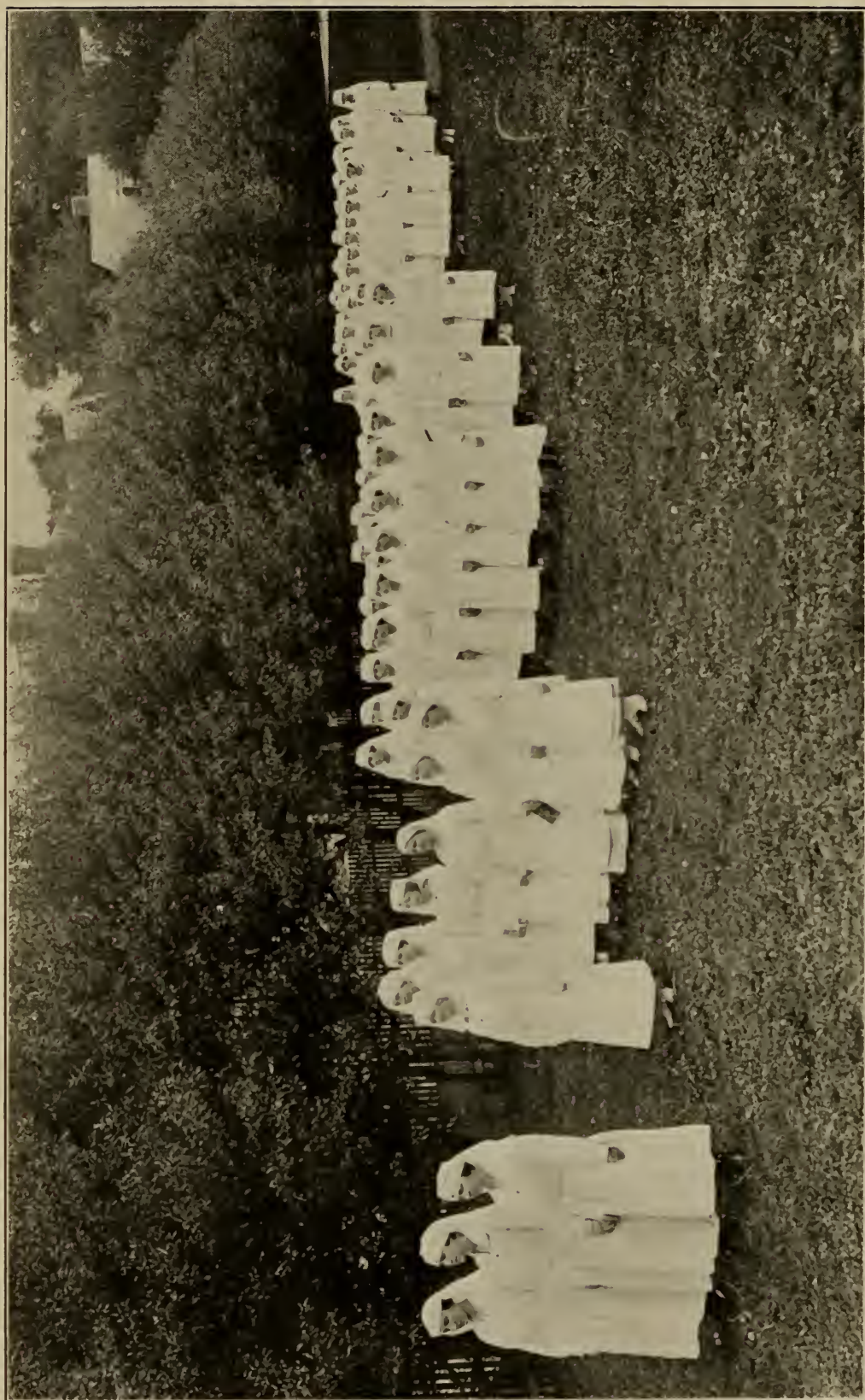
We couldn’t think of neglecting our work.

The days slipped by as old Father Time
 With his scythe passed along by the way.
 And now before ending this ill fashioned rhyme
 I’ve something I’d just like to say:

We owe a great debt
 We haven’t paid yet
 To the spirit of all
 That gave Rogers Hall;

That’s something I’d just like to say.





ROGERS HALL CHAPTER AMERICAN RED CROSS

We know that there'll come a great feeling of sorrow
 On the night when we all graduate,
 And we'll part from each other so soon, on the morrow
 To follow the paths made by Fate.

Our resolves highly set
 Let us never forget—
 But still cleave to ideals,
 That each one of us feels;
 When we follow the paths made by Fate.

So here's to the green and here's to the white,
 To faculty, girls and the rest
 Forever we will love thee and do we tonight
 Rogers Hall you are always the best!

Tho' in many a land
 For you we will stand,
 But while we are here
 Let us all give a cheer:
 Rogers Hall, you are always the best!

MARY FRANCES OGDEN.

SCHOOL NEWS.

April 2—Return from Easter vacation.

April 6—Concert by the Harvard Musical Clubs.

April 8—Lecture by Miss Helen Frazer of the National War
 Savings Committee, London—"Woman's Part in
 War Work."

April 12—Lecture by William Howard Taft—"Our Case Against
 Germany."

Smith Alumnæ vs. Rogers Hall basket ball game.

April 18—Cae vs. Kava volley ball game.

April 19—Celebration of Patriots' Day.

April 20—Exhibition of Swimming by Mr. Marling and Mr. Bradley.

Presentation of the French play, "La Lettre Chargee."

April 24—Lecture by Mr. Glidden.

April 27—Picnic at Robins Hill.

May 4—Picked teams baseball game.

May 7—Field Day.

Lowell Choral Society Concert.

May 11—Photo play of Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany."

May 12—Lecture by Miss Wigen of the Consumers' League.

May 15—Recital by M. Herbert Smith—"Songs of the Soldiers and Sailors."

May 18—Baseball game and track meet at Andover.

Automobile ride and shore dinner at Marblehead.

May 20—Advanced Domestic Science Class picnic.

May 21—Red Cross Parade in Lowell.

May 22, 23, 24—Trips to Camp Devens.

May 25—Cae vs. Kava baseball game.

May 30—Cae vs. Kava swimming meet.

Week of May 27—Cae vs. Kava tennis tournament.

Commencement Events:

May 28—Senior supper in the House.

May 29—Senior trip to Camp Devens.

May 30—Miss Parsons' dinner for the Seniors.

June 1—Presentation of "Twelfth Night."

June 2—Baccalaureate Sunday.

June 3—Musical by the pupils of Miss Ruggles, Mrs. Parke, and Mr. Vieh.

June 3—Commencement Exercises.

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB.

The Harvard Glee Club journeyed to Lowell, April 6th, to give us a concert. After an informal dinner we had much fun dancing and then went to the gym for the concert. There were

three clubs, mandolin, banjo and glee clubs, all fine. They gave us classical music and rag-time, and the glee club sang a football medley which was the favorite of the evening. As we had danced rather long the program had to be cut short but what there was of it certainly was thoroughly enjoyed. Any time Harvard wants to come again I guess we'll let them! MARTHA HOWELL.

April 10th—

Almost every girl in school went down to the First Universalist Church to hear Ex-President William Howard Taft. He spoke about the events leading up to the war and the reasons which led the United States to join the Allies. His talk was very interesting and called forth great enthusiasm, which was added to every once in awhile by his well-known chuckles. It is seldom that a speaker stops before the audience wants him to but I think this time everyone would have been glad to listen to Mr. Taft longer. AMY CURTIS.

April 19th—

The day of our big surgical dressings drive was filled from beginning to end. The first event on the program was the Cae-Kava military drill, a really patriotic performance, in which we rivalled our friends in the service by our marching and maneuvering in the gym. After the judges had decided in favor of the Caes, without waiting to change from our middies and bloomers, we hastened to the schoolroom. There Amy Curtis, Virginia Lucas and Marcelle Barnum read us the story of Patriots' Day from the time of the battles of Concord and Lexington down to the time of Governor Greenhalge who first conceived the idea of celebrating April 19th as Patriots' Day. Betty Akeroyd being unable to be present, Miss Parsons read her account of the big Red Cross meeting in Boston and Ruth Shafer told about the

one here, in Lowell. At the close everyone was urged to buy thrift stamps and we responded so well that the supply ran out and more had to be sent for.

At ten o'clock everyone seized a chair and hurried over to the gym and work was commenced immediately without the slightest commotion as everyone had been told to which division she belonged. Dressings were made steadily, our quota being two hundred complete front line packets. At one everything was dropped for a stand-up luncheon in the schoolroom. Nothing more was done until three o'clock and the time flew by quickly.

We started at it again when the bell rang and tried our best to make the piles of gauze decrease. About five o'clock the Red Cross began selling ice cream cones and you may be sure these went quickly. When our capacity for strawberry and chocolate ice cream cones was exhausted we had our picture taken in aprons and veils on the House steps.

Our afternoon "recess" over with, we returned to the gym to clean up and there was great rejoicing when Miss Harrison announced we had done more than our quota. On the whole we considered Patriots' Day well spent and spent in a truly patriotic way.

MARCELLA CHALKLEY.

April 20th—

A farce entitled "La Lettre Chargee" was given in the gymnasium on the 20th of April. The play was very creditably presented, for the girls knew their parts well and their Parisian accent was all that could be desired. Miss Linthicum deserves a great deal of credit for her capable coaching, to say nothing of her make-ups for Hector was the typical French dude and Fongasson made a good contrast in his breezy Americanism. Hortense kept her lover in suspense and decidedly refused Fongasson, being aided in her schemes by the very "chic" little maid. The cast was composed of

Hortense, jeune veuve	.	.	.	Esther Watrous
Hector du Courvalier	.	.	.	Ruth Shafer
Peter Fongasson, American	.	.	.	Helen Carter
Francine	.	.	.	Salome Johnston

ROBINS HILL.

Saturday morning at eleven a special car drew up in front of school, and we quickly boarded it and started on our yearly picnic to Robins Hill. It was not long before we reached our destination at Chelmsford, and were ready for the climb. We walked up the road for about half a mile, and then turned into a field, and went across lots to the top of the hill. Some of us caught on barbed wire, and fell over stone walls, but that was nothing when we thought of the hot dogs we were to have when we reached the top. Once at the end of our climb, we started to gather wood, and with the kind assistance of Mr. Shaw, and his boy rangers the fire was soon crackling, and the water boiling. Girls armed with rolls covered with mustard, and catsup swarmed about, and finally everybody had received her share, and was off for a comfortable spot to eat in. After finishing, some of us sat around reading, some told stories, while the strenuous ones played baseball at the foot of the hill. When Miss MacFarlane called to us to be leaving we were all sorry, and felt that we had had a very successful day. When we left we felt as though we never wanted to see anything to eat again, but after our hot, dusty walk back we were more than pleased to get ice cream cones at a little country store. The car was waiting for us there, and it was not long before we were back, and in for a good swim in the pool.

ELIZABETH SCOTT.

May 7th—

On the evening of May 7th, the girls taking music went down to the Strand Theatre to hear the Lowell Choral Society sing, "Stabat Mater" and the "Banner of St. George." Mrs. Marie Sundelius, the soprano soloist, delighted her audience with her charming personality and lovely voice. She had still more attraction for Rogers Hall having been a vocal teacher here some years ago. She is now singing with the Metropolitan Opera Company and it was a great treat for us to hear her. Mrs.

Sundelius and Miss Beck, the contralto, sang several beautiful solos during the intermission. The bass, Mr. Gustafson, being in uniform, lent what has now ceased to be unusual military aspect to the occasion. The choruses under the direction of Mr. Hood were sung with great enthusiasm and skill, certainly doing justice to their conductor. MARGARET BETTS.

MARCHING FOR THE RED CROSS.

I am of the opinion that parades are much more interesting to be in than to see—at least, that is the conclusion I reached after marching in the recent Red Cross parade. When it was first proposed that Rogers Hall march in a body, the idea was greeted with shrieks of laughter. The thought of our marching solemnly in aprons and veils and being reviewed by the Mayor seemed ridiculous. But when the evening came there was a pleasant thrill of excitement about it, though not all of us would admit it.

The waiting for the procession to start is always the most tiring part and it was really not bad. There was so much to see, from the Boy Scouts to the canteen workers in their bright blue veils, and so many demands of "Is my veil on straight?" that the time went quickly. Our first start ended in a side street where we could hear the band in the distance and catch glimpses of the floats, but it had given us an idea of what the marching would be like and how different it was from our giggling rehearsals in the Park with only the Moody School children to cheer us on.

Finally, with the Cartridge Company Band ahead of us, we started out, each one of us feeling that the marching reputation of Rogers Hall rested on her own shoulders. The efforts of various small boys to get us confused by crying, "Hi, Lucy, you're out of step!" came to naught for we marched serenely on and paid no attention to the side lines.

I had never before dreamed there were so many children in Lowell; the streets literally swarmed with them. They were of all sorts from dusky little Czechs in red to tow-headed little Swedes

in blue; and all were barefooted. Some of them threw pennies into the Red Cross flag and they were continually darting in and out of the crowd.

It is really remarkable how much easier it is to march to music. I felt that I could cover miles of Lowell's streets with ease as long as I had music to lead me on and, perhaps, a crowd to cheer. For the crowd certainly did cheer as we went by and it made us feel that those long winter days spent in military drill in the gym were really worth while. However I must admit that we had a hard time to keep up with the splendid marching of the teachers, for they moved like a machine and did the most difficult corners as though newly graduated from Camp Devens.

The rows on rows of white made a fine effect in the Park and we were all sorry to go. But those of us who lingered were sorrier afterward when they arrived at the Hall so late that they almost missed out on the punch Miss Bagster had made.

We sat in the dining room, happily sipping the punch or madly fishing for strawberries, while several tuneful spirits sang, "Fritzie Boy" and "Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip," stopping occasionally to exclaim "Wasn't it fun?" and "Did you hear the compliments about the marching?"

Our joy was complete when it was announced that over seven dollars had been thrown in the flag, and if ever Lowell has another parade, you may be sure that Rogers Hall will be there to march.

MARCELLA CHALKLEY.

ATHLETICS.

SWIMMING EXHIBITION BY MR. MARLING.

All we need now is the drowned one in order to show our knowledge of artificial respiration. Who could help feeling learned after the splendid demonstration given us by Mr. Marling and Mr. Bradley of Harvard?

Although Mr. Marling was the one who really did the resuscitating in this exhibition we all feel that Mr. Bradley should receive some praise too—we will say this much—he certainly “played dead” beautifully.

Mr. Marling then gave us an exhibition of the various strokes. He also calmed all our fears about submarines by showing us how he could turn himself into one and be perfectly harmless.

To end the program with a grand finale he did what some thought “the impossible”—undressing in deep water. The whole affair was very beneficial as well as interesting.

SALOME JOHNSTON.

CAE-KAVA VOLLEY BALL GAME.

On Thursday afternoon the bell rang at 2.15, and we all went over to the gym to see the usual Cae-Kava volley ball game. Caes and Kavas sat in the balcony and cheered loudly as the teams came onto the floor. At first it seemed as though Cae was going to win, as the score stood 10 to nothing in their favor, but the Kavas soon crept up and there was wild excitement when the score reached 19 all. Everybody watched closely as the ball went from side to side and finally dropped on the Cae side a victory for Kava, 20-19.

In the second game Kava took the lead in the beginning and held it to the end, winning by a score of 20-15. No third game was played as the Kavas had won two and the championship for the years 1917-1918.

ELIZABETH SCOTT.

SMITH ALUMNÆ-VARSITY BASKET BALL.

A year ago a team of Smith College Alumnæ swamped the school in a most one-sided game of basket ball. This year on April 13th, they won another victory, but it was one that was so close that even the score keeper had to do considerable mathematics before the final score was announced, 44-42 for Smith.

The school team, needless to say, was much stronger than last year; without possessing stars of the type of one or two girls of the last two years it was a well-balanced organization with no conspicuous weak spot. The stars of the game were Anne Keith, captain of the school team, and its jumping center, Helen Lambden.

During the first three-quarters of the game the Rogers Hall team played all around their opponents. The score at the end of the first half being 30-19 in their favor.

Leslie Sawtelle, captain of the Smith team, was plainly playing far below the form she showed last year and the rest of the team were not at all up to their regular standard. Emily Clapp, playing jumping center against the strongest individual of the school team, was the bright and shining light of the college team as she continued to be throughout the game. All during this half the college team had speed enough but in team play were distinctly out played by the Rogers Hall team.

In the latter part of the second half a change occurred, the college girls increased the quickness of their plays. Their passes went better and with the increased smoothness of their game the school team showed signs of nervousness and fatigue and so after one of the prettiest up-hill fights ever seen in the gym, the Smith team won. Next year, better luck.

The line up was as follows:

ROGERS HALL.		SMITH.
Anne Keith, Capt.	Forward	Leslie Sawtelle, Capt.
Hannah McConkey	"	Dorothy Thompson
Helen Lambden	Jumping Center	Emily Clapp
Frances Hartmetz	Center	Isabel Hudnut
Janet Stanley	Guard	Ruth Emerson
Betty Akeroyd	"	Margaret Wood*

*Margaret Wood, R. H., '16, played for Esther Paine who missed her train and Margaret Hussey substituted for Frances Hartmetz in the last quarter.

Score:

Anne Keith . . .	16	Leslie Sawtelle . .	6
Hannah McConkey	18	Dorothy Thompson	16
Helen Lambden .	8	Emily Clapp . .	22
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Rogers Hall . . .	42	Smith Alumnæ . .	44
		FLORENCE L. HARRISON.	

FIELD DAY.

At last Field Day—that day the old girls had talked about since October—had arrived and the new girls were soon to be initiated into its joys.

Right after breakfast the excitement started and for about an hour there was danger of a writer's cramp epidemic for everyone wanted everyone else to sign her program. Soon the neat, white programs resembled—well, resembled all former Rogers Hall Field Day programs.

After short Founder's Day exercises—for that is what Field Day is—a few husky people were seen staggering towards the hockey field with hurdles and jumping poles—and then we began to grow excited all over again.

Then the people began to come and surely there were never so many Rogers Hall babies here together as were at this Field Day. There were so many and they were so adorable that the girls would have been perfectly happy to have played with them all day long, particularly with Julia Burke's little boy who can salute in the most approved way although scarcely more than a baby. The sight of so many Rogers Hall babies gave to Miss Parsons the happy idea of having a real Rogers Hall Baby Party next fall.

Then the events started and from the first event Kava was easily in the lead—but why shouldn't it be with Anne Keith winning five first places and one second? But the Caes had Ruth Trimborm and 15 points were given to Cae by her. In the High Jump Anne Keith jumped 4 ft.-11 in. and would have kept

up for the record (5 ft.-1 in.) if she had not been entered in so many other things. Dorothy Wadleigh in the Junior Hop, Step and Jump came within one foot of the record made by Mink Moses (30 ft.-3 in.) two years ago and also tied with Ruth Trimborn for second place. At noon the score stood 91 for Kava and 53 for Cae. The regular Field Day cup, given by Amy Curtis, was won by Kava and the individual cup went to Anne Keith who had 17 points.

For lunch we had the proverbial lobster salad and strawberry ice cream—and weren't they good! Every one ate until it was impossible to eat another crumb.

At three o'clock the Alumnæ-Varsity game began. With Margaret Wood pitching and Marjorie Wilder catching they beat us 12-6. No one got farther than first base on Margaret's balls and the Alumnæ certainly made some heavy hits.

The line up was:

SCHOOL.		ALUMNÆ.
Eleanor Whidden	P.	Margaret Wood
Elizabeth Whittier	C.	Marjorie Wilder
Elizabeth Scott	1st	Alice Faulkner Hadley
Marjorie Adams	2nd	Dorothea Holland
Dorothy Beeler	3rd	Julia Burke Mahoney
Elizabeth Carpenter	S. S.	Florence Harrison
Dorothy Wadleigh	R. F.	Katherine Nesmith
Helen Lambden	C. F.	Katherine Jennison
Peggy Stover	L. F.	Barbara Brown
Eleanor Whittier	Subs.	Dorothy Johnson Salisbury
Katherine Wilson		

After the game there was swimming and everyone certainly appreciated it.

At the end of the day we were all mighty glad to rest our weary limbs—but oh! hadn't it been worth it! Surely no new girl will ever forget her first Field Day at Rogers Hall.

ISABEL CARPENTER.

BASEBALL GAME.

The Cae-Kava nines met on the Rogers Hall gridiron on Saturday afternoon, May 25th. The Kavas had Eleanor Whidden pitching and Elizabeth Whittier catching. The Caes with Peggy Stover and Ruth Trimborn as a battery were in the field first.

The teams played a five inning game, which although very loosely played was exciting because of its close scoring. Franny Brazer made a wonderful stop at first and Dubba Whittier sent one ball over the fence for a home run. These two plays and the way Eleanor Whidden caught a short hard bunt were the only notable things in the game, which finally ended—a Cae victory, 22-20. After the game we all went swimming and it certainly did feel good.

The line up was:

KAVA.		CAE.
Eleanor Whidden	P.	Peggy Stover
Elizabeth Whittier	C.	Ruth Trimborn
Frances Brazer	1st	Elizabeth Scott
Anne Keith	2nd	Katherine Wilson
Elizabeth Phillips	3rd	Dorothy Beeler
Eleanor Whittier	S. S.	Elizabeth Carpenter
Margaret Hussey	R. F.	Frances Hartmetz
Anne Robertson	C. F.	Helen Lambden
Isabel Carpenter	L. F.	Mary Jane Pattee
Sarah Meigs	Subs.	Geraldine Blackman

S. Meigs played in E. Phillips' place for last two innings.

ISABEL CARPENTER.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

ROGERS HALL ROLL OF HONOR.

GLADYS LAWRENCE, '08,	TRACY L'ENGLE, '11,
ANNE KUTTNER, '11,	FLORENCE NESMITH, '00,
KATHERINE CARR WILSON, '09,	DR. ROBERT JONES,
EILEEN PATTERSON,	School Physician, 1912-1918,
CARLOTTA HEATH, '11,	MARY ETTA FRAZIER,
MARY BILL BEACH, '07,	School Nurse, 1917-1918.
RUTH WORCESTER, '99,	

Notes have been given in previous issues about the first five of our girls who are named in the order of their enlistment. Molly Beach is to assist in the hospital work of the Red Cross for which she has long been preparing in courses in the Boston hospitals. She will be a nurse's aid in connection with the children's bureau working among the refugees. Her address is, Care of Miss Martha Russell, American Red Cross, 4 Place de la Concorde, Paris.

Ruth Worcester has been accepted as a Y. M. C. A. Volunteer Canteen Worker in France, while Florence Nesmith is to join the Canteen Service of the Red Cross.

March 30th, Grace Lambden was married in New Rochelle to Lieutenant Roland V. Vaughn, U. S. A.

April 2nd, Lorena De Vere, '14, was married in Canton, Ohio, to Mr. Kermode Q. Taubman.

May 29th, Alice Billings, '11, was married at her home in Belmont to Lieutenant Theodore Crowinshield Browne of Boston. The wedding was a quiet one and Frances Billings Woodman, '09, was matron of honor.

May 6th, a daughter, Jeannette Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stafford (Kathryn Hopson) in Massena, N. Y.

Ruth Greene, '15, announced her engagement May 10th, to Lieutenant J. Thacher Morris of Troy, N. Y., at a tea given in her honor by Katharine Nesmith, '16. Lieutenant Morris is a 1918 Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute graduate and has also been at Williams.

Alice Baker, '14, announced her engagement, May 16th, to Mr. Richard Kenneth Godwin.

Marian Huffman, '15, had announced her engagement to Donald Miller, who is a brother of Helen's husband. He is in the army and in March was ordered to report to the Officers' Training Camp at Jacksonville, Fla.

The following girls were at school for Field Day, 1918: Harriet Coburn, '95; Julia Stevens, '97; Helen Hill, '99; Bernice Everett, Alice Faulkner Hadley, Florence Harrison, '02; Juliette Huntress Dowse, '04; Polly Farrington Wilder, Isabel Nesmith, '05; Natalie Conant, '08; Sally Hobson, Madge Hockmeyer Parker, Alice McEvoy Goodwin, Helen Nesmith, '10; Julia Burke Mahoney, Marjorie Wadleigh Proctor, '11; Dorathea Howland, Susan McEvoy, '12; Barbara Brown, Ethel Hockmeyer Clark, Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13; Marjorie Wilder, '15; Katherine Jennison, Dorothy Johnson Salisbury, Katharine Nesmith, Margaret Wood, '16; Marcia Bartlett, Esther Cole, '17; and Grace Lambden Vaughn, Harriet Gage Phelps, Dorothy Bramhall Waterhouse.

Our babies were represented by Louie Ellingwood Swan's twin daughters, Bobby Hockmeyer Parker, Anne Hockmeyer Parker, Burke Mahoney, Carol Wadleigh Proctor, Henry (Farrington) Wilder, Jr., Molly McEvoy Goodwin and Clive Hockmeyer, Jr.

Josephine Morse, '07, writes that she is not only bee-keeping but "farmeretting" this spring so that she cannot leave home even for Field Day.

Rosamond Norris, '15, is at Columbia University taking the course for teaching wounded soldiers who have suffered some physical disability in the war.

Marjorie Wilder, '15, graduates from the Boston School of Physical Education this spring. At the annual exhibition of the school she did exceptional work and her dancing made her the centre of the audience's applause.

Hazel Coffin, '16, finds her days filled with her duties as a motor messenger. Twice a week she drives a truck with Red Cross supplies to the docks for shipment to Europe and she frequently has to motor officers to distant points of her district

at the orders of the department. Among her other passengers she drove Ex-President Taft about Philadelphia, when he was making a Red Cross tour and also took some of Pershing's "Blue Devils" sight-seeing. Hazel, on Saturday nights, helps entertain the sailors at the invitation dances given at one of the Philadelphia club-houses by a group of society women.

Marion Kennedy, '10, writes, "I am sending my check for a life membership and think the idea of buying Liberty Bonds with these funds an excellent one. I hope to return to school one of these days as I leave for a motor trip to Boston early in May. I expect to pass through Greenfield and shall look up Eleanor Stevens whom I have not seen for about eight years. If Rogers Hall only had a business course, I should come back to school to take it as my ambition now is to have some government position."

Ruth Chapman Hauck writes, "Indeed I do want a new register of the Rogers Hall Alumnæ Association. I have been moving about so much the past few years that I have not always received my mail. Now I hope to be settled here in Hartford at 333 Washington Street for some time. I like the city very much."

Margaret Brown, '10, writes, "Both my name and address have changed. I am now Mrs. Raymond J. Dalton and my home is 628 Washington St., Annisquam, Mass. After November 1st my address will be 5 Riggs St., Gloucester, Mass."

Elizabeth McConkey, '16, writes, "I just received the notice about life memberships to the Alumnæ Association and am enclosing my check for one and also for a life subscription to SPLINTERS. It is a great satisfaction to know you are paying dues once for all and at the same time are helping the government.

* * * Mary Weiser and I are beginning to get excited about Commencement. We expect to come in the car and it should be a fine trip at this season. The last time we were nearly frozen and had to bother with about a ton of robes. * * * We have been having a pretty good time in between Red Cross and Charity work, in spite of the fact that York is absolutely minus excitement like every other town nowadays. Winifred Miller wrote me that her brother is at Camp in Gettysburg so that we looked him up and he brings some boys down every week end. The pool has a great fascination for them."

From Elizabeth McCalmont, '17, comes this word, "I am in Pittsburg this year studying music and do not find much extra time. I have four lessons a week and sometimes five and in between I work at Red Cross auxiliaries. I'm so anxious to hear all about everything. I wonder how Field Day came out. I'm sure that the Caes must have won this year. * * * I have not fully recovered from my operation yet but expect to have entirely forgotten its effects by July. * * * This spring weather makes me homesick for Rogers Hall, and for the excitement of the play. I suppose K. Wilson is leading lady this year."

In March, Eleanor Goodrich, '17, wrote from Paris, "A steamer came in yesterday and brought your entertaining letter, the first mail I have had since arriving. We sailed sooner than we expected, February 17th, so that we missed some of our steamer letters. We had a very uneventful voyage, not a sign of a submarine and no convoy. The only sign of its being war time was that our ship was battleship grey and at night we were not allowed to open our porthole but had it tightly closed with a tin cover to keep all light in. This made the nights hot and sometimes unbearably stuffy with three of us in one cabin that at its best is none too airy. There was one life-belt drill and we did take the precaution while going through the war zone to have shoes and coat at hand, and the last two nights we kept our clothes on. I wish I could have been up on deck more as there were many interesting people on board such as Dr. Morton Prince, whose book we used in Psychology for reference, Dr. Carrel, Elsie Janis, Madame Giles, an opera singer, all of the Serbian Mission and many different units going over for war work. We reached land at sunset, but as the tide was out we had to wait until the next morning to go up the river to Bordeaux. We were up very early and so were Mother and Father who had come from Paris to meet us and by a special pass were able to come on board. We had to go through a lot of red tape and pass before many officials who scrutinized our passports. It was an all day journey to Paris the next morning but the country was so lovely and green and foreign looking that we enjoyed it. We passed by several famous chateaux which we had studied about in Art History and it was queer to be actually seeing them. We reached

Paris at nine to find it dark and spooky with here and there only a dim street light. All the glass of the lamps has been covered with a blueish paint to darken it and the effect is weird. The sculptures on the Arc de Triomphe and many famous monuments are entirely covered with sand bags and as one drives along there are signs reading, 'Abri 50 places' meaning shelter in case of an air raid for that number of persons. We have had no excitement of this kind as they come only on clear nights and it has been cloudy so far, but we see French planes flying over us daily, with a sound like huge bumble bees. * * * We get no butter at our hotel unless we buy it ourselves and only one lump of sugar with our coffee at breakfast. Our afternoon tea is sweetless, unless we use honey which is very expensive. We are allowed two pieces of bread a person for each meal and it is of course war bread but not at all bad. * * * At first it seemed very queer to be in Paris again as if we were walking in a dream for everything seemed so familiar and yet strange. We felt as though we should be little girls again, going to school and music lessons, instead of starting for Red Cross auxiliaries. * * * We were visited by the Germans last night so that I can't seal my letter without telling you about our experience. Father and Mother were busy so that Miss Marion took Mary and me to the movies since it was a comparatively dark night, a few stars and no moon. Wasn't it provoking that the first night we should venture out there should be an air raid for now Mother will not let us leave home at night. We had been at the movies barely fifteen minutes and were enjoying a great picture, Victor Hugo's 'Travailleurs de la Mer' when the lights were flashed on and a notice put on the screen that the air raid alarm had just sounded. We were near the door and were soon heading for the nearest subway station for shelter when we saw a near-by abri sign. About forty other people joined us and the janitor distributed small lamps, leading us down to the second cellar where we stayed for three hours. There was no place to sit but on cold stone steps and we had to take turns as so many grew tired with standing. There were women with tiny babies, larger children, and even a dog which one woman had rescued in her arms. It was interesting to talk to these people who were of a rather poor class and they

were all so interested to learn that we had come from America. We could hear an occasional thud, either a bomb or a gun being fired in defense. Finally, after midnight, we were told that we could come out and we heard, as we emerged, the joyful bugle sounds which announced the air raid was over. They fairly gave us thrills of joy down our backs. We had rather a hard time finding our way back to the hotel as all street lights had been put out so that we had only star-light. We found Mother nearly prostrate, she had been so worried about us. Father had walked home during the raid when things seemed calm. For my part I fully enjoyed the experience though I don't care to go through it often. It is awful of course to think of people being killed, this time only nine, and thirty-one injured. One apartment house was completely destroyed but the people in the cellar were not hurt and escaped by a passageway to the next house. It pays to go in the cellar evidently."

We have another war letter from Miss Frazier, our former school nurse, which she wrote to Miss Parsons the middle of April: "The copy of SPLINTERS which came to-day quite took me back to school again and it did seem good to read what the girls were doing. I often think of the school and wonder if I shall see any of my First Aid Class over here. * * * I am on night duty now and my boys are mostly the gassed cases. The Germans are using a new kind of mustard gas which burns very badly. Some of the boys are quite blind while others are beginning to see a little. The nursing of these cases is very hard for they require lots of treatment. I am slightly gassed myself as we inhale it from their clothing when they are brought in, for the gas clings to the clothes for a long time so that we have to give a special fumigation. * * * I have a little stove here but the fire has a habit of going out once or twice a night. When it does get well started, the chimney falls down! We are in huts now instead of tents which is a welcome change. The tents were very low so that you were hitting your head all the time and the rain just poured in, not to mention the rats! We have a small million of them here, not a bit afraid of you; when you turn around there sits one looking at you. The huts are nice though, cleaner, more airy and with more room. Mine has forty bed_s

so that I am kept pretty busy all the time. * * * Fritz is keeping things very lively now; he visited us the other night and left a few bombs as souvenirs. We can see the fire from the guns at night and hear them plainly. I am glad that the girls are making surgical dressings since you have no idea how many we use. We have some terrible wounds which require lots of dressing and frequent changing. Even the slight wounds have to be dressed so that we never can have too many dressings and bandages. The knitted caps or helmets are very useful over here. Every boy who leaves the hospital gets one, also a sweater, while recently we have had a supply of scarfs to distribute. Those comfort bags that the girls made are also very useful for each boy has one to keep his little personal belongings in. Once in a while we run short and make a few ourselves out of any materials that we can find. The boys are all grateful and write to me after they leave to tell me how they are getting on. We keep them here only till such time as they are fit to travel, then send them back to other hospitals. We have two American hospitals near us, also an Australian and an Indian. * * * The weather is beautiful now except for the cold and dampness. It almost always rains some part of the day or night but the afternoons are nice with the grass green and flowers blooming. At night it is very cold so that I almost sit on top of my stove to get warm. I wear all my heavy clothes besides a sweater and coat. In our sleeping rooms we each have a small oil stove, which usually smokes, but the beds are comfortable with plenty of blankets. The food, what we get of it, is very good but they see to it that we are not overfed. Tell Miss Linthicum if she comes over to bring her own coffee as she will not get much here and that little inferior. I wish more of the girls and teachers would write to me as letters are so welcome. I am too busy to write much myself and the light at night is very poor as all lamps must be dimmed on account of air raids, while I have to sleep during the day." Here is Miss M. E. Frazier's address, No. 10 General Hospital, B. E. F., France.

Irma Richardson, '17, has received a position in the Credit Department in the office of one of the large drug firms in Worcester. "Without any previous office experience I have been allowed to

step into a very satisfactory position. My duties are chiefly clerical but also include odd bits of work for every department. At present I am learning to manipulate the new book-keeping machines."

Mary Kelly, '17, has been chosen to sing in the "Carmen Saeculare" which will be given at Smith College the evening before the inauguration of President Neilson.

Rachel Brown, '16, writes, "I am teaching in a kindergarten in Plymouth which has been started for the children of those who work in the cordage plants, a part of our welfare work. I am enjoying the work ever so much and have some of the loveliest youngsters even if they are slightly dirty. Besides this, I am busy with Red Cross work for recently we filled a government order of seventeen hundred field emergency kits in four days."

Hilda Morse, '16, expects to be working with the Red Cross in Fitchburg this summer. On Field Day at the Pine Manor School she was in the Indian clubs exhibition and played on the hockey and tennis teams.

Doris Jones, '17, made a round of visits in the East as she stayed with Almeda Herman, '17, Margaret Wood, '16, and Mary Weiser, '16, besides a visit at school over the nineteenth of April.

Marjorie Stover is to graduate from Westover School this May.

Ethel Clark Hoch, '03, recently sent to Miss Parsons a most attractive photograph of her two small daughters, Martha Louise, who is six and Barbara who is three.

Cornelia Cooke, '08, came back to school for a brief visit in May before starting for Oregon. In Syracuse she planned to stop and visit Joanna Carr Swain.

Elouise Bixby, '16, helped in the sale of the Third Liberty Loan bonds in Haverhill and reported a successful drive.

Mary Kellogg, '00, has been in New York all winter rehearsing her play which has been given by the "Workshop" players. The play is adapted from H. W. Dwight's story, "In the Pasha's Garden." Mary has also worked out a scheme for a certain sort of war propaganda and written a play with this idea which is to be produced at the different cantonments during the summer.

Grace Lambden Vaughn is living this spring at Cliff House, Winthrop Highlands, Mass., so as to be near her husband who is stationed at Fort Heath.

Polly Piper, '15, writes from Columbia on her typewriter to show the progress she is making in her new accomplishment. "New York is not an ideal place in which to watch the coming of spring, and there will be no lilacs on the campus, still from my window at this moment, I can watch the (unapproachable) boy students drill, and later I can walk along the Drive and see the beautiful battleships out on the river, all of which help one to feel spring-like though in a big city sans tennis courts, swimming pool and suppers on the porch."

Ellen Lombard, '14, in June announced her engagement to Lieutenant Edward Gilmore Shepherd, U. S. A.

Kathrine Kidder, '14, has spent a busy winter with food conservation and Red Cross work. She has charge of cutting the gauze and in April took the surgical dressings course at the Boston Headquarters. While in town she lunched with Agnes Kile Gleason, '14, and spent a couple of days with Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13. In May she and Ruth Newton went out to Minneapolis to visit Doris Newton Macdonald and to take charge of small Natalie when her small brother, Malcolm Macdonald, Jr. was born, May 23rd.

Ethel Stark, '14, writes that Anita Graf Kasten is the proud mother of a small son. Ethel has belonged to a club in Milwaukee that devotes at least two days a week to Red Cross work besides having adopted a French orphan and collecting newspapers and magazines. During the Liberty Loan Drive the club sold four thousand dollars worth of bonds.

A letter came recently from Gladys Lawrence, '08, in which she thanks the old girls who sent her the phonograph records in response to her appeal at Reunion in the fall. Her boys in the hospital have played them constantly. Gladys has been at the front twice in casualty clearing stations and both times they were shelled out since it was the time of the March drive. The noise of the cannonading was terrific, beyond anything in Gladys' previous experience. Palm Sunday she visited Amiens Cathedral.

Katherine Carr Wilson, '09, writes from Paris, "I had a Rogers Hall gossip with Eleanor and Mary Goodrich at the American Church on Easter Sunday, not that it seemed much like Easter with the big drive on and two shots from the long-distance cannon during the day. * * * Recently had an interesting walk with Gladys Harrison from St. Cloud to Versailles when we stumbled on a football game and spent the afternoon on the side lines. The color effect of the boys in bright sweaters against a background of white plum trees in blossom was wonderful. The flowers are so beautiful and the lilacs even rival those of the R. H. bushes."

On Monday, June 17th, at Brunswick, Me., Sarah Lewis Baxter, '10, was married to Miles Erskine Langley, Lieutenant 151st Field Artillery.

Harriet Gage Phelps has a son born in May.

Brunhilde Patitz Klaff, whose husband is now in active service "Somewhere in France" visited Rogers Hall on her way home from New York.

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DECEMBER, 1918.

No. 1

EDITORIAL.

Like all the rest of this country, we girls at Rogers Hall have been tremendously interested in the "Big Seven" campaign and have done all in our power to further its interests.

Ever since we have been old enough to understand, we have been taught that sacrifice, especially the sacrifice of life for another as for an ideal, is the closest to perfect love and therefore to God which this earth knows. And through the ages have been handed down to us the stories of immortal heroes to the list of which have been added but lately the tales of heroism of the boys of Belgium, France, England, Italy and more recently still our own stalwart American youths, who leaving home and all they held dear three thousand miles behind, crossed the ocean to a strange land to fight for an ideal. These men and boys, with all life before them, have willed to forego its promised pleasures rather than to live in a world where unworthy ideals held sway. They have made of their bodies a living wall to protect their fatherland from the ruthless destruction of a Teutonic invasion; they have made of their souls a flaming wall of glory to protect the ideals of Democracy and Humanity from the opposing ideals of "the divine right of Kings" and "Might makes right."

We here in the comfort and integrity of our free land bought by their sacrifices, have small opportunity to prove ourselves worthy of our heroic boys. But we have endeavored to express in an inadequate but our only possible way, our appreciation of that sacrifice by giving a little of our much to obtain for them some pleasure and recreation for the long hours when time drags and home seems far away.

The committee for the campaign at school, received their inspiration to "carry on and make a joyful sacrifice, even as our smiling boys do," at the convention of New England schools and colleges in Boston, November 3d. At the meeting held here soon afterward, some of that inspiration was infused into the girls to strengthen their already great enthusiasm. So by giving up some of the little luxuries we crave, by doing necessary little services for each other at a small charge, and by an auction of the posters used to advertise the drive, we have succeeded in making a 50 per cent. over subscription, and every girl, teacher and employee in school contributed to our \$1,500.

I wonder just how many people, both in school and out, know what an exceptional record Rogers Hall had during the recent influenza epidemic, when Lowell suffered from illness and a loss of citizens in a way that has never been equalled in the history of the city? We at school escaped with only a few colds and not one case of real influenza. Wonderful, you say! Of course it was and we all should be proud of that record, for as far as we know it is the best for any private school in New England.

I think Miss Parsons has reason to be proud too, of the way we kept our quarantine—for it was hard. During the two long weeks—when no day scholars came; when no teachers from Lowell or Boston were here; when we were sprayed every morning at ten minutes after eight—we had to fall back for amusement on our own resources. But they were there—these resources—as each Saturday night's entertainment that you will read about in School News will prove.

Rogers Hall has established a record and if during the year the conditions are trying or if the demands made upon us are exacting we have every reason to believe that our first record will be lived up to and kept. However, we hope that one "baptism of fire" is sufficient to prove to the world just what is the true spirit of Rogers Hall.

ROGERS HALL CLUB FOR EMPLOYED GIRLS.

Even though there are several thousand working girls in Lowell, there never has been a community recreation center for them until this past summer. Through the kindness of Miss Parsons and the Trustees, the Rogers Hall gymnasium and grounds were opened during the summer months to the working girls of this city. The undertaking was a great success and under the capable management of Miss Harrison many girls were able to enjoy the privileges offered them.

A good game of tennis followed by a swim was a pleasure which hitherto many of the girls had been unable to enjoy. On account of the large number of members, each person was assigned to a certain night and these evenings were considered "red letter nights" and were eagerly looked forward to. On several Saturday evenings there were special entertainments which were greatly appreciated. Many old Rogers Hall girls came back and assisted, among them K. Jennison who gave practically all her time to the swimming classes.

Due to the enthusiasm aroused this summer, a club for the Industrial War Service Workers has been started in Lowell. May it be as popular and successful as the Rogers Hall Girls' Club was during the past summer!

BETTY AKEROYD.

TO MISS PARSONS.

When Father Time's old whirligig
Had brought vacation here,
The whole world found its plans upset
Because of German fear.
The sea was filled with submarines,
The trains had raised their fare,
And all the plans of summer time
Were dropped in real despair.
Then Herbert W. Hoover came
With posters bright and gay
To urge, "Don't waste your time this year,
Make food! Don't go away!
Plant vegetables in your yard,
Can every bit you can,
Or help the Red Cross work along,
To aid your Uncle Sam.'"
Of course we wanted all to help,
Though young girls we might be,
And we have tried to do our bit,
And yet it seems to me,
That if Miss Parsons had not helped
By offering Rogers Hall,
We might have found it rather hard
To heed our country's call.
And for her many gracious acts
We hold her in esteem,
And simply love her swimming pool,
So safe from submarine.

E. MACB.

September 2, 1918.

This poem was written and sent to Miss Parsons by one of the younger girls who spent many days at Rogers Hall this summer.

YARNS.

The sun was sinking and darkness fast approaching as I rode slowly up through the large barn and enormous corrals to the ranch house. It was round-up time and the place was deserted except for a few lame horses and sick cows. As far as one could see, land covered with short brown grass stretched out to meet the horizon. A big north wind had blown up and the air was chilly. I was glad to turn my horse loose and hurry into the house. There the big black cook was waiting with a hot meal for me.

I was tired from my long day on the range and lonely from my solitary ride home. In turn, the cook had spent the day alone and was pleased when I asked him to tell a little yarn or some of his experiences. I sat watching as he fixed his old pipe, pulled a chair up by the fire, and, settling himself comfortably, began in his lazy, Southern drawl.

“This ain’t goin’ to be no story, miss, just a few tales about this here ranch of your Dad’s. The Panhandle ain’t what it was once when I first come out here cookin’ for the boys. Why this part was about as full of snaky crooks and thieves and gamblers as any spot ever gits. Seems like when they couldn’t stand a man no longer in some place they’d send him this a-way. This here ranch was a likely place, so fer from any town, and they all know’d it. Remember that cave down in the draw? That was chuck full of a bunch of cut-throats like God never made. There sure is a bunch of bones and rattle-snakes there now. That’s the reason the boss wouldn’t never let you go in there. I done carried many a Northerner, out here to see this country, to that same old hole.

“There was a young fella from back yonder, you all calls it the East, brung his bride out here to live. Well, it wasn’t as excitin’ as it might be and he got thinkin’ too much about cattle. ’Twasn’t long ’fore she strung herself up.”

I shivered a little at the thought. Noticing my movement he chuckled good-naturedly.

“Well, it was a little hard on the husband. Whenever he seen real bright moonlight a-comin’ in at her window after that he’d get kind o’ restless.”

The door opened suddenly and a crowd of hungry, cold, but happy cowboys piled noisily into the room followed by my father. It was a relief, for the house had gotten pretty quiet and I was picturing the scene a little too vividly for my peace of mind.

Many times since, watching the clear, white moonlight shining in the windows across the same room, I have wondered about the end of that story.

MARGARET STUBBS.

SATURDAY MORNING STUDY HOUR.

It is Saturday morning Study Hour. The schoolroom is partly filled with quiet, industrious girls, who are either repenting their sins committed in the schoolroom during the past week, or who are “below” in their studies and are determined it shall never happen again.

It is interesting to watch the different expressions and movements of the girls as they try to master the thoughts of great poets or the fate which befell some unhappy nation. Some are staring wildly at the ceiling, pen halfway down their throats, hands desperately clutched in the hair which is half down by this time. These are without doubt writing their daily theme. Others are less tragic. Feet are under the chair ahead, a book tranquilly reposes upside down on the desk, while eyes with a vacant, faraway expression finally wander to the hockey field, there to remain.

“Fritzie, are you writing letters or studying?” Everyone falls to earth again. You have really forgotten that the seat at the teacher’s desk is occupied.

“Er—well, ah—writing letters.” The writing paper disappears and a school book magically seems to come out of nowhere.

Ten more minutes before Study Hour is over. You study intently the back of the girl ahead of you, then the Red Cross plea for help, the Hallowe'en poster inviting all to a party in the gymnasium for the small sum of thirty-five cents.

The bell rings, all open their desks, and books, papers and pencils are out of sight. Another bell. Saturday morning Study Hour is over.

ELIZABETH HAYES.

“MISSING?”

The Evening Bulletin.

Montreal.

September 1, 1917.

Missing in Action—August 28th.

Lippitt, Keith. Lieut. Royal Flying Corps.

Mrs. Clark Lippitt, Montreal, Canada.

1025 St. Francis Street,

Montreal, September 1, 1917.

Dear Mother Lippitt,

What a period of suspense you are going through! I cannot bear to think of my own sorrow, which cannot be compared with yours, though I love him as no one but his mother could. After what you said last night, I'm going to be very brave and to hope for the best.

You know that I have been a member of the Red Cross Motor Corps for some time. Well, I have absolutely decided to go to France as an ambulance driver. I have wanted to do my bit “over there” for a long time. All my papers will be ready in a day or so. I have got to be prepared to start on an hour's notice, so I won't be able to see you before I go. As soon as I reach France I will send you my address. With sympathy to you and father Lippitt, I remain,

Lovingly yours,

Priscilla.

25 King George Street,
Westmount, Montreal, Sept. 2, 1917.

My dear Madame Saunier,

The bearer of this note is Miss Priscilla Northcliff, my son's fiancée, of whom I spoke when I saw you in the summer of 1913. I know that you have many tastes in common, and hope that you may be good friends for my sake.

Most sincerely yours,
Elizabeth Ann Lippitt.

3 Rue de la Seine,
Paris, October 15, 1917.

My dear Miss Priscilla,

I hope you have been well since I saw you last at my house. I am giving a very informal dinner to which I would like to invite you. I have also invited several officers of the Medical Department, among whom is Captain Garbot. My husband and I have become very attached to him, so do come and meet him. The date of the dinner is Friday evening, October twenty-second, at eight o'clock. I will send my car for you at seven-thirty.

Sincerely,
Edith Wood Saunier.

Hotel Paris,
Paris, October 25, 1917.

Captain Louis Garbot,
Medical Department Headquarters,
5 Rue des Italiens,
Paris.

Dear Sir:—

I am taking the liberty of writing to you to ask a favor. I should like very much to be transferred to some hospital nearer the firing line. Because of your authority in the Medical Department, I thought you might be able to assist me. Hoping I am not asking too much, I remain,

Respectfully,
Priscilla Northcliff.

Hospital No. 25,
Somewhere in France,
Nov. 2, 1917.

Dear Madame Saunier:—

I am very sorry that I cannot accept your very kind invitation for Thanksgiving, but I am very busy now, preparing for the big drive which we imagine will start about Nov. 25th. I shall not be able to get a furlough till January, and perhaps not then.

My present work is more to my liking, and I am indebted to Capt. Garbot for my transfer. He comes often to the hospital where he spends hours with wounded aviators.

Thanking you for your very kind invitation, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Priscilla Northcliff.

Hospital No. 25,
Somewhere in France,
Nov. 27, 1917.

Dear Madame Saunier:—

Something very miraculous has happened since I wrote you last. As you are my dearest friend on this side of the Atlantic, I am writing to tell you, even before I write home, I feel as though I were in a dream.

Yesterday, Nov. 26th, was the day of the big drive that everyone has been expecting. I worked all day carrying wounded in my ambulance from the hospital train to the hospital to which I was returning on my last trip. It was about six o'clock. Suddenly as I rounded a curve in the road, I saw a huge shell-hole yawning before me. I put on the brakes so hard, that the car stopped with a jerk. Then I heard a man moan. I went to my ambulance to find that the dressing on a wounded man's head had been loosened by the sudden stop of the car.

When men are wounded, they all look alike. Quickly I bent over him to tighten the bandage. Gradually several lines of hand-writing began to appear on his forehead. By close examination, I discovered that streams of antiseptic were trickling down his forehead upon which the purple writing was now

distinct. I realized that I must do something quickly. So with trembling fingers I copied these words in my note-book, "The woodpecker lives in the trunks of chestnut trees." As I finished the last word, my eye caught sight of a ring upon the man's finger. Where had I seen it before? It had been on Capt. Garbot's hand, at your dinner-party in Paris. The man was no other than Capt. Garbot.

I wondered afterwards how I ever got to the hospital, but did, delivering my wounded to the orderlies. I stumbled up the stairs to my room. There with the shutters closed, by the light of a tiny candle, I studied the strange sentence. Calling to mind what I had learned before leaving home, I set to work to decipher the message. After two hours of study, I finally formed this sentence, "The aviator is prisoner in a dugout in the chestnut forest."

I started out to find the dugout at eleven o'clock. The sky was clouded, so I took my flash-light together with my emergency kit. I followed the main road to a crossroad down which I walked a very short distance. At this point the trees on both sides of me were chestnut, so I plunged into the pitchy darkness. Twigs snapped, but I didn't mind them. There was no path, so I crept deeper and deeper into the wood, till I saw several fallen trees ahead of me. Going nearer I saw an opening through which I crawled. I found myself on the first step of a steep flight of stairs. At the bottom a small passage lead to a dark room. I flashed my light into it. In the circle of light a man lay upon the floor, bound with rope. Very cautiously I stepped nearer. He was unconscious, as I bent over his pale emaciated face, I started with fright. I looked again. Yes, I saw the face of Keith Lippitt, my fiancé. Quickly pouring some brandy between his lips, and cutting the ropes, strand by strand, with some scissors from my kit, I waited.

Slowly he opened his eyes, looked at me for a moment, and then said, "Is it really you, Priscilla?"

After making him rest, I half carried him out of the woods to the main road, where I stopped a belated ambulance which bore us both to the hospital. It was two o'clock when I left

the head surgeon's office where I had been telling of my adventure. Keith is slowly gaining strength.

Hoping to see you soon, I am sincerely yours,

Priscilla Northcliff.

Hospital No. 25,
Somewhere in France,
Nov. 30, 1917.

To Horace Abbott,
Colonel Commanding 3rd Div.,
Royal Flying Corps,
Paris Headquarters.

Report of week of Nov. 20th—27th.

While testing out a one-seated plane equipped with a new invention, Keith Lippitt, Lieut., lost his way, and went into enemy territory. The anti-aircraft guns compelled him to land. He found himself back of the German front-line trenches, so he immediately set fire to the machine, in order to prevent the invention from falling into enemy possession. This he hardly accomplished when some Germans took him prisoner. At headquarters he gave no satisfaction to the officials who knew of the existence of such an invention, through Capt. Garbot. They took their prisoner to a dugout in a wood. There they left him bound and without food for a week, at the end of which he was rescued and taken to Hospital No. 25.

Submitted by,

Keith Lippitt, Lieut.,
3rd Div. Royal Flying Corps.

Paris Headquarters,
3rd Div. Royal Flying Corps.,
December 15, 1917.

To Keith Lippitt, Lieut., 3rd Div.,
Royal Flying Corps.,
Hospital No. 25.

Your brave act has reached the notice of His Majesty, King George V. He has recommended you for the Distinguished Service Order. You are granted a six months' furlough beginning Jan. 1st.

Signed,

Horace Abbott,
Col. Commanding 3rd Div.,
Royal Flying Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark L. Northcliff
announce the marriage
of their daughter
Priscilla
to
Lieutenant Keith Lippitt
Royal Flying Corps
On Wednesday, April Third
Nineteen hundred and eighteen
At the Church of St. Ann
Montreal

FAITH S. HARRINGTON.

"GRAPEFRUIT."

It's a complicating matter to eat grapefruit
When a juicy one is set before your plate,
For it looks so very tempting and so harmless,
But you'll see that you have quite misjudged its rate.

You take your knife and start in on the seedlings,
Alas, there's where you'll meet your Waterloo!
In wild dismay you dig till you're exhausted,
But you give it up, it is too much for you!

And when you've finished sprinkling it with sugar,
You start on a delicious looking bite,
And suddenly your eye feels rather funny,
For the juice is quite annoying to the sight.

You'll wish that you had brought along a gas-mask,
And you put your handkerchief up to your eye—
And while you eat, you keep a furtive look-out
So no one else can "squirt" you on the sly.

ANGELINE P. RUSH.

"A POILU"

Down a little country road, flanked by French fields, came a young poilu. The crisp November air filled his lungs and made his step light, almost jaunty, even though he limped. He whistled gayly as he wended his way over the narrow, uneven road, and he seemed not to feel the heavy pack that was strapped to his shoulders.

The war was over, and he was going back to his home and his dear ones! He had been discharged from the hospital a week before and still remembered the joyous celebration they had had when the wonderful news had come to them. He knew that he should never forget the tears that flowed down the haggard faces of the men who had endured so much for their beloved France. But that was all passed now, and the glorious future was before him. He thought of his mother as he had last seen her—gray, wrinkled, and sad, and though she had tried to keep back her tears when they had parted, he had seen, and it had been hard for him to control the sobs which had risen in his throat. She had sacrificed so much! He glanced toward the west and shook his head sadly, as he gazed at the purple hills. Somewhere beyond those forests and fields, were the graves of his two brothers, brave boys, who had given up their lives for the cause they loved and who had been buried a year ago. Then he remembered his sweet little sister Marie, just seventeen, three years ago, with gay, sparkling eyes, and a witty tongue. She had been, without a doubt, the belle of the village. "Now," thought he, "will the sparkle have gone from those eyes? Is she already old?"

There was no use worrying about those things—all a part of the war. He quickened his pace and commenced to sing bits of songs that had been popular in the trenches.

Suddenly he ceased singing, and a cloud passed over his boyish face. There was Henriette—how could he have forgotten her! She had been his sweetheart and he had had no word from

her for six months. Of course he had been moved from place to place and there was a chance that she had written and the letter had been lost, still—the thought did not make him feel quite happy, so he trudged along in silence.

About noon, as he rounded a curve in the road, he saw the smoke curling above a little village—his home. It had been such a picturesque place before war had come to devastate its happy homes and bring sorrow to the people.

When he came nearer, he could not control the wave of sadness that came over him. There were no laughing children playing in the streets; no kindly-faced old women stopping for a chat with a neighbor on their way to market; there were no bright-eyed, pink-cheeked, young girls strolling with strong stalwart young men. Dieu! What had happened? He looked about him. The houses were roofless and patched with old pieces of carpeting to keep out the frosty cold. He wandered still farther. All around him were the same broken-down little houses that had once been so gay with flower gardens, and snowy-curtained windows. Then he stopped—What was this he saw? This tumbled-down shack which had once been the place he called home! Surely that ragged, shabby old woman whose bent shoulders seemed to carry the burdens of the whole world upon them, was not his mother! Still another figure came out of the doorway. A middle-aged woman whose appearance was pathetic in its hopelessness. This could not be his sister? His little Marie? Ah no! Le Bon Dieu could never let this happen!

And yet, as he drew closer, he realized that before him were his own mother and sister—but oh how changed! They were moving toward him now, but they did not see him until he stepped in front of them. Then they fell upon him, laughing and crying.

“Ah, Pierre! mon enfant, mon petit fils! you have come back to us!”

They led him into the little home and for a while, the sadness left them. Finally Pierre said,

“Mais nos amis—what has become of them? I do not see them in the streets.”

His sister answered. "They are attending the church, mon frere, to offer prayer to the Bon Dieu who has stopped this horrible war. They have been there since early this morning."

"But our peaceful little village! When did this happen?"

"Two months ago, mon frere, we were asleep in our beds when the boche dropped his bombs upon us. I do not know how we escaped death—mother and I,—but our home—it is all destroyed."

They had many questions to ask Pierre, and he answered them dutifully, but all the while, there was one thing which was troubling him. Finally he turned to his mother.

"What has become of my little Henriette, ma mere? I have not heard of her."

The old woman's face fell as she answered, "Mon fils, I do not know. Several months ago it was—when she left us. She said that she was tired of being idle and that she must find some occupation. We have not heard from her since."

Pierre listened sadly. Then he said in a gayer tone, "That is sad! But come! La guerre est fini! Let us join our friends at the church."

The next few days were happy ones for Pierre. Brother poilus, who had also been discharged from hospitals began to arrive and there was great rejoicing and celebrating.

Late one afternoon, as Pierre was limping home, he heard someone call to him. Turning, he faced an acquaintance of former days, one Jean Renoux, whom he disliked. He saw no reason why he should be discourteous, so they walked on together. They talked of the war and of their friends. Suddenly, Jean said sneeringly, "Your fiancée Henriette, I hear that she has left. Where is she?"

"I have not heard," responded Pierre.

"Ah," said Jean winking at him, "she was one beauty—yes? No doubt she has become the wife of some American. They are likely lads—these Yankees!"

Pierre raised his arm to strike, but Jean, murmuring "No offence meant, Pierre," moved off in the opposite direction.

Pierre waited until Jean was out of sight, before he continued on his way home. Suppose that Henriette really had forsaken him for an American. It was a terrible thought, but he knew that it was not impossible. He had very little hope of ever seeing her again.

When he entered his shabby little house, the evening meal was on the table. He ate in silence, listening to the conversation of his mother and sister. Afterward, while they cleared the table, he sat thinking and smoking. His mother came into the room wrapped in heavy shawls.

“Oh Pierre! La neige tombe. Go down to René Baptiste’s for more wood. The night will be cold. Marie and I are going to a meeting at the church.”

Pierre took up his cap, turned out the lamp, and followed the women out of the door. They parted on the doorstep and Pierre trudged through the falling snow to the house of René Baptiste, who kept a supply of kindling wood for the villagers to buy.

René, himself, opened the door. He had been too old to go to war, and never tired of hearing about Pierre’s experiences. The old man and his wife begged the young poilu to stay and entertain them with his tales of adventure, and, dreading to go home to an evening spent in solitude, Pierre consented.

It was rather late when he rose to go, and when he reached home with his bundle of wood, he found that his mother and sister had not yet returned.

He lighted the lamp, and turned. What was that object, huddled up on the floor in front of him? It did not move. Pierre went nearer, and, holding the lamp over it, peered closely.

It seemed to be nothing but a bundle of clothes, but, to his amazement, this bundle moved and groaned. A white face appeared, and two very black eyes stared at Pierre for a moment. Then recognition came to Pierre and he cried, “Henriette!” and knelt on the floor beside her. She was half-frozen and it was several moments before she spoke.

“Pierre! I have come back! It was such a long way, and I have walked so far. I was frightened when I came here and saw the house all darkness. I came in and fell asleep. But where is your mother and Marie?”

This question was answered by the appearance of the two women themselves, and they stared in astonishment at the scene which greeted them. Then, they too, recognized the girl, and in a moment, they were bustling about, making hot tea and asking questions.

Later on, when she had been made comfortable, Henriette told them of her experiences. She had been working in a hospital in Paris and two months ago, had been taken ill with the malaria. When she had recovered, she wrote to Pierre, but the letter never reached him.

But Pierre no longer cared anything about letters—nothing mattered now—Henriette had returned!

ANGELINE PINDELL RUSH.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE ROGERS HALL VICTROLA.

I live in the gym and I sing. I "get in" on everything. No party is complete without me and Rogers Hall parties are nothing if not complete. I'm weak from laughing after they're over sometimes. You can't guess me? Well, I'm the Rogers Hall victrola. It's my business to play for dancing whenever and wherever I'm wanted. I like going over to the Hall. Oh! yes, wherever the party is you can count on me. Then, when I come back you can guess how glad Vic and Caemo are to see me. Vic and Caemo are the clubs' mascots you know. Yes, sir, we have a fine time talking the parties over. I'm a pretty good story teller, too, if I do say it myself. Vic and Caemo just love to hear me talk, you would, too, if you were so favored. Mercy no! I wouldn't think of telling anyone but them! How you flatter me! Well, if you insist, I'll tell you.

September 28th—

One of the principal events of the first weeks of school at Rogers Hall was the old girls' party for the new. Formality was thrown to the winds and the girls, old and new, went to frolic in middies and bloomers in the gymnasium. Each old girl took for her partner a new one and tried to make her acquainted as speedily as possible.

The best way to make people feel as if they have known each other for years is to make them laugh. The one who planned the games must have had that fact in mind, because every feature brought forth bursts of laughter that made the walls of the gym ring. There were many contests that were very amusing when tried but wouldn't be so funny when told.

It is sufficient to say that by the time the strawberry and chocolate ice-cream cones were served everybody was happy and convinced that this year at Rogers Hall would be a jolly one.

October 5th—

The Cottage girls started the ball rolling by giving a party that led to a series of week-end festivities, which brought forth the hidden talent in the various other houses. This Cottage party may certainly be termed a "corking success." It was the kind of a party where you did what you wanted to and all you wanted to; so what more could you wish? The gym was very attractive with its many banners and pillows. A huge open fire helped make things even more cheery besides being "the thing essential" to those who cared to roast chestnuts or marshmallows. There were card tables ready for bridge and five hundred for those who felt thus inclined. As no party is complete without dancing we all had our turn at it and it was as popular as ever. We all went away, thinking what a great time we had had and with a great deal of uncertainty in our minds as to how we were to make our return.

October 12th—

Girls, get on your evening coats and picture hats for you're going to a real cabaret! Sit down at these little tables for four and let the waitresses serve you with grape juice and ginger ale. Just listen to that girl laugh at something her partner said.

Now the curtain parts and we see the noted Hawaiian singers and dancers. Just watch them dance and hear them sing. Wake up, friends, come out of that dreamy atmosphere as the curtain has closed and the waitresses are ready to serve you with some more good things to eat. Now it is time to dance to "Mr. Jazz" Stubb's wonderful music.

Come back to your places to hear the world's most famous pianist demonstrate her skill and to listen to the Stars of the "House de Pep" sing their songs.

Don't be in a hurry to dance as the best number on the programme is about to be given, a pantomime entitled "Wanted a Wife" in which the well-known gentleman, "Fritzie Hartmetz," takes the leading part. Don't you feel sorry for Mr. Hartmetz who after marrying the veiled-lady discovers her to be a colored woman?

Come now and give Miss Ballou and the House girls one loud cheer for entertaining us so royally, for if we had gone to a cabaret on Broadway we would not have had a better time.

October 19th—

Just because Miss Harrison came up to say good-bye to us before she left for France, we felt that a celebration, no matter how informal, should be indulged in, since she has been such a big factor in Rogers Hall life to so many of us. We had a pleasant get-together party in the evening. Those who enjoyed playing cards filled the drawing rooms, while industrious Red Cross knitters collected in the library. Later in the evening we had a short musical programme by Genevieve Burger, Ruth Trimborn and Margaret Betts, which, followed by Page's delicious ice-cream and cake, finished our delightful and informal evening.

October 26th—

On the evening of October twenty-sixth, a Hallowe'en party was given by a committee of girls. The party was for every one who would pay the small fee of 35 cents and the profits went to the Red Cross fund. The gym was prettily decorated with orange and black paper. In the center of the room a tall stack made of corn shocks stood, around which were pumpkins and fruit. The fire was cheerily blazing and was later used to toast marshmallows. Upon entering, each girl was given a tally card and small pencil. She, immediately, saw silhouettes of all sizes and descriptions hanging on the walls. The object was to guess who the different pictures represented and to write the name of the girl on the tally card. After everyone had used her imagination at this, all sorts of games were played. In two corners of the room, girls in costume told fortunes to inquisitive people. Girls dressed in costumes served cider and doughnuts which were especially delicious, and as a last course pumpkin pie. After the "eats" the real fun began. One of the girls auctioned off the silhouettes, some of which were very amusing. The girls entered into the spirit of this and bid against each other raising bids from 20 cents to \$1.50 and even higher. Much to the disappointment of everyone Miss MacMillan then announced that it was time to depart. Everybody left, but never to forget the happy and original party.

Russia in these times of up-heaval is a subject in which everyone is extremely interested and so it was with a great deal of wonder and curiosity that we looked forward to the talk Miss Hasanovitz was to give us. Nothing could have been more appealing than the simple little talk she gave and dressed in her odd Ukrainian costume she seemed to bring a direct challenge from Russia—from Ukrainia, from the peasant class she knew so well. She told us how very helpless and how easily influenced these people were and she could not say too strongly how much they needed our help. A thing that made her talk very fas-

cinating as well as interesting was the fact that she made it so personal. Since she is a Russian by birth she could give us the feeling all Russia and Ukrainia wanted to express. To close her talk with us she sang several charming peasant songs.

November 3rd—

One of the biggest hits of the season was the Hall Follies. All the preparations for the event were kept very mysterious and when we all arrived at the gym no one knew what to expect. The first thing on the program was a little skit entitled, "The Lilac Wedding." It was one of the cleverest pieces of amateur work ever shown in school and each person seemed to fit her part perfectly. Helen Fogg as the aunt from the country who felt neglected, and Louise as her daughter kept everyone laughing. Jerry Coulthurst was all that could be desired as the bride. The play passed off without a slip or mishap and while the stage was being reset the audience and actresses danced.

The next thing on the programme was something entirely different from anything ever given before. Helen Friend, dressed as a typical hotel bell-boy came out and with Polly as her partner and four of the Hall girls as chorus made us think we were seeing Ziegfield's Follies again. The song hit of the evening was "Alimony Blues" and after the programme was over everyone went to get their fill of ice-cream and cake, humming it. It was a great success and we all look forward to such another entertaining evening.

November 11th—

"Oh! I've had the most heavenly time, grandma! Did you used to have such nice week-ends when you were a girl?"

Grandma smiled. "Yes," she said, "I think I may safely say that we did have some very good times. I shall never forget the 'Great week-end' during the war."

"I know," interposed the girl, "it was when the Germans signed the armistice in the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month! I've read about it in history; but I never before realized that you were living then. What did you do?"

"Well, first of all on Saturday, there was a celebration in honor of the Country's Army and Navy. I remember that your great-grandmother and I went down to the South Common and stood on the porch railing of someone's house to watch the soldiers go marching by. Some of the boys were ready to leave for France, and they gave a sham battle on the common. Great grandfather was in the civilian part of the parade, and my little dog marched behind him right in line!

"We entertained some soldiers at dinner that night, and, on Sunday, we learned that the Kaiser, Emperor of Germany, had abdicated; and the French leader, General Foch, had given the Germans until eleven o'clock on Monday to sign the Allies' terms. We all waited breathlessly for news, and during the suspense the hours dragged like weeks.

"Early Monday morning, the whole city was awakened by the loud clanging of factory bells—ringing for peace. Everyone dressed quickly and rushed down town to read the newspaper bulletin, which officially announced that the armistice had been signed and hostilities had ceased.

"The news reached us at six o'clock, eleven o'clock Paris time, and soon it seemed as though the whole town had gone mad. All the factories, stores, and schools shut down, and the munition workers paraded jubilantly. Everywhere were smiles and flags. On one quiet street I saw a very little boy standing in the gutter and singing the 'Star Spangled Banner' at the top of his lungs! Watchmen's rattles, horns, bells, tin cans, and firecrackers added to the joyful din. Mob-like processions formed in the streets. Some tied rat-traps on poles and added the sign, 'We have the Kaiser in a trap.' The Kaiser

was burned in effigy at least ten times. Floats bearing stuffed Germans hanging on gallows delighted the crowd, which followed cheering in trucks or riding on barrels tied to wagons. We all cheered ourselves hoarse, and all the while factory sirens were screeching and factory bells ringing. I can't remember that we did anything except walk up and down and make a noise, and walk up and down and make some more noise!

"The Governor proclaimed the next day to be 'Victory Day' and we had a more organized celebration then. In the morning, there was a wonderful service at old St. Anne's. The building was crowded with people who sang patriotic songs and gave fervent thanks to God for our great victory. Surely those were great and glorious days."

November 7th—

"My Experiences on the Fighting Front in France and Belgium" as told by Irvin S. Cobb.

"One of the most awful nights of my life was spent on the Irish Sea. Our boat was passing the 'Tuscania' which had been submarined, but we were helpless to aid her because we would only be another target for the German submarines. One by one her decks went under water. As we moved away, we saw the rockets being fired into the air. I shall always remember that, when I see rockets on the Fourth of July. It was a terrible sight, but those brave boys sang continually, 'Where do we go from here, boys?'

"An incident which shows the bravery of our boys 'Over There' was when a certain captain asked for volunteers to go over the top. He explained to his men that it was a dangerous expedition, and that there was a chance that none would return. Then he said, 'Every man who is willing to sacrifice his life on this trip, take one short step forward. Don't feel that you have to volunteer boys, because it will be no dishonor to you if you don't.'

"If a person who had been watching them, turned away his head for a moment, and then looked back at them, he would have seen no difference in the line, for with one accord, every man in the company stepped forward.

"It was during the week of the greatest battle of the war that I witnessed a strange sight. Looking steadily at a grassy slope which overlooked a little French village, I saw a blue-gray wave advancing. The British machine guns opened fire and the wave retreated, leaving a few blue-gray dots on the landscape. Again the wave advanced and again the guns fired and the number of dots was increased. This operation was repeated five times until finally, when the firing was over, the green fields were one solid mass of blue-gray.

"To me, the French cemeteries, where some of our American boys are buried, were a source of interest. They were beautifully kept up and I was told that the French women had obtained official permission to adopt American graves. I never went past a cemetery that I didn't see a woman working over a grave and I couldn't help thinking how brave she was, to care for the resting place of a stranger, knowing that her own son was perhaps lying dead in 'No Man's Land.' "

These are only a few of the many interesting incidents which Irvin S. Cobb told, and his lecture appealed very strongly to everyone.

November 13th—

As a result of the War Work Campaign being carried on at school we visited the State Normal School to attend a meeting held there in behalf of the campaign.

The large study hall, where the meeting was held, was attractively decorated with posters and the platform was banked with palms.

The meeting opened with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and everyone sang lustily. The salute to the flag was then given, followed by a poem, "An Episode in France in 1918." After that Mr. Brown, the "Community Sing" leader

lead our singing and he surely put lots of "pep" into it. At the beginning he gave us a little advice: "Each one must do her own singing," which everybody carried out.

Under Mr. Brown's direction we sang the "Long, Long Trail," "Come on America," "My Bit of a Girl," "Smiles" and other favorites.

Mr. Newton, a Y. M. C. A. Overseas' Worker, then talked to us. He told us of the marvelous spirit the boys show "Over there," of the terrible results of German cruelty he has seen and of the wonderful work the "Y" has accomplished. He explained to us just what the "Y" stood for—Food—Fun—Friendship and Faith, and told some of his personal experiences.

Miss Parsons was then asked to tell about our work here in school, but referred the matter to Ruth Shafer, chairman of our committee. Ruth told how much we had raised and that we hoped to make it much more when the final pledge was handed in.

The meeting then closed by the singing of "America." The Normal School girls gave us three cheers and we started on our journey home, feeling very enthusiastic and very patriotic.

ANDOVER AND EXETER GAME.

The day of the Andover-Exeter game came at last!

At 12.30 the usual "special" car was waiting to take us on our journey over to Andover. We stopped many times for what reasons we know not, but finally reached our destination.

As we walked across the campus we were attracted by the sound of enthusiastic cheering making us long to reach the field.

The game was thrilling! Although the Andover boys showed real fighting spirit, the New Hampshire team won the day. Needless to say we were disappointed in the score. The afternoon was made doubly interesting by the military drill that the Exeter boys gave between the halves.

Keyed up to a high pitch of excitement our trip home on our faithful "special" ended with the joy of having candy and sandwiches to eat.

November 17th—

“Private White” came to us announced only as “one who has been Across and who will tell us some of his experiences.”

We were not disappointed when he told us more about himself. He is an American who in February, 1914, joined the Canadian Army, enlisting in the famous “Princess Pat” regiment. As long ago as that his whole regiment feared the war might be over before they could ever land in London. Now, out of 11,000 men, he is one in only 26 who have come back, all of whom are wounded.

Among his interesting experiences there are two which I will tell. One night while he was on guard at a morgue he heard a terrible scream. He heard it a second and then a third time. This of course frightened him as he supposed himself the only living man there. For only dead bodies were placed there until time could be found to bury them. Private White opened the door and as he did so he heard the rats running around in the morgue. Again the scream came. At last he called other guards. They investigated and found that one of the “bodies” was only unconscious.

The other story is about “No Man’s Land.” He was hit by shrapnel and lay unconscious for eighteen hours. Poisonous gas and shrapnel burst around him during this time. Fortunately for him, as he discovered later, he lay face downward. By this chance alone he was saved from inhaling the gas.

After his talk we crowded around him to hear more. He showed us his discharge pin and his service badge. We asked him a lot of questions which he was good enough to answer and not until he had exhausted our supply of questions did we make our way to our rooms.

Thanksgiving eve, Mrs. Littlefield, whom some of us remember from last year when she sang so delightfully at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rogers Hall, gave an informal concert. She was accompanied by Mr. Vieh, who

as well as playing her accompaniments gave several fine selections on the piano. Mrs. Littlefield's charming personality and beautiful voice did justice to her selections, which were a group of French songs, some old English ballads, and last but not least some delightful children's songs, which she said she wasn't singing to us because we were children but because we grown-ups could enjoy and understand them so much better than children themselves could. Her last selection was a fitting climax, especially at this time, being an exquisite setting of:

“The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn:
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!—”

Although many of us were unable to carry out our plans for Thanksgiving on account of the shortness of the vacation, those who remained here for the day declared they could not have had a better time. In the morning we all enjoyed the luxury of sleeping late and waved the departing ones off in the best of spirits. Some girls went to a short service at St. Anne's and others had a good swim in the pool. Dinner was at two and we danced between courses in the schoolroom, changing tables for each course.

Here let it be stated that one damsel whose capacity is well known remarked, “Well, I've had all I wanted!” Need more be said in praise of the affair?

In the evening we gathered in the drawing rooms and played charades, “hydraulics” and “intricate” proving two of the greatest puzzlers.

After dancing awhile, we were able to assure the returning ones we had had fully as good a time as they.

CONTRIBUTORS TO SCHOOL NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Katherine Acker	Helen Friend
Dorothy Beeler	Frances Hartmetz
Elizabeth Berry	Salome Johnston
Margaret Betts	Angeline Rush
Frances Brazier	Judith Sessions
Faith Shaw	

ATHLETICS.

THE CAE-KAVA HOCKEY GAME.

Of course everybody recognizes the hockey game as one of the big events of the fall term—"everybody" meaning the girls in school, and if it is an epoch in their lives what is it to the Alumnae who are fortunate enough to be here for it? It certainly was worth coming for and all the spirit and excitement which has prevailed in past years was far exceeded this time.

The Cae had made up their minds that Kava had carried off the hockey honors quite long enough and so the orange and blue went down to an honorable defeat at the hands of Caemo's supporters.

The game started off with a rush and in the first quarter Cae began the scoring, followed by two Kava goals. Each side crossed the line once more in the first half, making the score three to two in Kava's favor. Songs and cheers, some the well-loved stand-bys, and some clever parodies made for the occasion, filled the intermission. In the last half the Cae team seemed to gain speed and skill with every play and four more goals gave them the decisive victory.

For the winning team Dorothy Beeler and Ruth Trimbourn played a fast game in the forward line and Betty Akeroyd and Louise Grover were dependable backs, while Ruth Shafer defended the goal successfully.

Time after time Anne Keith sent the ball flying back, proving her right to the reputation she has gained in past years, and she was well supported by a veteran team, which, however, missed Anne Robertson in the forward line.

After the game the Cae team retired to the Cottage to regale themselves on—what, you ask? Did you ever know of Rogers Hall girls failing to have ice cream, not to mention cake? The Kavas went to the gym and as much hilarity seemed to prevail as if they were victors.

At dinner that night the stunning cup, offered by Katharine Wilson, was presented to Dorothy Beeler, captain of the Cae team, who accepted it with a graceful reply. Then after the teams had been sung to, we rose as “Fight you girls in red and white” came from the triumphant Caes, the Kavas responding with “Mid orange and blue in triumph waving” and we all joined with a right good will in the school song, for, all things considered, “Rogers Hall you are always the best.”

The line up:

KAVA.		CAE.
Dorothy Beeler (Capt.),	Bully	Frances Brazer
Ruth Trimborn,	Inside Forward	Isabel Carpenter
Eleanora Carpenter,	Left Wing	Margaret Hussey
Salome Johnston,	Right Wing	Anne Robertson
Betty Akeroyd,	Half Back	Anne Keith
Louise Grover,	“	Marjorie Adams (Capt.)
Helen Lambden,	Full Back	Margaret Betts
Frances Hartmetz,	“	Elizabeth Whittier
Ruth Shafer,	Goal	Eleanor Whidden

Substitutes: Kava—Sarah Meigs for Anne Robertson, Janet Nicholson for Eleanor Whidden, Helen Fogg. Cae—Marjorie Coulthurst for Salome Johnston, and Virginia Lucas. In the 2nd half F. Hartmetz was moved to M. Coulthurst's place on the Cae forward line and V. Lucas took the former's place as full back.

Goals: Marjorie Coulthurst, Frances Hartmetz 2, Eleanora Carpenter 2, Ruth Trimborn, Isabel Carpenter, Margaret Hussey 2.

ESTHER H. WATROUS, '18.

ALUMNÆ-SCHOOL HOCKEY GAME.

After the Cae-Kava game was over the teams still had a great deal of "pep" left for hockey, so an Alumnæ game was decided upon and was played on Saturday afternoon, November 29th. It was a nice cold afternoon and although there was a little flurry of snow it was a good day for hockey. The School team, although well re-arranged knew just how to push the ball through the Alumnæ backs. The game was a good one, leaving the final score nine to two in favor of the school.

Line up:

ALUMNÆ.		SCHOOL.
Leslie Hylan,	Bully	Frances Brazer
I. Carpenter (School),	Inside Forward	Ruth Trimborn
Mrs. B. Pratt		
(Laura Pearson),	Right Wing	Elizabeth Hayes
Mrs. J. Palmer,	Left Wing	Betty Akeroyd
Anne Keith,	Center Half Back	Louise Grover
Katherine Jennison,	Half Back	Marjorie Adams
Helen Eveleth,	Full Back	Rosalie Smith
M. Betts (School),	"	Ruth Shafer
Mrs. Clive Hockmeyer		
(Lydia Langdon),	Goal	Elizabeth Whittier
		ELEANOR WHIDDEN.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

ROGERS HALL ROLL OF HONOR. OVER SEAS.

GLADYS LAWRENCE, '08,
 ANNE KUTTNER, '11,
 KATHERINE CARR WILSON, '09,
 EILEEN PATTERSON,
 CARLOTTA HEATH, '11,
 MARY BILL BEACH, '07,
 RUTH WORCESTER, '99,
 TRACY L'ENGLE, '11,
 HORTENSE COLBY, '05,
 FLORENCE NESMITH, '00,
 KATHARINE KESSINGER, '10,
 RUTH BURKE,
 FLORENCE HARRISON, '02,
 MARY HOLDEN, '14,
 AMY CONDIT, '11,
 MARY AGNES WALKER, '09,
 ELEANOR GOODRICH, '17,
 MARY GOODRICH,
 MARION STOTT,
 DR. ROBERT JONES, School Physician, 1912-1918,
 MARY ETTA FRAZIER, School Nurse, 1917-1918,
 MISS SARA LINTHICUM, Teacher, 1911-1918.

June 17th, Sarah Baxter, '10, was married to Mr. Miles Erskine Langley, a Lieutenant in the 151st Field Artillery, at her home in Brunswick, Me.

September 2nd, Joan Buckminster was married to Mr. Stephen Martindale, Jr., Second Lieutenant U. S. A., at St. Michael's Church, Marblehead, Mass.

September 14th, Marcia Bartlett, '17, was married to Mr. Eliot Warden Denault, Ensign Naval Aviation U. S. N. R., at Grace Church, Oxford, Mass. Elizabeth Johnston, '17, was maid of honor.

September 16th, Lucy Clark, '16, was married in New York City to Mr. Howard Ross Alexander, corporal U. S. A. After November 1st they will be at home at The Belnord, Broadway and 86th Street, New York City.

September 21st, Edith Whittier, '14, was married at her home in Lowell to Mr. Edward Otis Holmes, Jr. Elizabeth Whittier, '19, was maid of honor and among the bridesmaids were Ruth Greene, '15, and Eleanor Whittier. Edith will make her home in Woodbury, N. J., 46 Aberdeen Street, since Mr. Holmes is one of the expert chemists in the service of the Dupont Powder Company.

October 1st, Eva French was married at her home to Mr. Egbert W. A. Jenkinson, Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Camp Devens.

October 29th, Ellen Lombard, '14, was married to Mr. Edward Gilmore Shepherd, Lieutenant U. S. A. in Colebrook, N. H.

October 28th, Marjorie Potter was married to Mr. Jack Sloan Willson, Lieutenant U. S. A. in West Palm Beach, Fla.

November 20th, Lillis Towle, '13, was married to Mr. Frederick D. Jordan in Bangor, Me.

June 16th, a son, John Fonda, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leo F. Willson (Lois Fonda) in St. Albans, Vt.

The latter part of June, a daughter, Patricia, was born to Captain and Mrs. Robert Parker (Madge Hockmeyer, '10) in Lowell, Mass.

August 3rd, a son, John Meredith, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Miller (Helen Huffman, '08) in Newark, N. J.

August 5th, a son, Joseph Gilpin, 3rd, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Pyle, Jr. (Helen Gallup, '11) in Sandusky, O.

August 24th, a son, Lincoln, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Clark (Ethel Hockmeyer, '13) in Lowell, Mass.

August 25th, a daughter, Hildreth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard Pratt (Laura Pearson, '14) in Lowell, Mass.

September 14th, a son, Thomas, 3rd, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hollis, Jr. (Hilda Smith, '14).

September 19th, a son, Edward Emerson, 3rd, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Wood, Jr. (Dorothy Benton, '12) in Belmont, Mass.

November 17th, a daughter, Constance Louise, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison W. King (Harriet Parsons, '04) in Jacksonville, Ill.

August 16th, a daughter, Patricia, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mason (Louise Hyde, '04) in Albany, N. Y.

June 26th, a daughter, Elizabeth Shepard, was born to Capt. and Mrs. William Sabine (Kathryn Jerger, '14) in Washington, D. C.

July 1st, a daughter, Phyllis, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Walters (Harriet Jacobs) at their home, 355 Orchard St., Johnstown, Pa.

August 1st, a daughter, Mary Ellen, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Vander Voot E. Chittenden (Anne Starr) in Akron, O., where Anne is living while her husband is in France.

July 15th, Hilda Morse, '16, announced her engagement to Mr. Everett Frederick Howarth, Lieutenant Aviation Reserve Corps. Mr. Howarth has been flying in France all the summer.

In July, Clara Danielson, '95, announced her engagement to Dr. Robert F. Souther of Boston.

November 9th, Mildred Daniels announced her engagement to Mr. Matthew Rhodes Blish, Captain U. S. A., of Kewanee, Ill. Mr. Blish is the Commanding Officer of the Saybrook Proving Ground in Saybrook, Ct. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1911. Mildred expects to be married in January. During the summer she worked under the Council of Defense at the State Capitol in Hartford.

Florence Harrison, '02, our Alumnæ President has resigned from school to go to France with the Red Cross as a Hut Worker. Her sailing was much delayed, so the Armistice had been declared before Florence left New York. Amy Condit, '11, sailed on the same boat also to work under the Red Cross in France where she and Carlotta Heath, '11, hope to be assigned to the same place. The address of all three girls is care of American Red Cross, 4 Place de la Concorde, Paris.

Miss Linthicum resigned from Rogers Hall this summer to go to France with the Y. M. C. A. as a Canteen Worker. With her knowledge of French she expects to be assigned to a hut

with the French army where English and French speaking workers are much in demand. Miss Linthicum's address is care of Morgan, Harjes & Co., 31 Boulevard Haussman, Paris.

Eleanor Goodrich, '17, is living in Paris where she with her sister Mary is doing translating for the Y. M. C. A. Since most of the films shown in the army huts are French ones, the reading matter has to be translated for our boys. Eleanor's address is 1 Roud Point Bugeaud, Paris.

Elizabeth Gleason, '18, entered Smith College this fall where she is a most enthusiastic Freshman in spite of the quarantine restrictions imposed by the influenza epidemic. She is living at 91 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass., in Mrs. Burgess's house.

Anne Keith, '18, has returned to school to finish her preparation for Smith College.

Mary Frances Ogden, '18, has been working in one of the banks in Wenonah, N. J., to fill the place of a man in service and has been attending the night session of the Business College.

Eleanor Taylor, '18, is in Boston this winter taking a stenographic and secretarial course, combined, at the Burdett School in preparation for a secretarial position at home in Savannah, Ga. She is living at the Stuart Club, 102 Fenway, Boston.

During the summer Esther Watrous, '18, was a member of the National Service School at Chautauqua, N. Y.

Elizabeth Leyden, '18, has entered The Deaconess Hospital to train for a nurse.

Katherine Wilson, '18, is studying French this winter at a school in New York City.

Ruth Graves, '18, is studying at the Scudder School, New York City.

Constance Miller, '16, has entered the Woman's Hospital in New York City to train for a nurse. Later she hopes to be transferred to the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. Her address in New York is 110th Street.

Dorothy Johnson Salisbury, '16, is living at the Rice Hotel in Houston, Texas, this winter, since her husband is stationed at Ellington Field for advanced flying since receiving his commission as Second Lieutenant at Mineola.

Elouise Bixby, '16, is taking the art course at the School of Fine Arts in Boston and is living at the Stuart Club, 102 Fenway.

Marjorie Wilder, '15, who was graduated from The Boston School of Physical Education in June, has accepted a position as physical instructor at Miss Liggett's School in Detroit, Mich.

Margaret Wood, '16, was a councillor at Camp Quinibeck last summer. She is to take the special "Reconstruction Aid" course at Miss Beavé's school this year in the hope of going to France next year for the reconstruction work with our soldiers.

Mary Jeannette McJimsey, '17, was accepted for the Army Nurses' Training Corps and entered her training in September, at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

In August, Mary Beach, '07, wrote from Paris where she was serving as a nurse's aid under the Red Cross in one of the military hospitals: "It is a wonderful hospital and to be able to work among the boys is a great privilege. When I left home, I expected to work among the children and with refugees of all sorts, but this work with our own soldiers was what I most desired. * * * This last offensive has made us extremely busy with so much demanding to be done at once but the boys are dears, very brave and patient. * * * We live in a Pension which has been taken over by the Red Cross and it is within walking distance of the hospital. * * * Coming over on the steamer I recognized Hortense Colby, '05, who is under the Y. M. C. A. canteen, and when I said Rogers Hall to her, another voice at once exclaimed, 'Did you go to Rogers Hall?—So did I.' It was Tracy L'Engle, '11, and later she entertained the passengers with clever Southern dialect stories. * * * We have had many raids since I was in Paris and 'Big Bertha' has tried to do as much deviltry as possible, but as we all read at home, the French pay no attention and go right ahead with whatever they are doing. * * * My address is, care of the American Red Cross, 4 Place de la Concorde, Paris."

At the time of the March offensive Gladys Lawrence, '08, was sent to the front to a casualty clearing station, where she was less than five miles from the firing line, and much nearer

than that part of the time during the retreat. Twice the nurses and surgeons were shelled back and when they were finally located at Amiens, the hospital was bombed. In the summer Gladys had a needed rest when she went over to England and to Wales.

Dorothy Hunter, '18, is studying stenography in New York and devotes much time to working with the Red Cross.

Genevra Whitmore, '15, has received the position of kindergarten in the Friend's School in Haverford, Pa. Her address is "The Gables," Ardmore, Pa. If the war had continued, Genevra expected to enter the Army Nurses' Training School where her application has been accepted already.

Elizabeth Johnston, '17, is filling a position as secretary in the Ordnance Department of the Bethlehem Steel Company and writes that the lunch hour is her only free time for any letters other than official correspondence.

Gwendolen Perry, '11, has accepted a position to teach English in the New Britain, Ct., High School.

Mary Lucas was in Baltimore for a month this summer doing playground work, telling stories to the children at some of the parks and squares and directing their games. In the fall she enters the Librarians' School in Pittsburg for special work to supplement her previous training in New York.

Eileen Patterson wrote in September: "My post here has been much to my liking—a huge Artillery Camp, previously used by the French and now turned over to our boys. Stone barracks, a high altitude, excellent drinking water and good sanitation make it a particularly well-equipped and healthy spot. * * * Within a week I am to be sent to a new section where women have not been previously to start a bit of a canteen and incidentally a spark of 'homeyness' for our khaki clad youths. We are more convinced than ever over here of what a splendid set they are! Of course we don't dare say it except in letters home."

Almeda Herman, '17, spent part of the summer visiting Mabel Rugee, Doris Jones, '17, and Jeannette Rodier, '17. After her return, Almeda helped to organize Girl Scouts in

Harrisburg "and we now have as fine a troop as any in the country. Our girls are taking medals all the time and we have to hurry to keep up with them for they have taken the course in First Aid, have learned the Morse Code and Semaphore signals besides much bird-lore. We sold over twenty-one thousand dollars of Liberty Bonds and have been doing wonderful war work in saving and war gardens. When the Captain of the Scouts sails for canteen work in France, all of that responsibility will be mine. As I am also an officer in our Motor Corps, I am kept very busy with many enjoyable experiences such as driving the 'Blue Devils' about when they came over from France for publicity work."

Margaret McJimsey Kiplinger and her son are living in Chillicothe, O., 139 Vine Street, while Mr. Kiplinger is stationed at Camp Sherman.

Dorothy Kessinger Jessup, '13, is spending the winter with her baby in Louisville, Ky., so as to be near Mr. Jessup who is stationed at Camp Taylor.

Katharine Kessinger, '10, sailed from Quebec the last of September for France to serve as a nurse's aid with the Red Cross.

Helen Squire is working in the office of the Underwriters Association in Syracuse, N. Y., this winter and is living at 807 E. Adams Street.

In November, Mary Frances Ogden, '18, offered a cup to the school to be known as the Student Government Cup and this is to be awarded to the girl who, in the judgment of Miss Parsons and the teachers, best makes of the Council an influence for good in the school.

Doris Jones, '17, has offered a vase again this year to be awarded to the girl who does the most for the Rogers Hall Chapter of the Red Cross.

Eleanor and Mary Goodrich spent the summer at Aix and Chamonix to avoid the heat of Paris. The girls did a lot of climbing in the mountains that enclose the Chamonix Valley. Eleanor wrote, "The fifteenth of August was a Catholic fete day when the village raised its annual sum for the Red Cross. To

attract people, the town imported an American military band from Aix. All of Chamonix turned out to meet the 'Americaines' so that there was a regular mob at the station and the town was gay with flags. The procession started with the foremost guides at the head, ropes and pick axes over their shoulders; then the old veterans of the war of 1871 with their flag; next the young boys of the class of 1920, those who are about to enter the war bearing their flag. Following them came the officials of the town and the 'blessés,' and lastly the band playing a lively tune, while the crowd yelled and cheered and threw flowers to the band. Early in the afternoon we witnessed the flag raising on the new hotel where the band gave the concert. A Colonial dame raised our flag and a French officer, who wore many decorations for having brought down ten Boches' planes, raised theirs, while the band played the two national airs. This was all to correspond with the Stars and Stripes being hoisted way up on a rocky peak part way up Mt. Blanc, and thus christened Pic Wilson. Pieces of the rock which the guides had brought down were for sale, the money going to the Red Cross as did the proceeds from the concert. The French were wildly enthusiastic over the band and when they had finished a fat Frenchman embraced the leader, kissing him on both cheeks in true French style, much to his embarrassment and the amusement of the other boys. In the evening there were colored lights on Pic Wilson."

Florence Nesmith, '00, who sailed last spring to do canteen work under the Red Cross is located at Dijon, a distributing center where a great many troop-trains arrive with tired, hungry soldiers. * * * "Last week we witnessed a record-breaking lunch-hour when 1,083 men were fed in twenty-one minutes. * * * At 11 P. M. we came on duty, two of us. There are two Russian prisoners on duty at night and two others in the daytime who do all the heavy lifting and scrub the floors, with two or three French maids to wash the dishes and clear the tables. All the food is very cheap, for instance, we charge for breakfast—coffee, eggs, bread and butter and fruit, either stewed or fresh—twenty cents. Men who come to the canteen

for the first time express surprise, as well as delight, at the quality of the food and the price for which they get it. Many times if they are 'broke' we give them food for nothing. These prices are governed from headquarters and are the same all over France. Up to one o'clock men are still coming from trains supperless and frequently dinnerless too, or from guard duty, wanting just bread and jam and coffee. When things quiet down we get our supper and the helpers have theirs. The Russians sweep and scrub the dining room and reading room, if no boys are sleeping there, the maids scrub shelves, ice chests, etc., while we slice and butter the bread for breakfast, count out the eggs, we frequently use one to two hundred a meal, and make the coffee."

In October, Ruth Burke sailed for France as a hut worker under the Red Cross to be assigned especially to the aviation section. Ruth was still in Paris on Victory Day when she helped make one of the crowd in the streets, dancing and parading. The next day she was watching a parade that Marshal Foch was reviewing and when he saw her in her Red Cross uniform, he came over and said he wished to shake hands with her and thank her personally for all the aid that America has sent to France.

Another "thrill" for an Alumnæ comes when we read that Tracy L'Engle, '11, was with the detachment of American troops which was the first to enter Metz.

Mary Holden, '14, is stationed at Halifax this fall, doing canteen work under the Red Cross.

Mildred Mansfield Wingate, '10, has applied for a position to train for therapeutic work since the Red Cross is sending no more workers over seas.

During the influenza epidemic in Lowell our Alumnæ did valiant service as nurses' aids or in motor transportation. Julia Stevens, '97, Ada Chalifoux Stevens, Elizabeth Talbot, '12, Elizabeth Eastman, '13, went right into the hospital wards, thereby releasing the trained nurses for the epidemic cases. Leslie Hylan, '14, drove the visiting nurses and acted as aid to them and Meta Jefferson acted as motor aid.

Edith Nourse Rogers, '99, went into the Walter Reed hospital in Washington as an aid and served there till Thanksgiving.

Katherine Jennison, '16, is at school this year assisting in the office and in athletic work.

The "sisters" this year are Ruth, sister of Nancy and Dorothy Burns, '15; Eleanora, sister of Elizabeth Carpenter, '18; Virginia Jennison, Katherine's and Louise's sister, and Rachel McCalmont. Edna Krause Steglich has a cousin, Sarah Alice Huelster.

The following Alumnæ have been back at school this fall: Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02, Dorothy Burns, '15, Lucy Pond, '10, Edna Krause Steglich, Beatrice Walker Cutler, '13, Helen Smith, '14, Margaret Wood, '16, Janet Stanley, Amy Curtis, Esther Watrous, '18, Cora Robertson Bickham, '16.

Doris Jones is spending the winter in Chicago where her address is Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Block Sheridan Road.

Cornelia Cooke, '08, is in Washington, D. C., where she is working as a secretary in one of the government offices.

Nan Sibley, '17, is working in the office of Qua and Rogers, one of the law firms in Lowell.

Eleanor Palmer Magruder, '00, has gone to Madrid where her husband is secretary in the American legation.

Harriet Hasty, '13, spent last winter and spring in South America visiting friends.

Virginia Muhlenberg took the course at Teachers' College for a reconstruction aide and has applied for service in one of the government hospitals—"When we have finished our course we should be able to do everything from tinsmithing and carpentry to lace making. We have learned basketry netting, knotting and weaving, had numerous lecture courses and now are having a five weeks' course in practice teaching in a hospital."

Louise Jennison, '16, is an active member of "The Idlers" club at Radcliffe and has been in several of their plays. Besides this she is on the hockey team and sings in the Glee Club.

December 10th, Mary Kellogg, '00, announced her engagement to Dr. Myles Standish Sherrill, M. I. T. Mary again is training the girls at school in dancing and they will present a "Russian Wedding" just before Christmas.

December 13th, Miss Parsons had the first letter from Florence Harrison written on shipboard: "Ireland, which we are passing now, has always been a happy augury for me for both times it has meant the bluest of seas and skies, red sailed fishing boats, wonderful crisp, clear air and to-day much of interest in the way of American destroyers en route for home, I suppose flying the stars and stripes, and cargo boats still camouflaged. We have had a perfect trip for November might have been June, and unlike most sea voyages there has been enough to do to keep us feeling fit. We have setting up exercises in the morning for half an hour for the men and women of the Unit together, and again in the late afternoon, also on hour of French every day. Even I have screwed up my courage and am talking in class! We have a marvellous teacher, a girl who has lived in France most of her life. She uses the Y. M. C. A. methods of teaching and never speaks a word of English even to beginners. In our class to-day she not only had us talking but managed to tell us in French all about the different insignia, uniforms, etc., of the various allied armies, the colors of the different honors, the best plays in the French theatres, how much to tip taxi drivers, ushers at the opera, and much other information about Paris. She is only twenty-three, served the first year of the war in the American Fund for French wounded, the second went to Saloniki, back to France to Hospital Hut work and later to Y. M. C. A. work with our own army. She has just been home doing propaganda work and gets back on her previous record since of course they send no girls so young now. * * * Amy Condit is the most popular person on this ship."

The members of the class of 1898 and her other friends in school were saddened to hear of the death of Mary Nickerson just before school reopened. Mary has been ill for the last few years.

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JULIUS CAESAR

On his way to Rome with his Army hearing that the Senate and people had fled from it said "They that will not fight for their city, what city will they fight for?"

When Caesar said this he had no idea that I should use his words to urge young women to shop in Lowell. Nevertheless, Lowell is a mighty good city to live in and has mighty good stores to shop in. And Caesar was a wise man.

The CHALIFOUX CO.

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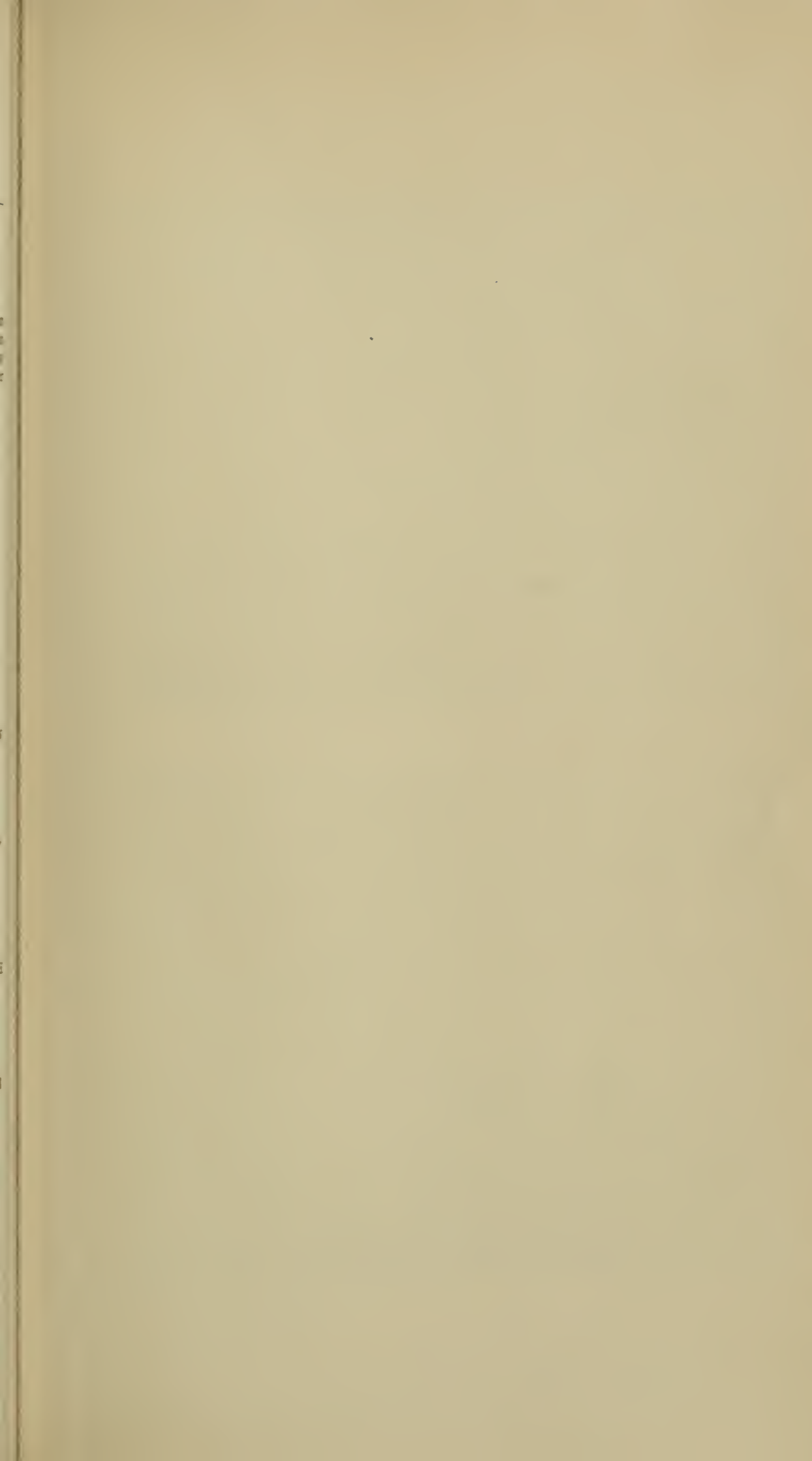
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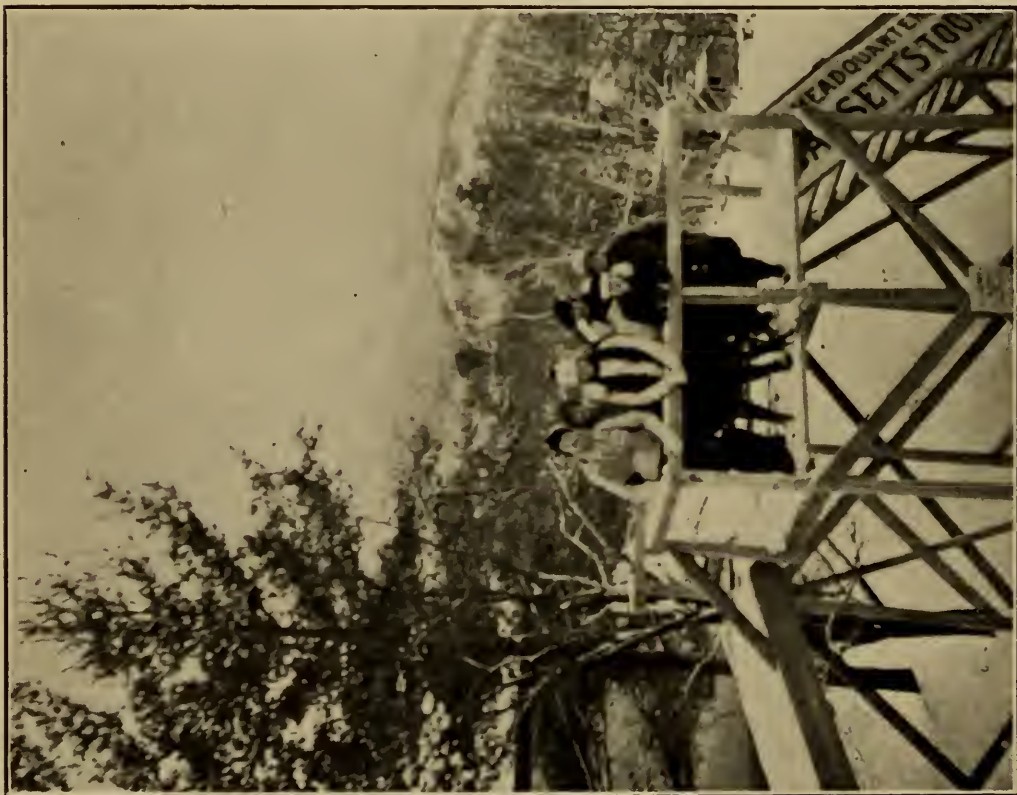
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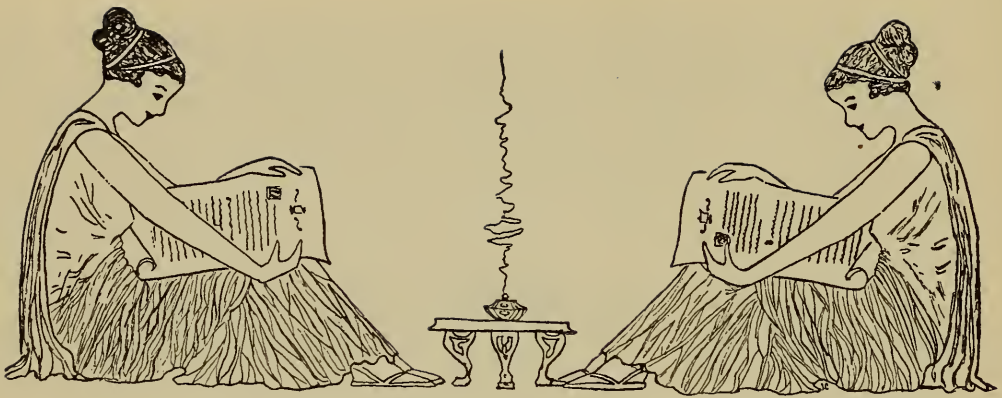


ROGERS HALL AT INTERVALE.

IN MEMORIAM.

The news of Miss Robbins' death came to every Rogers Hall girl as a personal loss, and the two generations which, in passing through the school, have adored and venerated her stately charm will continue to pay homage to her memory. No one person has had so unique a place in the regard of all associated with Rogers Hall, for no other has combined the offices of trustee, friend, benefactor, and godmother. As hostess or as guest, as sympathetic worker for the advancement of the school, or as kindly champion in the struggles of schoolgirl life, Miss Robbins will always remain foremost in our thoughts. Her active, useful life, like her dignity of mind and manner, has been an example to us while she was here. Now that she has gone the little intimate recollections, springing up day by day, are a lasting tribute to her eternal youth and the blessedness of her eighty years.

C. W.



Vol. 18

MARCH, 1919.

No. 2

EDITORIALS.

Student Government is, as the name implies, a government for the students, of the students and by the students—therefore if the government wavers even a hair's breadth toward failure it reflects only upon the girls themselves.

In military life the first requisite of an officer is to be able to obey orders—for he must be able to take before he can give orders. It is on this same principle that we elect our counsellors. The girls elected every six weeks are chosen by us because they have a “something” in their characters that we admire and that we think will definitely and effectively uphold and strengthen the morale of the school.

Our counsellors are girls who, because of their own sense of right and wrong, keep the rules of the school and are therefore well-fitted to see that other people keep them.

Everyone knows that it would be hard to be reprimanded and to receive demerits for visiting during study-hour, from a counsellor who, taking advantage of her position, was herself in the habit of breaking study-hour rules.

We should not care to put out our lights at 9.45 at the request of a girl who on returning to her room kept her own lights on indefinitely. This would be entirely contrary to human nature and could scarcely be expected to happen.

The girls whom we have as our counsellors are girls whose examples we are glad to follow, whose advice we take, and even

ask at times. They are girls who "practice what they preach" or our Student Government would be a failure and the counsellors would lose the respect and faith put in them by the rest of the girls.

To get together would seem at first thought an unnecessary injunction for boarding-school girls among whom the complaint most often voiced after "I have so much to do" is "I never have a minute to myself." Never-the-less it is something well worth while to think over.

We are together in our work and we are together in our athletics. At neither time do we become very well acquainted. At both times we are far too busy to devote much effort to cultivating a knowledge or appreciation of each other's "social self," and afterward it is much more natural to go off with our best friend than it is to exert ourselves in becoming better acquainted with someone we do not know as well.

You say you know you never could like Sarah Jane; she would bore you stiff. How do you know? Have you ever exchanged a half dozen words with her on any more intimate subject than the weather or a history assignment? It is quite probable that she has heard her best friend speak of your best friend whom she met somewhere. It has been known to happen. Or she may run the same kind of a car that you do or be able to tell you of a new cold cream guaranteed to remove all blemishes.

May I be permitted the trite but true statement that there is always something interesting in everyone? And perhaps Sarah Jane is harboring the feeling that it is you that are the boring one, whereas in reality it is neither one. Don't you want this feeling dispelled?

If this getting together did not broaden us and make us more at ease socially, one of the strongest arguments for it, it would at least give us a diversified acquaintance, and since we never know when we may need a friend, the more varied our acquaintance the more apt we shall be to have the right one at the right time. So let's get together!

THE MUCILAGE POT.

I'm all alone, an' it's awful blue
 To sit day in an' out,
 A-wondering when he's coming home
 An' listenin' for his shout.

But now I'm happy, 'cause I heard 'em say
 That he ought to be home for tea,
 And, oh! I hope since he's been away,
 He's not forgotten me.

We used to have such great old times
 In this attic way up high;
 An' oncet we even made a kite
 An' then we watched it fly.

Now he's comin' back from school
 A man I suppose we'll see;
 And—oh! I don't know what I'll do
 If he's forgotten me!

—SALOME JOHNSTON.

THE GOLDEN HEARTS.

Once upon a time the king of the fairies issued a proclamation that he would give a golden heart to the most beautiful flower, and that he would come on a certain day and award it himself.

The day set for his coming arrived. Never could there have been a more beautiful day and everybody was happy and even the birds sang for they loved their little flower sisters.

Every one of the flowers would say to herself, "Of course I am more beautiful than the others. I will surely get the prize."

Among all these happy people there was one sad little bird with a broken wing. He lay panting in the hot sun, for he could not get any water to drink. Timidly he asked the beautiful rose for a drop of dew from her petals.

She looked at him with scorn and said, "Do you think I would give you the dew which keeps my beautiful petals fresh and lovely for the king's coming?"

The poor little bird asked many other flowers and met always with the same answer. Finally he gave up and lay down to die when he heard a sweet voice from a bed of violets speak.

"Little brother," it said, "come and drink the dew from our flowers and lie down among our leaves."

He feebly crawled over to them and drank the dew from their petals and lay down among the cool leaves. The hot sun beat down on the violets, though, and they were all shriveled up, for they did not have any dew to protect them.

Suddenly there was a great light and the flowers saw the king standing in front of the violets.

He looked at them and said, "To you will I give the golden heart, for you are the most beautiful of all the flowers. It is not always necessary to have the face beautiful, but the soul. I was the little bird to whom you gave your dew and permitted to rest amongst your leaves." Saying this he scattered a handful of golden hearts on to the violets, and so to this day all violets have golden hearts. VIRGINIA JENNISON.

THE PHYSICS CLASS.

Did you know that you were living with a group of future eminent physicists? Such is the fact however; there is a physics class in this school, the members of which have all decided to become famous along the scientific line.

These girls take great delight in applying what they learn in class to every day life. They can tell you all about the complicated work necessary for Thomas to do to heat the school and as for the theory of the conservation of energy, there is nothing they do not know on that subject.

On "lab" days the minds of these ambitious students are greatly taxed sometimes, at finding a way of making "nature do what she is supposed to do," as one of them is fond of saying. Caroline finds it improves her thinking powers, in such cases, to seat herself on the table and gaze intently into space. (I imagine she feels her mind is capable of greater results when in such an elevated position.) Mary prefers the arduous task of writing down on the black board the great amount of minute data we manage to discover in each experiment. As she is so exact we hope that in her future work she will never substitute $H^2 SO^4$ for $H^2 O$ as little Willie did. The rest of the class arrange the apparatus and then they all set to work. For the next two periods the excitement is usually so intense that often Caroline on discovering the freezing point of ice or something equally startling, bursts into song, much to the amazement of the class next door.

Another amazing fact about this class is its utter disregard for conventionalities. It makes no difference to them whether they have to sit on the table or even stand on it. Although it is quite overpowering to see, in passing through the laboratory, the class standing on the table, playing (or so it seems to the uninitiated) with little steel balls on a string. No one would guess that they were working at Newton's famous Laws of the Pendulum.

Treat these girls with respect, my friends, for some day you will have pointed out to you Professor, A. B. C., Z. Y. X., Q. T. and then how proud you will be to say nonchalantly to your friend, "Oh, yes, I knew her, in fact I used to go to school with her."

MARGARET W. HUSSEY.

BLIND LUCK.

"I think you had better lie down for a while now. You look pretty tired," and the nurse, after arranging the pillows comfortably about her patient, refolding the paper she had been reading to him and putting it within reach, left him to rest.

This scene took place in an American base hospital in France. This particular hospital was having a short respite

now, after the arduous work of the last drive, and nurses and patients alike were enjoying a box of books and papers just received from New York.

Nurse White had been reading to one of the men who was unable to read for himself. Every item being of interest, she had read up and down the columns, through births, deaths, marriages, Lost and Found and Wanted, after all the current news had been exhausted. Now, seeing her patient tiring and having many others to attend to, she had left him to his own devices.

It was not the usual thing for her to spend her few precious moments off duty amusing a patient, but this particular one had excited her admiration because of his unusually high spirits.

The ward in which he lay and in which she worked, was that devoted to men who had had parts of their faces destroyed in the great cauldron of war seething only a few miles away.

Most of the men, although brave to the finish, were not particularly thankful over having their features mutilated, comely and uncomely alike, but patient 12,042 as he was called, seemed positively jubilant over the fact. There was much speculation among the other men and the staff over this decidedly unusual attitude. Some thought he was an escaped prisoner, others that he was an unconvicted fugitive from justice, but all agreed that he was a jolly good sport, and so much has war done that they even went so far as to say that that was all that was necessary.

After the nurse left, the subject of this speculation lay back trembling, a cold perspiration breaking out all over him. Nurse White had been quite right when she thought the reading had tired him. It had, but only the last paragraph. It was a harmless enough looking one in itself, but it had wrought havoc in this man's mind. As he lay there he repeated it over and over. Just that one reading had burned it into his memory.

“Wanted—Information concerning one Gordon Mannering, Lieutenant in the 204th Infantry, last seen falling in action. Identification by birthmark on left side of face, a red scar reaching from the left corner of the eye to the mouth. Proof of death necessary for settlement of estate devolving upon said Gordon Mannering by the decease of Ralph Mannering, uncle, and in-

volving a counter claimant. Those persons having any information please communicate with Messrs. Randal and Marton, 52 Cedar Street, New York City."

He had thought that old life ended, but it seemed inevitably to follow him. Most people would not consider inheriting a fortune a calamity, but so it seemed to Gordon Mannering lying on his hospital bed, head and shoulders swathed in bandages.

In his mind he reviewed the events of the past few weeks.

All he remembered after giving the signal for his troops to go "over the top," was a blinding flash of light, a tearing and burning of agonizing intensity in his face and neck, and then all was blank until he had awakened in this place of seemingly heavenly quiet and cleanliness after the foulness of the trenches.

His next very vivid remembrance was of when the doctor had told him that he would hereafter have to wear one of the thin metal masks, with which science had made it possible for these men who have lost parts of their features to go out into the world, without being shocking to the sight of others.

His reception of this news was what had aroused the comment among his companions. A wave of overwhelming relief which he had not been able to control, had come over him.

It was gone! Gone forever! That frightful thing that had tortured his super-sensitive mind all his life.

When he was small, he had been sheltered and protected and was unconscious that he differed in any way from others. And it was not until the age of six that he had become so self-conscious. A dainty little girl whom he greatly admired, moved to town, and upon being introduced to him, stared a moment, then with a horrified, shocked expression hid her face in her hand and turned away. This was the beginning. He had rushed home, a sinking sensation almost overwhelming him, climbed on a chair in front of his bureau and stared into the mirror. Of course he had known that there was a scar upon his face, but never before had he looked with really seeing eyes at the ugly, livid line stretching from eye to mouth.

He remembered his mother trying to quiet the wild sobs that shook him, trying to tell him that it was a birthmark and no

disgrace; that the little girl had not meant anything. It did no good. His own sensitive nature could appreciate too keenly the shock that it must have been to the child, and from that time he assumed a defiant attitude toward all with whom he came in contact, with a morbid sense of pleasure in displaying that which cut him to the quick whenever he became conscious of it, which was a thousand times a day.

The one who caused the most acute and constant pain was the one who first occasioned it. Barbara Knight had been his ideal from the time when he first beheld her, aged five, with her mischievous blue eyes, sunny curls and sunnier smile. After that first meeting however, he rather avoided her, although she was graciousness itself to him. Living near each other threw them constantly in contact in spite of his efforts at avoidance, so they had played tag, Indian and tennis and later swam, danced and motored together, but always with that indefinable barrier between them which he raised to cover his hurt and protect this girl for whom he would have sacrificed all.

He remembered her as he had last seen her, standing on the station platform, tall and slim, with a gay smile on her lips, waving good-bye, to him and the rest of the fellows who with him had given up the various positions they had just entered from college, for the sterner business of war. No, he could positively be nothing but a good dependable old friend to her, else she never could have so light-heartedly bid him good-bye.

What a fool he was! What decent man could expect a girl to tie herself up with a fellow who had such a ghastly, unconcealable mark and nothing to offset it, not even money? Particularly a girl like Barbara. He should be duly grateful that she allowed him about as much as she did, when there were always so many others at her beck and call.

All these thoughts passed through his mind as he lay there in the stillness. Now he came back to the question at hand.

Undoubtedly he was the one wanted so urgently by Messrs. Randal and Marton. He remembered a wealthy, eccentric, old uncle who had once said that his money would devolve upon him as the only remaining member of the illustrious Mannering family. He also knew the estate to be valued at about half a

million dollars and that the counter claimant involved was some pet charity of the old man's.

His first thought had been one of joy that now he could offer himself to Barbara with a compensation. He wouldn't care if she didn't love him so very much if he could just have her, and anyway lots of fellows were in the same way now.

Then he branded himself as a cad to even think of such a thing as appealing to her sympathy in such an unmanly fashion.

No, he would do as he had planned since he had been lying here. He would never return to the old life again, but start in afresh somewhere else. There was absolutely no way of his identity being discovered since the birth-mark was gone and his identification-tag lost.

He had fallen on a piece of hard fought over ground, which the day he fell was captured by the Boche, who, thinking him dead, cut off the little metal disc and left him where he was found the next day after the ground had been recaptured. By a stroke of luck his wrist had not been severed as had so many poor fellows when the precious metal tags were being taken. For this he was more than grateful.

The money could go to the charity and Barbara live her life happily as she chose. As for him, well, that didn't matter. He was used to unhappiness. All he knew was that he could not endure another twenty-five years or more tortured by the sight of the one thing he wanted and which he knew to be unattainable.

* * * * *

Three thousand miles away, a girl lay on her bed, the casualty list of the New York Times clutched in her hand, sobbing as if her heart would break. Finally she got up, walked over to her desk and picked up a photograph in a silver frame. It was a profile picture of a young soldier with first lieutenant bars on his shoulder.

"Gordon! Gordon! Gordon!" sobbed the girl, "What must you have thought of me at the station that day when all the rest were crying? Didn't you know I only smiled for your sake? Oh, why can't a girl show when she cares? I know you were just too proud to tell me. You thought I didn't care—and now

it's too late, too late——!" and she flung herself on the bed again, crushing the picture to her as if by so doing she shielded the original from all the agony, mental and physical, that she knew he must have suffered.

* * * * *

Six months later there was a great hub-bub in the big city court-room. There was a notorious murder trial starting that day and the room was crowded with people. The reporters were busy getting settled and the court stenographer was hastily assembling her papers and pencils preparatory for a strenuous day.

The judge knocked with his gavel for silence. He turned to the stenographer who was still rustling her papers.

"Miss Knight, are you ready?" The rustling ceased, and he turned to face the room once more.

"Before we proceed with the Wyndham trial, I will take a few moments to make a final settlement of the estate of Ralph Mannering in favor of the Langley Foundation. All investigations as to the whereabouts of Gordon Mannering, heir to the deceased having been futile, and official statement of his death in action on July 10th last having been made by the United States government, will either Mr. Randal or Mr. Marton please bring the necessary documents to the bar to be signed?"

No one noticed the stenographer grow suddenly pale, or if they did, attributed it to the stuffiness of the over-heated room. She bent farther down over her notes, writing rapidly. The judge was speaking again.

"As conclusive proof of the death of the primary claimant, I will call Mr. Reed of the United States Secret Service to the chair. He will show as evidence the metal identification tag of Gordon Mannering, obtained from a German prisoner who cut it from the dead body. Also the finger prints of the deceased and those of the other claimants who have appeared from time to time. This will be conclusive proof of their falsity."

Barbara could hardly keep control of herself now. The notes she had taken danced before her eyes, her throat was parched and her hand shook so that she dropped her pencil.

To help regain her self-control, she tried to fix her attention on the people who were coming in at the back of the room. She noticed one in particular, a handsome young fellow, who stood for a moment looking around for a vacant place, then seeing one a little farther up, walked down the aisle.

Suddenly a cry rang out in the silence. Everyone, electrified, stared at the corner of the room by the bar where the stenographer had been sitting. She rose slowly as one in a trance, suddenly she seemed to gain certainty, then, carried away by what the spectators knew not, she held out her arms and cried, "Gordon!"

The man who had been standing motionless in the aisle since her first cry, stiffened at that call. He too seemed gripped by some overwhelming emotion, but his face still kept its calm expression.

The girl was coming toward him now, but after that second cry she was silent. Both were oblivious to all the others in the room. He strode toward her, and as he put his arms around her, she smiled up at him, and with a little sigh of content and relief, fainted.

* * * * *

That night Barbara's tongue was loosened and she plied him with questions.

"Gordon, dear, how did you happen to be there today?"

"I saw in the paper that the settlement was to be made then so I came right up as soon as I got my discharge. But how did you get there in such a position?"

"Oh, I just had to do something and that's all I knew how. Father nearly had fits over my working, but just think if I hadn't been there!"

"Don't think about it, honey, I don't like to, either."

But Barbara still persisted in hurting herself with what might have been.

"What a little beast you must have thought me all these years. Honestly, though, you didn't give me a fair chance, dear."

"I know, it was all my fault, every bit," he replied. "You're an angel and always have been. It's a mighty good

thing that those finger prints were all right there today, little wife-to-be. It saved a lot of time. And now that I'm a bloated bond-holder, the first thing we do tomorrow morning is to go down to Tiffany's and get the finest ring in the store. You can't escape without it."

RUTH W. SHAFER.



CASUALS.

I have a secret, a secret which I guard zealously, with all my life if necessary. If any one should find it out I think I should die of shame, of mortification and of all other like nouns. Day by day it stifles me and at night the shadow of my future self haunts my would-be slumbers. At last I have come to the stage where I can no longer keep within myself this awful calamity—this thing which is eating my life away. I must tell someone and so to you, dear reader, do I dedicate this confession. I will tell you I am—but no, I cannot write it and yet I must, I must have sympathy. I am—please, gentle reader, in the name of all that you cherish, do not laugh, or even smile, for to me it is a tragedy. With all my courage I will now write the fateful words, the words which will tell you of the thing that keeps me from enjoyment of my meals and the thing which I walk miles in an endeavor to throw off. I—suddenly it comes to me that I had better break it gently. Each year, each month, each day in fact, in one respect I am a different person. I fear my friends will not recognize me, but still they do it and as they do, it is a joy. A joy because it is proof that they have not yet found out this awful thing that is slowly changing me. Perhaps now you are ready for it. Remember, I take you into my confidence as I write these words. I am growing fat!

I. C.

Heaven, not always as thoughtful as it might be, saw fit to endow me at birth with a nose which the kindest observer would call, "turned up." It is snub, pug, or "nez retroussé," call it what you will. Like a tilted mushroom it perches in the middle of my smiling countenance and will do so until I die, unless I should chance to break it at some future day.

As a child I showed great sensitiveness about my offending feature and would not permit it to be touched. All attempts to stroke it so that it would not point up so much were met with howls on my part.

"You're hurting me, leave it alone! I'd rather have it snub," I shrieked, and proceeded to protect it with great vigilance.

As I grew older my desire for a nose delicately Grecian finally led me to try to massage it with great fervor.

"It's too late, now," said my mother. "If you had let me do it long ago it might have done some good, but even as a baby you fought me off so——."

At this point I fled in despair, consigning a snub nose to the Fate that had wished mine on me. My worries over it caused further mirth in my family and I was told, "It's a very small matter to worry about."

My reading brought me little consolation. Fancy my horror at discovering that Cyrano de Bergerac,—he whose nose was so enormous that it was laughed at,—had stated that all great men had large noses; in fact, their greatness might be measured by the size of their noses. He cited Caesar as an example and I was overcome when I gazed at that worthy's Roman beak. My favorite line in poetry however is from "Garette and Lynette;" describing Lynette it says,

"And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

Tennyson was a kindly soul and a man after mine own heart.

Kind friends have tried to convince me that it is "cute." I have not been reassured—a "cute" nose is all very well while one is young, but when one reaches the time when dignity is desirable it is sadly out of place.

It is an evil thing without doubt, always expressing content, furthermore, readers of character say that generous people have large noses. What can be said in favor of a feature that dubs its owner stingy and haughty?

On the whole, my nose is the blight upon my otherwise fair existence, and in heaven I shall have a Grecian one! M. H. C.

Shelley, who has been called "the poet of poets" and "the revolutionist" loved nature for its beauty and its wealth of inspirations, but chiefly because of two wonderful parts of nature which appealed to him particularly—the clouds and the mountains. These to him were symbolical of freedom and release from human bondage.

All through his poems he uses the clouds to show the vastness and the beauty of freedom. In "The Cloud" he writes

"I am the daughter of Earth and Water

* * * * *

I change, but I cannot die."

showing the cloud as one of the primary forces of nature, binding

" * * * the sun's throne with a burning zone

And the moon's with a girdle of pearl"

"Building up the blue dome of air

* * * * * to unbuild it again."

In the "West Wind" Shelley compares himself to the wind and the clouds, longing to be a cloud, "tameless, and swift, and proud," having the power to reach, as does a cloud, all mankind.

Similar thoughts are expressed in the poem "To Night," although in this poem he longs for night to shut out the faults of the day, causing him to forget the tyrannies of the world. It is a plea for night to

" * * * wander o'er the city and sea and land

Touching all with thine opiate hand."

Shelley uses the sky in several poems as an example of gladness, of prosperity and of splendour—for example in the “Last Chorus of Hellas” are the lines

“Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam”
and

“Bequeath, like sunset to the skies
The splendour of its prime.”

To Shelley the mountains were solemn, impressive and unattainable—having elements lacking in the tyrannical atmosphere of England.

In “Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples,” he writes that the

“ * * * * snowy mountains wear
The purple noons transparent might.”

Always when Shelley writes of the mountains there is something of the vastness and the impressiveness of their heights—as in “Mt. Blanc,” he writes of the

“Eagle baffling height”—

and in “Love’s Philosophy” of the

“Mountains kissing high heaven.”

In “Alastor” he speaks of a traveller on the heights of the snow-clad mountains—

“Disturbing not the drifted snow.”

The snow, perhaps, meant to him the success of the heights in attaining a pureness and unity so lacking in the English world at that time.

I. C.





SCHOOL NEWS.

LECTURE GIVEN BY MISS LEAVENS OF THE SMITH UNIT.

December 3—

Everyone was very much interested in the lecture which Miss Alice Leavens gave us. She was sent to France with the Smith College Unit and was employed by the French Government to do relief work in the devastated region of the Sambre. She told of many interesting things that happened, and she had with her a collection of various souvenirs brought back from France. Among them was her gas-mask, which she put on for us, so that we might see what heavy, uncomfortable things masks are. After she had finished talking, she offered to answer any questions that we might care to ask, and you may be sure that we all took advantage of her kind offer.

ANGELINE RUSH.

CAPTAIN MORIZE.

December 12—

Captain Morize of the French Army, spoke at Rogers Hall on Thursday, December 12, 1918. He discussed the coming of peace, and in the light of his three years' fighting in France and his knowledge of the Hun, he stated with emphasis that no pity should be felt for the German people until the German people change in spirit and in ideals.

His address took two distinct lines, the debt of gratitude and the rights which the victory has given the Allies. Captain

Morize spoke without bitterness even during his terrible indictment of the entire German people, but the earnestness born of actual knowledge of conditions in France during its occupation, added to his natural gifts as a speaker, served to give an unusually profitable hour. The captain is well known in Boston, where, as a member of the commission headed by Lieut. Col. Paul Azan, he is rapidly acquiring fame as a student of world affairs.

He said in part: "The year in which we live, a year unique in the history of the whole world, is the end of a past which has been glorious, where flourished the greatest spirit of devotion and of sacrifice, in all the countries engaged in the war, especially in those near the battlefront. But it is also the beginning of a future which is great, but also very serious, and if we are serious it is because we have considered the price we have had to pay for victory.

"The peace which victory gave us must be such that the future must be absolutely safe and sure, and for that, we must see to it that Germany does not benefit by any false sympathy, and until we have proof that the German people have changed in spirit and in ideals, I shall have no sympathy in my heart for them.

"It is unthinkable that the countries which suffered, while Germany enriched herself with loot, should see the Germans keep that loot, and at the same time, through false pity, receive an opportunity to regain her place in commerce while the wrecked countries are struggling to reconstruct.

"These are the thoughts which I want to leave with you on the morrow of victory, and I believe they are the thoughts shared by all those who think."

Captain Morize concluded by urging American students to visit France, study in her schools, get the different views and hoped that France would do likewise as well as the other countries.

December 14—

Miss Kellogg staged a pageant in the gymnasium. It was a ballet in the form of a Russian wedding, and it certainly was most successful. The dances throughout were graceful and

interesting, and the quaint Russian costumes of many vivid colors, presented a striking picture. Salome Johnston in her attractive white wedding gown and high Russian headdress, made a very appealing and dainty bride. Margaret Betts made a groom handsome enough to thrill the hearts of all the gay Russian girls who were dancing at the wedding with good looking debonair peasant boys. Throughout the pageant, there were such brilliant costumes, merry peasants, and such unusual, graceful dancing, that the Russian wedding was very charming indeed.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

December 17—

Our last evening at Rogers Hall before leaving for our Christmas vacation was a happy little festivity of a dinner and appropriate entertainment.

Before dinner we were lingering in the drawing room when Christmas carols floated in to us from the adjoining halls. After several familiar old songs, sung by our girls' choir, the serenade ceased and we went to the dining room, to find it gayly decorated for the occasion. The windows and archways were hung with holly wreaths and crimson ribbons. The centerpieces on the tables were dainty but bright and gay arrangements of fruit, candy and nuts. After we had taken our places the choir followed us. The girls in the chorus wore white dresses and bewitching tall crimson caps with floating ribbons.

Between the first and second courses the choir left the room. They returned singing carols. The girl leading bore a wooden bowl filled with fruit—two girls followed her playing the accompaniment on violins for the chorus. At the close of the second course the French students entertained us with some of their French songs.

But to "top the evening off," during the last course good old Santa Claus came blustering into the room, jingling his bells and carrying his pack, filled with interesting looking packages. After he had greeted us, he called out the names of the girls and

each went up to receive a gift. When he had distributed his gifts among the girls and teachers, Santa Claus wished us a very merry Christmas and said good-bye.

We gathered in the drawing room, showing each other our gifts and chattering over our cups of coffee. After a merry little social hour we bade each other a happy good night and sought our respective rooms, to put the finishing touches on our packing for our departure the following day. MARGARET MOORE.

ANDOVER DANCE.

January 18, 1919—

On January 18th, a long delayed and long looked forward to event took place when the Andover Musical Clubs paid their annual visit to Rogers Hall. The reception and musical program was held in the gymnasium where we were entertained by the Glee Club, Mandolin Club, a quartet and a violin solo which all proved exceptionally fine. The last number was "Old P. A." in which everybody joined with much enthusiasm.

Supper was served in the Hall, after which we all went back to the gymnasium to dance for a few hours which flew only too quickly. Everybody appeared to have had a delightful time and the whole event nullified the old saying, "Expectation is better than realization," for it certainly proved to be just the other way around. MARGARET BETTS.

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE TEA.

January 21—

Dear Chloe:—

That's all rite about the box costin' too much to sen' to me. We had a tea here the other day, so we got somethin' to eat fer a change. Jest fer fun the cookin' class got swell and did the society act. Everyone got dressed up in their glad rags and went to the affair. It was given in the swellest of the houses—The House. That's where I hang out, Chloe—swell that's me all over, Chloe. But I guess nobody don't know that any better than you do. Ain't that rite, Chloe? Well, as I was sayin' it was a grand affair. They had a receivin' line—you don't know what that is 'course, 'cause you ain't ust to goin' out in the best

society and it ain't no use my trying to explain 'neither, I guess. It's too deep fer you, Chloe. The room where the eats was displayed looked swell—flowers, brass candle-sticks, silver coffee percolators, etc., all in the best style, Chloe, and the eats—say, Mrs. Vanderbilt never had any better grub than they handed out, you can bet your hat on that. All so pretty, too, seemed a crime to eat it all. I'm glad you didn't sen' me no food this week, Chloe, 'cause your cookin' would kinda be put in the dark 'long side o' the French pastry they had at the tea. But don't stop sendin' me food, Chloe, fer Nixie, the dog here likes what I can't eat and this is some place fer an appetite, Chloe. Any-thing tastes good.

So you're goin' 'round with Charlie, are you? Don't think yer puttin' anythin' over on me 'cause he wrote me all about it.

Well, so long, Chloe, Yours fer "Dom. Sci." Teas,

Agnes.

MARTHA HOWELL.

January 28—

As a rule oratorio is extremely difficult for schoolgirls to comprehend but the Lowell Choral Society succeeded in making us understand the meaning of Handel's "Messiah."

The "Messiah" represents the highest form of Handel's genius, always retaining its vigor, original freshness, and beauty. It appeals to the highest sentiment and religion. The "Messiah" is divided into three main parts. Part I deals with the Prophecies and the Fulfilment, and is carefully interpreted by soft, soothing music. The Passion and the Triumph is brought out in Part II by pleading song usually sung by a bass or tenor. The grand climax comes in Part III, The Resurrection, which ends with the forceful chorus, "Hallelujah!"

MISS ROBBINS' PAPER.

January 31—

On Friday afternoon, we had the pleasure of hearing a paper on American Artists read to us by Miss Robbins. We were all doubly interested in her, for besides her enthusiasm and acquaintance with her subject, she claimed our attention by the fact of her friendship and faithful support of the school.

She told of Copley, Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, and others of the first group of American painters coming down to Whistler, Sargent, Inness, Cecelia Beaux, Mary Cassatt, George de Forrest Brush, Foster, and Frank W. Benson. Among sculptors she spoke of Saint-Gaudens and Daniel Chester French and the stories she told about them made it still more interesting.

After her talk was over, we all went into the drawing-room for chocolate and an eager circle quickly surrounded her.

Little did we realize that this was to be Miss Robbins' last visit and it will always be one of our most cherished memories of the year.

MARCELLA CHALKLEY.

THE VALENTINE PARTY.

February 14—

Regardless of the fact that half of our schoolmates were enjoying a wonderful time in the mountains, we decided we could have a Valentine party. Our party began immediately after dinner when it was announced that we were all to go into the schoolroom; there we were all given parts of valentines to see who could "patch up" the pieces, so to speak, and make the prettiest one. But the prizes were won by Salome Johnston and Margaret Hussey who were said to have made the most original ones. Now for the fun! We went into the front part of the building where before dinner there had been a sign up saying "No Admission." Such entanglement was never seen! It fully equalled that of the Germans' barbed-wire along the front line trenches. A cob-web party is always lots of fun, but this one exceeded all others.

First the point was to find your own card, and then begin winding, and ducking, and winding some more. The strings led anywhere from under the parlor table to the hooks in one of the girl's closets upstairs. After everyone had found what was at the end of her string, the most common thing being a valentine we all went downstairs, where now one could walk without

either tripping herself or getting choked to death by stray strings going this way and that. We ended the party with refreshments, and we could not help but think we had had just as fine a time as the mountaineers.

ELEANOR WHIDDEN.

THE MOUNTAIN TRIP.

February 13-16—

When the twenty-six girls who were going to the mountains were hurrying to get their things on to make the eight-seventeen car, there were many envious remarks by the stay-at-homes; but if every girl in school did not go, at least some of her property went, for after hearing of the zero weather of past mountain trips, every girl determined to have plenty of warm clothing.

At Haverhill, Mr. Bassett joined our party and after changing trains four times we arrived at Intervale without any mishap. What was to be our first stunt was decided at the luncheon table, we would climb Mt. Surprise and watch the sunset. There was not enough snow for snow-shoeing but it was a good climb and we had a wonderful view of the mountains. That night "we hitched Old Dobbin to the sleigh" and went for a glorious moonlight ride.

Next day the skating was good and the tobogganing excellent but we decided to leave Intervale and go through Crawford Notch. We had a twenty-mile train ride and some of us sat on the back platform and watched the way the tracks wound in and out of the mountains. At last we reached the Willey House where we had luncheon, during which it began to snow. By the time we started through the Notch it was snowing heavily and the wind had begun to rise. It was such fun plowing through the deep snow, which quickly covered the forest, that we did not mind the fact of not being able to see the mountains towering above us on all sides.

But as we went on the storm grew wilder and the wind blew harder and we realized that we had met a real New England blizzard. Were you ever beginning to think you were tired, and longed for a warm room and dry clothing and suddenly realize they were close at hand? That was the feeling that many

of us had when we finally saw Crawford Station looming in the distance. Not one of us would have missed the opportunity of being out in that storm, yet we all certainly were glad to see that station.

No matter where girls may be they always love to shop, so Saturday morning we went "trailing" to North Conway and had a glorious time discovering the treasures of a country store. Then in the afternoon we went on a "bacon bat" and never did anything taste better. The hot bacon and rolls, the steaming coffee, sandwiches and pies were enough to tempt any one and our hungry crowd of girls "just loved it."

Our last day we took a sleigh ride to Jackson and visited the Eagle Mountain House where the Appalachian Club was staying.

The time went so quickly that we all hated to leave on the Sunday night train, but in those four short days we did everything in the line of winter sports and we all declared we were going again next year.

BETTY AKEROYD.

THE MUSICALE.

February 23—

One of the most interesting musicales of the year was given by the "Carolyn Belcher String Quartet," Sunday afternoon, at four o'clock in the school-room. They opened their program with the Andante and Minuet movements of Mozart's Quartet, E flat Major. Following that Miss White played a lullaby written by Daisy Sherman. Miss Sherman has written a number of pieces for the orchestra that are still in manuscript form.

Among the other numbers rendered were: Intermezzo by Ippoliton, Butterfly by Rozeks, Beethoven's Minuet, Posey Garden by Sherman and From the Depths by MacDowell. The last was a piano solo and well deserves credit for its splendid rendition. The audience especially applauded Miss Belcher, who played Canzonetta by D'Ambrosio. The composer is a modern writer who is living in Paris at the present time. He has written many successful selections for the violin. Her encore was Humoresque by Tchaikowsky. The quartet closed their program with the first movement of Schumann's Piano Quintet.

GENEVIEVE BURGER.

March 1—

I am the bell that rings every day, usually at 7.30. I am hated by all the girls, but tonight, March 1st, I believe I am the most popular person in the school for I call the girls to the great event—the mid-year dance. Ah, I do not have to wait to have them come. They are here now wearing gowns that rival Madame Lucille's. How excited and carefree they look! That girl over there is saying as she glances at me, "Oh bell, you won't make us go to bed at 10 o'clock tonight!"

What is this I hear? Strange voices in the hall—the men are here. The orchestra has started and everyone has a partner. Such laughter and merriment I have not heard for a long time. However, they have left me now to go downstairs where one of those famous Rogers Hall Suppers is being served. I smile as I hear their merry laughter because it makes me remember all the proms I have witnessed before. I cannot dwell on the past because the merrymakers have returned to dance again. They are very eager to begin as they know the time is drawing near to go. 11.30 has come and, oh, how those men hate to go. They are all saying, "I never had such a wonderful time, Rogers Hall is the school of schools."

HELEN FRIEND.

March 4—

On the evening of March 4th, we were given the great privilege and pleasure of hearing the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at the Strand Theatre. This wonderful orchestra, one of the few fine musical organizations of the world, having undergone a complete revision and under the distinguished leadership of M. Henri Rabaud, has even enhanced its traditional standards.

The symphonic poem, Omphale's Spinning-Wheel, was so exquisitely and expressively done that you could hear the whirr of the wheel all through, under the theme which was the story of Omphale and Hercules.

The Symphony in C minor by Beethoven was one of the most powerful numbers. Four movements were played. It has been said of the finale of this symphony that in its richness and magnificence, very few movements can draw near without being crushed by it.

The other numbers given were a piece from the symphonic poem, "The Redemption," and selections from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Needless to say the concert was wonderful, to our untrained ears even perfect, and our only regret was that it was not longer.

THE VOICE OF FRANCE.

March 7—

Mlle. Marguerite Clément of the Lycée de Versailles of France, spoke at Rogers Hall on Friday, March 7th. She spoke in English in the afternoon and her subject was "The Voice of France." No one could have been better prepared to show and express the feelings of the French people than Mlle. Clément. Her English was charming and I think that by quoting her it can be shown how forcefully she spoke.

That all men are born free and must remain equal in their right, came from the French Revolution and was not only true then but will always be true. In this war there has not been as much talking as in former times. France has not had time to talk much because she has been so busy acting. Most of the speaking that has been done has been done by our own president.

Yet there have been a good many voices of France—that of the soldiers and statesmen and also those of the women and children. The words, "They shall not pass," by Joffre, will live forever and also, "We will not surrender under any pressure or any defeat." Some of the finest expressions of the war have been the very slangy words of the soldiers, as, "We will get them," in French, "On les aura."

This wonderful victory has been most impersonal, it has been really more of an abstract idea. There has been nothing cruel, it has been more of a vision of victory than anything else. A wonderful French that portrays the idea of the vision is represented by a young boy of eighteen—his arm stretched forward in a strong way. He is looking ahead—for victory. There is no cruelty or hatred in his face, instead there is a radiant, inspired expression of glory. He looks like a prophet of a strong and noble victory.

Another slang expression of the French is "T'eu fais pas," or "I should worry." They are afraid of nothing. The French people have been deluged with war books. But the two most important are books of absolutely different types. The fine, noble and idealistic book, "Les Lettres d'un Soldat a Sa Mere." In this book the young soldier seems to have been able to find beauty in everything. Even when he stumbled against the dead body of his best friend, he feels no horror but sees his friend asleep in the beauty of supreme sacrifice. Feeling comforted he lies down and goes to sleep by his friend's side.

The other book, "Under Fire," uses strong and slangy language, yet it will live and always be a great book because of the truth of the horrors of war. It really can be truthfully called the book of horrors. It speaks of the very soul of France, yet even so it is filled with humor. Seven or eight wounded soldiers were talking together. One said that his friends, if there were any left, would not even recognize him when he went back. It was only yesterday that he was twenty-five, yet even so because of his wounds, the anxiety and worry, he had been made an old man. The French know how to mix sadness and smiles, something the Germans could never do.

On the day of the Armistice, Mlle. Clément was in Versailles in the morning and in Paris in the afternoon. Bells rang and joy mixed with a great deal of solemnity reigned everywhere. At Versailles the Head Mistress took all the girls down into the Main Hall and there they sang the famous Song to the Dead—for there was not a girl there who had not lost some one who was very close and dear to her. The girls were then given a free day.

In the old province of Basque, they have a traditional dance called Le Fandango. When war was declared, the young men and girls danced this in the square for the last time until the war should be over. After the signing of the armistice these same girls danced, this time with old men and cripples or a few soldiers possibly, home on furlough.

The voice of the young people of France has been expressed in an amusing and charming way. They were asked to draw posters representing the need of saving fuel and food. These

posters were so good that the French government had them printed and posted with the names and ages of the girls who drew them.

Mlle. Clément was kind enough to make us a present of one of the most beautiful and expressive posters the French government has—that of the Kaiser pursued by the allied flags. These flags assumed a very militant aspect and are more expressive than anything else could possibly be. We love the idea that it expresses because it shows so plainly that the Kaiser and militarism are defeated by man's idea and democracy has been won not only with men, guns and Foch, for these would be all insufficient if we had not had strong entente relations.

Mr. Wilson was very strongly supported in France and I think Mlle. Clément told us something that we did not know before. That Leon Bourgeois thought of a League of Nations over thirty years ago and put it in practice at the High School at Neim, thus showing the way toward peace through right. France, through Clemenceau, asks for a League of Guarantees. She wants the neutralization of the left bank of the Rhine where there shall be no barracks and soldiers—just a place between France and Germany.

In closing, Mlle. Clément said that she felt sure that Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau will agree. Wilson brings the vision while Clemenceau is strong and brings the practical vision. The wonderful feeling that France and the United States must enrich each other shows how tightly bound the two nations have become and is one of the most wonderful results that has come from the war.

MARJORIE COULTHURST.

March 7—

A meeting of the Alliance Française was held here at school on the evening of the seventh of March at which we were fortunate in hearing Mlle. Clément, who has recently come to America, speak on the now famous M. Clemenceau. She gave us a brief outline of his early life before describing his political career, the most significant event of which is his premiership and connection

with Gen. Foch, in whom he had supreme confidence. To us, as Americans, it is a matter of great pride that it is Clemenceau and Wilson who are taking a pre-eminent part in the formation of the League of Nations.

Her charming accent and forceful personality made her lecture one of great interest to all. MARJORIE ADAMS.

March 10—

I think all the girls who went into Boston on the excursion through Boston's Little Italy will agree with me when I say that no trip has ever been more thoroughly enjoyed.

Our first stop came rather suddenly for as we turned our heads to the left we beheld one large ray of sunshine in Little Italy! Condemned buildings had been torn down and in their place was a playground for children. We could not pass it without stopping a minute anyway, and before we knew it we were surrounded by at least a hundred children, one of whom entertained us by singing us Liberty songs,—in Little Italy!

We started on our way again but before we had walked very far we entered a shop to hear a Russian's "own story" of his native country. He gave us his idea of the situation in Russia and the only remedy that he could see is to let the starving people alone until enough provisions could be obtained to satisfy them.

We walked on to the Old North Church through very narrow, crooked, dirty streets and sometimes we could hardly pass for the markets reached almost to the curb—or occasionally a real stout Italian would block the way and generally "pardon me" were unknown words to them. We finally reached the Old North Church after having been stopped several times by urchins who recited much Historical poetry to us. The church was closed, locked at four o'clock,—so to console ourselves we walked down to the Italian Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart and talked with one of the fathers—who told us in his broken English all about the wonderful statues that were on the altar. Across the square from that little church is the home of Paul Revere

but it too was closed. We then made our way down through the streets, gazing here and there—for everything was so very interesting to all of us. We shopped in a little store, buying native bread and cheese and we ended our journey by going to a restaurant for a real Italian dinner, consisting of everything from Italian onion soup down to spaghetti—but I suppose we shall have to frequent that country before we can learn to eat it properly.

TALK GIVEN BY CARLOTTA HEATH.

March 11—

Of all the talks we have enjoyed recently, the one given by Carlotta Heath ('11) on her experiences during the eight months she spent overseas was the most interesting. She did not generalize as so many do, but told her own personal experiences, which were all the more amusing because of the purely informal way in which she told them.

She went to France last April and was sent immediately to a large canteen where she enjoyed (?) scrubbing tables with German prisoners. She said the only difference between her duties and theirs was that she had to get up earlier in the morning.

At the last advance of our army she was at a canteen at a town through which much of our artillery passed and also many of the wounded, some of whom were just piled in box cars without even a stretcher under them. She told of one truck load of men from the East Side of New York who came through late one night. As usual they were all "broke" but were given food for nothing. While the men were eating, one asked how much it would cost him and on being told "Nothing," he said, "Hurry up, fellows, there must be some trick in it." Then when they were shown to the first real beds they had seen in eight months, you can imagine how quickly they took advantage of them.

On the great day of November 11th, she was in Paris and confirmed our idea of what a really wonderful day it was there. They had music for the first time in four years, and the people

filled the streets, singing and rejoicing. "Every man who had a flag could form a parade all his own." That night the huge "searches" were turned toward the statues of Lille and Strasbourg and the roads around Paris and the city itself was filled with booty taken from the Germans at the last advance of the Argonne.

She emphasized especially the great disappointment of any men who didn't receive letters when the mail was distributed and how much just a little word from the "folks back home" meant to them.

Another story she told made us feel how much the Red Cross work we did, surgical dressings especially, was appreciated by the boys over there. One of the boys in a hospital, who was severely wounded had to have his wounds dressed. So a nurse, a friend of Miss Heath's, was asked by the doctor to come and try to talk to him and so distract his attention. She talked of everything she could think of but it didn't seem to do any good. Finally the doctor placed a little pile of 4 in. by 4 in. pads, such as we are all familiar with, on the boys chest. Instantly his eyes lighted up and he said, "Don't you think that my Mother made those for me." It didn't matter so much whether those were just the ones his mother made, but the thought that she,—representing the folks back home,—was doing things to help the boys and was standing back of them, helped him bear his suffering.

For a while Miss Heath was in the Argonne and here saw many of the returning American prisoners. Of course they were most pitiful and even the "corned Willie" which is spurned by most of our men, was to them no less than a luxury. They said that when the news came that the peace was signed and that they were free, at first they refused to believe it but thought it was some new trick of the Germans. It was only when they saw the columns of returning prisoners marching toward France that they could believe it.

Miss Heath's talk ended with a warning to all of us not to pity those men who return from France, but rather to be cheerful and not to consider their misfortunes as great afflictions.

She said that the men "over there" hated above all things to be pitied, and the surest way to make yourself unpopular with them was to be sad and sorry for them.

Carlotta Heath is the first of our Rogers Hall girls to return from France and we will be fortunate if the others who come back to school give as interesting a story of their experiences.

ANNE ROBERTSON.



ATHLETICS.

CAE-KAVA BASKET BALL GAME.

For the second time this year the "friendly enemies," the Lion and the Bear, met in contest on Saturday, March eight. After forty most thrilling minutes of play, Caemo grunted contentedly that once again he had defeated his old rival and the red and white banner would still hold the place of honor over the fireplace. The spectacular feature of the game came from Helen Lambden's wonderful throwing of baskets for of the twenty-six made by Cae, eighteen were scored to her credit. To the onlookers she seemed to be everywhere, whether playing in the center or at either goal, and her team undoubtedly owes its victory to the captain's speed, endurance and accuracy. Cae's passing was excellent, also, for only occasionally could the Kava centers break in and send the ball back to their own goal.

The Cae forwards deserve credit for the victory in that they ably supported each other and kept the ball from falling into the hands of the guards. The game was very fast in all four

periods but the playing was clean for only six fouls were called by the referee, five on Cae and one on Kava. The line-up and score follows:

KAVA.

M. Adams, forward, Capt.
A. Robertson, forward
A. Keith, center
E. Whidden, side center
Eliz. Whittier, guard
H. McCullough, guard

CAE.

D. Beeler, forward
E. Blomquist, forward
H. Lambden, center, Capt.
F. Hartmetz, side center
E. Akeroyd, guard
H. Tracy, guard

Score 23-52, in favor of Cae. Goals made: Adams 2, Robertson 5 and 1 free throw, Keith 4, Beeler 6, Blomquist 2, Lambden 18.

H. F. HILL.



ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

December 14th, Helen Carter was married to Mr. Harland Everett Paige at her home in Barton, Vt.

January 8th, Mary Kellogg, '00, was married to Mr. Miles Standish Sherrill at her home in Winchester.

January 12th, came this letter from Florence Harrison, '02, to Rogers Hall which she would wish shared with the Alumnæ. "This is real army life down here in Bordeaux, one of the largest hospital centres in France. The hospitals in central France are being evacuated and only those with the army of occupation and at the ports maintained. The camp here is huge, at present there are six hospitals and more are to be added. It looks a good deal like Camp Devens, only flatter and more regular. A railroad track runs down the middle with the hospitals on either side. No. 22 is where the Wellesley College Unit has its hut, a most delightful place, the largest here with a fine stage, a green room for the actors and then back of that three bed rooms for the personnel. At the other end is a large kitchen, a store room,

offices and the army canteen. This is now run by the Red Cross and with the management and purchase of supplies is to be my particular job, at least for the present. This Sunday morning all the other R. C. workers are sleeping and I'm alone in the hut with some hundred or more men. My duty is to answer any question that may arise, guard the magazines, cards, games, etc., to see that they are not all carried off. I'm seated in front of a hot fire in a cast iron stove with some thirty odd men who are also writing home. This hut, which is merely temporary, is a small barracks which was put up in three days and opened last night. It is one hundred feet long, by thirty wide, and has a stage at one end and back of that a kitchen and office. The hut is packed already for there are over a thousand patients at 104 with the detachment men in addition. The country round about is flat and muddy—seas of mud. Fortunately we have a lot of German prisoners at the camp who put in a good part of their time building walks and beating down hard paths. In some respects I am reminded of southern California in the palm trees, much of the vegetation, and the olives, with miles and miles of grape orchards. We are near enough to Spain for the architecture to be Spanish in type. There are delightful little lanes with walks and through the trees one gets glimpses of red-roofed, low, rambling farm-houses or sometimes villas. But the rain!

It has rained every day for over two months so that one wears rubber boots, a slicker and a fisherman's helmet, even shopping in Bordeaux..... I suppose you would like to know what I have been doing. For the first ten days I visited and helped at huts about Paris, then was sent to be directress of one in Joinville, near the city, where I had a very strenuous time for the four weeks including Christmas and New Year's. I had the fun and work of getting a tree ready for one thousand men. Until Christmas night I did not realize how much it meant but when boys who had not been out for weeks and months were wheeled into the big hut by nurses and orderlies, had they not been happy and enjoyed themselves, I should have been more unhappy than I ever hope to be. The boys to a man swear by the R. C. and you people at school can be proud of everything you have done for it. The huts in Bordeaux are large and

seven women are assigned to each. I buy the supplies, run the accounts and the canteen. My shopping French is improving every day. Tomorrow for example I have to buy sauce pans, insignia for boys who have lost theirs and a piano! Last night we had a full house and I spent the evening teaching the boys new kinds of solitaire since they knew only Canfield. We could not have an entertainment since we have no piano, but as soon as we get one, we shall have a star performance. All over the camp are boys who are born entertainers and 'the funniest boy in France,' is Billy Sheldon, one time of the Winter Garden Show. He belongs to Hospital 104 and writes a new song every evening. Already 'the Sheldon Show' is famous and he and his partner go to Paris this week to perform for the Y. M. Almost the best part of the buying is going to the big markets to get fruit and flowers. We keep flowers and potted plants in the hut all the time and yesterday one of the boys brought in a big bunch of American Beauty roses. They are all crazy about them, sit around and smell them and pull them so much that I fear the blossoms won't last long. The boys say 'they look like home.' For an hour I have been answering questions about Paris and finally I sat down at a big table with about fifty boys around me, drew maps of the city and described the different buildings in which the Peace Commissioners live and meet, and told them of the historical significance of these. It is absolutely astonishing how much our boys want to know and therein lies the great difference between the American and all other armies in France. On our magazine table we put out fifty short histories of the war and a popular history of France. These are little paper covered books about one hundred and fifty pages long, illustrated and containing maps, and apparently the boys eat them, at any rate they are more quickly exhausted than the Argosy or Snappy Stories! This life is not a cinch. There is no hot water nor a bath-tub in camp but we have a bath-hut with showers; we do a good deal of our own laundry; it rains steadily so that we are wet most of the time or at least damp. By the thermometer it is fairly warm but I am wearing the same clothes I wore on the Intervale snow trip two years ago and at that I'm cold much of the time. We fetch our own coal, make our own fires, and the

food while abundant is not such as you eat at home, even on camping trips. As for mud, it is all that you have imagined and then some. I'm glad that I brought hip rubber boots for I wear them. Just a word as to the location and work of the other R. H. girls: Ruth Burke is here in Bordeaux doing propaganda work in hospitals, telling the men about Reconstruction Work at home. She lives in Bordeaux and goes to the different hospitals. Amy Condit, '11, is a worker in the hut of which Florence Nesmith, '00, is directress in Brest. Katharine Carr Wilson, '09, is at present 'en repos' in Paris awaiting assignment. Katharine Kessinger, '10, is in the Passes and Permit Department of the Personnel Bureau at the Paris headquarters. I saw her often and lunched with her the day before I left. Rosabel Sampliner is a nurse's aid at Neuilly. Marion Stott is at Tour. Tracy L'Engle, '11, is doing Y. M. entertainment in occupied territory and was the first American woman in Metz. Kath Carr was the first one in the Palatinate when she went with her husband in the side car of a motorcycle, quite a stylish way of traveling over here. Good-bye now and do write me at A. P. O. 705, Bordeaux, France."

From Miss Linthicum have come several letters since she reached France. She was assiged to a French Foyer du Soldat since the Y. M. felt a great need there of American women who speak French fluently. Miss Linthicum has been stationed at St. Germain-la-Ville sur Marne, a town through which pass all troops to and from the French army of occupation. "I am sending you a French newspaper whose advertisements show how people are trying to get in touch with family and friends after four years of separation. By degrees people are working their way back to the devastated regions, but it is a slow, laborious process with train service poor and permissions to travel hard to get. The French are not in the habit of doing things on a large scale and I sometimes think that the only way that anything will be done for those poor people will be for the Americans to take hold and perform the magic that they did at Bordeaux. I am nearly exhausted fighting for every little thing that has been necessary at this Foyer and as the only American in town I cannot get very far. I have been gratified however, on various

occasions when officers and men have come in and said this was the cleanest and most home-like Foyer they had seen. I take most of the credit for that to myself, for the French directress would be up to her knees in dirt and disorder and not care. She keeps the accounts, which I should hate to do, so that our work divides up pretty well. But I am eager now to move to another Foyer in a different type of town, hoping for better conditions. I have never been in a small village before, completely surrounded by French, and I don't want to judge all France by this one unfortunate example. The Foyer has been a success and I feel that we have been able to do a lot for numbers of tired soldiers. Most of the men prefer to come here rather than go to the cafe, and we work hard to keep them cheerful since these soldiers have always come long distances and are tired. Recently we trimmed a Christmas tree, whereupon for about the fifth time in eight weeks we had no troops. We were about to despair when fortunately, yesterday over a thousand Algerians came. They were like a lot of children over the tree and all wanted a souvenir. They particularly liked the toys that made a noise, and as many of them speak very broken French they were most amusing with their appeals for, 'Une petite musique, madame, une petite musique.' They started off this morning in the rain with bands playing and now we are alone again. Mademoiselle and I went for a walk this afternoon to see the Marne. Usually it is a little stream that it is most flattering to call a river, but just now it has left its bed so completely that the fields are well covered and a new river is running through one part of the town. I put on my rubber boots to go to the main river but could not get there as the new river was crossing the road at such a speed and depth that I decided it would be foolish to try, and risk such a cold bath as I should have had, were I carried off my feet."

Here is Tracy L'Engle's own account of her great adventure: "I have just returned from the most thrilling thing I have done since I came to France—a trip to Metz! The morning of November 18th, our Y. man, another Wellesley girl, two privates attached to our hut and I started out to explore some of the trenches that are near here. We started out on foot as we have no other means of locomotion; but we soon saw an ambulance

going our way and hailed it and climbed aboard. When we discovered the destination of the ambulance was Pont-au-Mousson, I said, 'Let's go there, and then go to Metz.' Like four kids bound on an adventure the others assented and we reached that city of the dead with its streets grass grown after four years of desertion and its buildings riddled with shells. But so quickly can an army of men work that already the town was almost cleared of its debris and they were rebuilding the bridges which we must cross in order to get to the Metz highroad. In the middle of the town we left our first chariot and started on foot across the city toward the bridge. How were we to get across? We had no passes and there was a guard to stop our progress. Like a real fairy tale along came three officers, one a major, bent also on crossing the bridge so that we slowed up and let them go ahead of us. The guard stopped them and while he was telling them they might go up to the edge and look across, we passed him and came to the edge of the bridge. The boys were rebuilding it and there were just narrow planks across one part—at least a hundred feet from the water way below. Since we had passed the guard, the boys working couldn't stop us and when we said 'Please help us across,' they gave us a helping hand and on we went free as squirrels. A few blocks further we struck the Metz highway where a French truck took us aboard along with two American lieutenants also bound for Metz and took us right through the gates. While the guard was examining the credentials of the French driver we all hopped out of the back and beat it into town. There a few blocks ahead, apparently awaiting our arrival, stood a funny little German street car. But by this time we had become the object of interest and attention of the populace for we were the first Americans they had seen and some of the first of our nation to enter Metz. Crowds of people packed into the street car and stood staring at us and trying to talk to us and to shake hands with us. We got out in the great square in front of the Gothic cathedral. Everyone was walking about literally hung with streamers of the tri-color and the children combined all the joy and exuberance of our Americans on all our holidays rolled into one. Sometimes we stopped to ask a direction, like magic we were surrounded by

throngs of curious people whispering 'they are Americans, look at their boots and their coats,' as though we were people from the moon. When we started on again, we would have at least a dozen men, women and children following us. We saw two emaciated American boys as we stood in front of the Cathedral and they came so quickly and pathetically when we called to them. They had been prisoners and were just out of the hospital. We gave them the few bars of chocolate we had brought along for ourselves when we left our canteen and all the cigarettes we had. They almost cried at the sight of something sweet, but the minute an old German frau begged one of the boys for his chocolate, he broke it in half to share with her. It was one of the most touching things I have ever seen. However, we stopped him and told him to take it to some of the other American boys in the hospital rather than give it to her. There were forty-nine other boys in the hospital, so that after we got some luncheon, poor and very high, we searched the town for cigarettes and chocolate. We found some good, hard candies for which we paid three dollars a pound and cigarettes that were so expensive that the people bought them apiece instead of by the box. We asked a lady the way to the hospital and she insisted on taking us in person. She had two little children with her and though they could not have seen any candy for months or years, when I offered them the open bag to help themselves each took one tiny piece and only after much persuading would take a second. Their mother was a proud French lady who, although constantly insulted, had continually refused to speak German. We bought copies of the first newspaper printed in French since July, 1914—the populace went wild when they first began to be sold on the streets. In the evening we went to a German movie and stayed overnight for the great day when the French troops were reviewed by Generals Petain and Mangin as they took official possession of the city. You will doubtless see that in the movies and when you do, you can imagine me with an American aviator seeing it all from the roof of one of the big buildings that form one side of the great square. We lunched with twenty American aviators who like us were A. W. O. L. but our luck served us to the end for a French truck

brought us almost home and an American one and a little Henry landed us at our camp by eight in the evening."

Gladys Lawrence, '08, our Red Cross nurse who has served in France with the Harvard Surgical Unit under Lieut. Col. Hugh Cabot since March, 1917, returned home early in February with the rest of her unit. Gladys was so tired that she could not remain in Boston for the city's celebration and tribute of praise to the Unit at the Opera House but went at once to Vermont to visit her aunt and to rest for a while. Later she will return to Boston. Her permanent address will be in care of Mrs. Oliver C. Stevens, 365 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. From the March offensive until after the signing of the armistice, the Harvard Unit was working close to the front.

Doris Jones, '17, is spending part of the winter in Miami, Fla., with friends. Until she went South, Doris was switchboard operator in the Chicago office of Collier's Weekly earning, as she says, her first real money!

Margaret Wood, '16, changed her plans after the signing of the armistice in November and continued in the regular senior course at Miss Beauve's instead of taking the special reconstruction course. Margaret has outside teaching four times a week. "One afternoon is at the Lincoln House Settlement, one morning in the Medford High School and two afternoons with children who are pre-exposed to tuberculosis. I try to get them into condition so that they will not develop it. It is of course mostly corrective work with games at the end."

Ruth Allen is spending a second winter in Boston specializing on voice training. She writes, "Last summer I continued my work up in the wilderness of New Hampshire at my teacher's home. It was real 'wilds' all right, a town of about three hundred, a dozen miles from a railroad, and one store including the post office. It was a wonderful place for inspiration and work, for there was very little to do except an occasional swim or hike in the woods."

Rosamond Norris, '15, is helping her father with his new art store in Northampton and finds herself very busy and enjoying the work immensely. She meets Mary Kelly, '17, and Elizabeth Gleason, '18, occasionally in town.

Elise Gardner Hume writes, "I am spending a most delightful winter in this most wonderful climate of Quebec. Priscilla Howes Goethals, '05, and I came here in September to learn French which is so purely spoken here in Quebec. After a month she had to return as her mother was not well, and I have been here alone with my three youngsters. My husband has been in France since September, 1917, but I hope for his return any day now."

Amy Curtis, '18, as a little rest from her duties came out to school and went with the girls on the February mountain trip. Amy says that they call her an aide "but personally I cannot see much difference between my duties and those of the regular trained nurses. I have to get up every morning at five-thirty and report at the hospital two odd miles away at seven. At first I got very tired but I'm gradually getting used to it. As yet I have seen no operations but the doctors have showed and explained quite a few horrible looking wounds to me. I only took fifteen lessons in nursing but they give me just as much to do as though I had been training for a year."

Mary Weiser, '16, and Elizabeth and Hannah McConkey were also three of the Alumnæ who did their share in connection with nursing. In the fall when there was a bad outbreak of the "flu" in York, the three girls helped at the Emergency Hospital for six weeks. "We were regular kitchen-mechanics if you can imagine what I mean. Our Domestic Science Course came in handy as we cooked, peeled potatoes until I never wanted to look one in the face again, washed dishes, etc. We rose at six A. M. and worked until twelve-thirty and sometimes later. First, we prepared the breakfast, served the doctors, nurses and scouts and washed the dishes. After that we went down to the patients' tent and washed dishes there. Really I did it in my sleep. Then we had to prepare the dinner for the same round of people."

Alice Cone Perry, '09, says that reading *SPLINTERS* made her realize how remiss she had been in reporting her own life history. "First of all, Charles Cone Perry should take his place among the other Rogers Hall babies of the previous summer. He was born August 15th, and is by now astonishingly

mature. He wears short dresses and smiles all the time and is a particular favorite of his grandmother, as you may well imagine. I have been at home in Hartford, Vt., since last June when Mr. Perry embarked on the endeavor to get into national service. While he was waiting for his induction he was part of the administrative staff of the Connecticut State Board of Education, but gave that up in September when his papers finally arrived. He went to the Psychology School at Camp Greenleaf, Ga., and after the armistice was transferred to the Educational Department at the General Hospital in Lakewood, N. J., where he will remain probably until he is discharged from the service."

Elizabeth Lyden, '18, is at the Deaconess Hospital, 175 Pilgrim Road, Boston, where she began her training in the late fall. "'SPLINTERS' came today and saved me from having the blues for I had my first hard day and had been on two hours overtime. But I felt ashamed to get tired and discouraged when I read of what some of our Rogers Hall girls are doing and bearing in France. I have only one month more of probation and if I am accepted, I shall go to Simmons for four months. I hope to live at the Stuart Club with Eleanor Taylor if the authorities here will allow me. The course at Simmons is very hard and they want us to be where we shall have nothing to take our minds from our studies. The hospital work grows constantly more interesting and I love it more and more. The last three weeks have not been hard as I have been taking care of convalescent patients. Today I did dressings for the first time and felt quite proud of myself until I was told to do one over, as I did not put on sufficient gauze. Then one of the older nurses said I should not have had a chance to do them had there been any older nurses free!"

Margaret McJimsey Kiplinger writes, "My sister, Mary Jeannette, '17, is enthusiastic about her work in the Army Nurses' Training School in Louisville. She will be there only during the probation period and will be at home the last of March. Her enlistment was entirely a war measure and now that the war is over she will not remain in the service. Such interesting letters come from Katharine Kessinger. She is in a

French hospital and is doing much more actual nursing than an 'aid' is ever allowed to do in an American hospital. For a few days she was in full charge of a ward of forty-four men and the doctor spoke not one word of English. My husband considers himself most unfortunate for, though he enlisted early, he did not get across. We are still at Camp Sherman and expect to be here all winter. My own address is 139 Vine St., Chillicothe, O."

Kathryn Kenney is at home this winter at The New Amsterdam, in Cleveland, O. "I was keenly disappointed in not being able to go to New York this year on a newspaper but a great many people have been advising mother not to let me go into that sort of writing. I really think the men are afraid that my salary will exceed their own, which I admit is not much effort. I have taken to writing popular songs! I took one into Witmark in New York and he asked for the manuscript, which I mean to have made soon. Mr. Van der Pool, in Witmark's, is a composer and offered to set some of my poems to music which gives me the first desperate thrill I have had since sleeping in my closet at school! Also, I have been writing a book of verse, or rather collecting, and have been encouraged by the fact that the market is surfeited with so much free verse and also that I know a publisher. I may put the book out under a *nom de plume* so that all may roast it and I may obtain the benefit of their criticisms."

Bernice Everett, '02, sailed from New York on the S. S. Leviathan, February 19th, as a member of the Wellesley Unit of five for the relief work in the Near East. Previously Bernice had been appointed to go with the American Committee for Relief in the Near East but was allowed to transfer. It is a great opportunity for real service and one that will bring a wonderful experience to set along side of her year in Lowell as leader of the Food Conservation movement.

February 5th, a daughter, Virginia Lambden, was born to Lieutenant and Mrs. Roland V. Vaughn, (Grace Lambden), in New Rochelle, N. Y.

February 5th, a daughter, Frances Evans, was born to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hill, (Helen Faulds, '09), in Amsterdam, N. Y.

February 13th, Kathryn Kenney was married to Lieutenant Philip Churchill Goettel of the Air Service in New York City. Her address will be care of Lieutenant P. C. Goettel, Aero Club, Madison Ave. and 41st St., New York City.

Cornelia Cooke, '08, sailed for France early in December and is stationed at Nice where she is doing leave area work with the Y. M. C. A. and finds herself very pleasantly located and entirely enthusiastic over her work.

Hazel Horton Morse, '09, has moved from Pittsburgh to Kansas City, Mo., whither Mr. Morse has been transferred by his company. Until they find a permanent home the address will be 608 R. A. Long Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., Mr. Morse's business address. Hazel hopes that Rogers Hall Alumnæ in her vicinity will look her up. Before she moved west, Hazel visited her old home in Massena, N. Y., where she saw Louise Hyde Mason, '04, and her baby.

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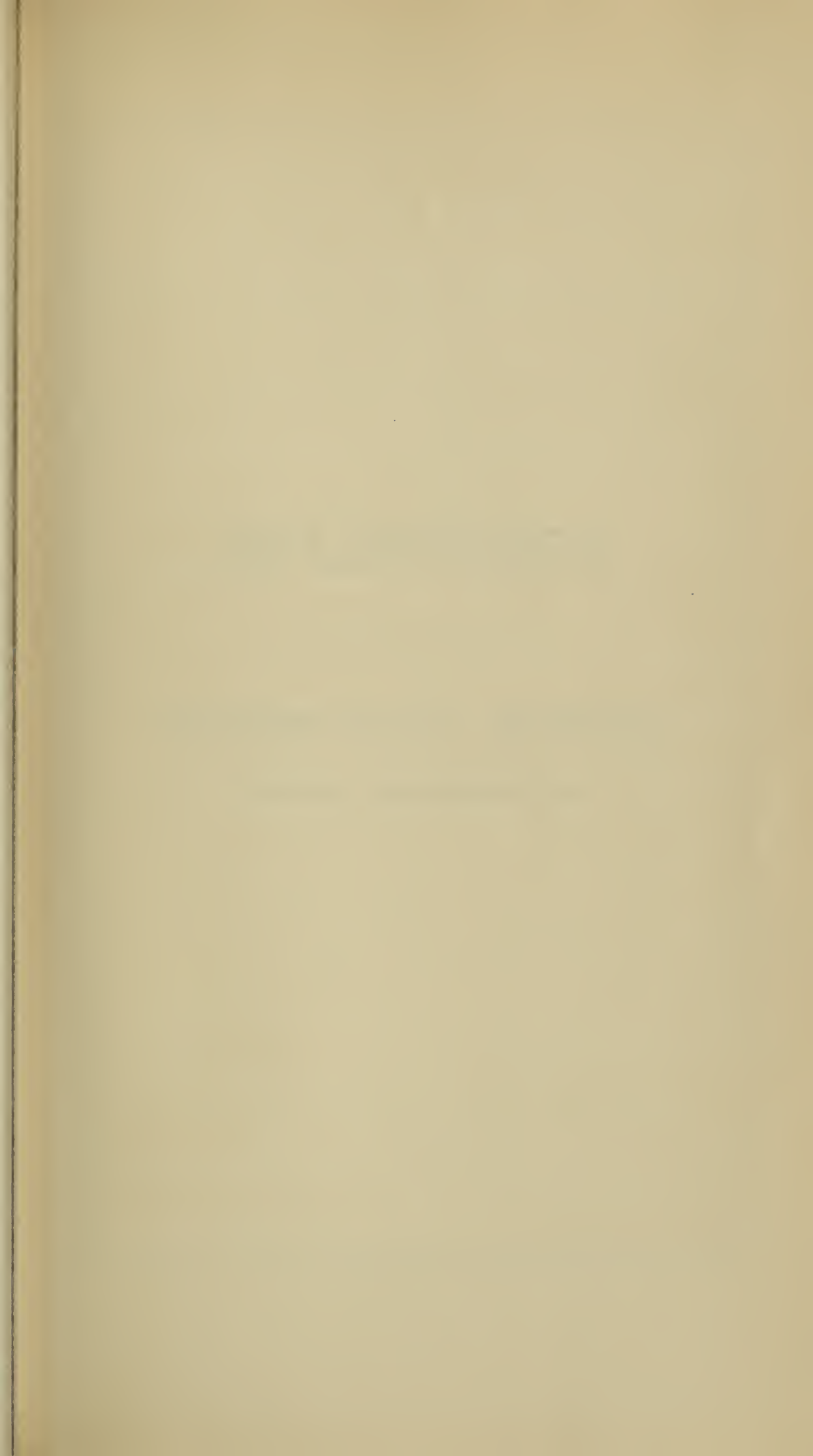
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When Caesar said this he had no idea that I should use his words to urge young women to shop in Lowell. Nevertheless, Lowell is a mighty good city to live in and has mighty good stores to shop in. And Caesar was a wise man.

The CHALIFOUX CO

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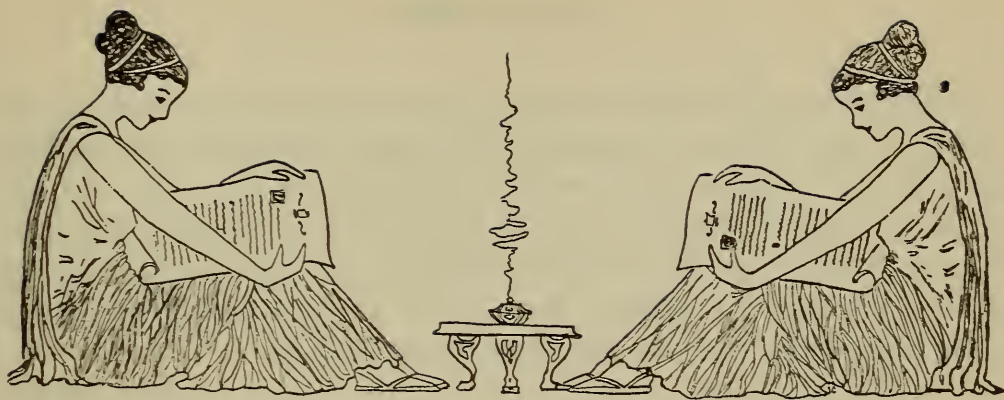
MISS CAROLINE WRIGHT

Alumnæ Editor

MISS HELEN HILL



GRADUATING CLASS, 1919



Vol. 18

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No. 3

EDITORIALS.

This year, the last at Rogers Hall for many of us, has brought into our lives much that was lacking before. Absolutely aside from all knowledge we have gained from our Latin, our History and our Psychology we have learned a great deal more—of things that will last us just as long perhaps, or even longer.

We have made new friends and learned to know our old friends better; we have formed new ideas and ideals; most important of all, we have been brought, gradually and clearly to realize that there are in this world, people far less fortunate than ourselves and our friends.

A short time ago, not any farther back than last year for some of us and the first of this year for others, we were more or less willing to slip along in life, having a good time, going to our teas and our dances and living only for ourselves and our intimate friends. We did things for others it is true, but merely because it was customary to help worthy charities, or because our families told us that it was the time to do them. We didn't think very much about it ourselves.

Last summer the chance was given to a few of us to help with the Rogers Hall Athletic Club; here we grew to know girls whose good times were rare. We liked them and came back to school this fall broader for our experience.

Then came the armistice and with it a partial letting up of our duties of war work. Now we had time to look back in retrospect and see a little more clearly what the war had done for us

—personally. We had learned to be content with one lump of sugar in our coffee and one spoonful on our cereal; we had learned to give up knitting sweaters for ourselves and to knit for the Army and Navy; we had learned to give our money a little more freely, but best of all we had learned to do these things cheerfully. Perhaps we realized that it was for our own good in the end, but at any rate we had done these things.

Again this winter we have all had the chance to make friends with our working-girl sister—even with the girl from Greece, who speaks no English. So let me say again—I think we have been broadened by these experiences far more than by the knowledge gained from our books.

Another year is over and it is again time for the Seniors to sing their farewell song. We do not need to say that, happy as we are to have the honors and privileges of being Seniors, and thrilled as we shall be when our diplomas are presented and we are really *alumnæ*, all is not joyous in our farewell.

Even now we have reached the point where we say, “Do you remember—” and we are off on a recounting of some bygone event. But the recounting often stops short when some one sighs and says, “Well, it’s nearly over now” and we all grow quiet and thoughtful.

It gives you such a queer, empty sensation to be standing on the brink as we are. Soon we are to be separated from the friends and places we now know and love best. The familiar routine will be a thing of the past. No longer will we rush when a bell sounds or tip-toe stealthily if it is even a minute after nine forty-five. Our boarding school life is over—What next?

Some of us are going to college, some are going out into the big world outside of school. How are we going to fare? That is the question each one is asking herself.

The answer is up to us. To each of us individually. No one can solve it for us, but as Miss Parsons told us at the beginning of the year and many times since, if we have been true to ourselves here and have “played the game;” if we have been sincere

and honest and fair to what we knew to be the best in our work and in our recreation, then we have laid a firm and lasting foundation upon which to build whatever comes next. So if we have honored these ideals which have been given us here and if we keep them ever before us, then we need not fear the future.



SOCIAL WELFARE OF TO-DAY.

Throughout the ages there have always been persons interested in other peoples' lives and welfare. But every field of interest changes or enlarges in its activities; years ago we used to think that the best way to help our less fortunate brothers was through philanthropic societies and institutions, gradually out of these grew a larger interest,—an interest-forming Social Settlement houses and workers.

We cannot give these preliminary steps for the advancement of Social Welfare too much praise, for undoubtedly they did a large and paying business—the so-called payments showing themselves in the growth of other interests started.

But even these were not far reaching enough for the needs of the people they served. In nearly every large city of advanced and thinking people grew up some fine institutions, but many

of the poor and uneducated, the feeble and the hard workers, remained unhelped. Some of these institutions are exceptionally well known—chief among them Hull House of Chicago.

Hull House started, as you may know, through the efforts of two women, Miss Ellen Gates Starr and Miss Jane Addams. Hull House, the pioneer settlement house having the idea that help and benefit could be received as well as given, started in the old Hull Mansion, battered but sound, and grew into the group of thirteen buildings of which it is now composed. At present it supports a small theatre, a quadrangle of art studios, several clubs and a few Hull House apartments, having a central kitchen and dining room.

Surely other cities could do what Chicago has done, but unfortunately there are few Ellen Gates Starrs and Jane Addams. For the last year Rogers Hall has been becoming a social center—and we hope to serve Lowell in a very small way as Hull House has served Chicago.

To-day more than ever before we have a greater need for this sort of thing. The number of uneducated, un-Americanized people has grown immensely and we *must* do something for these future citizens of our United States. And now—added to these weighty problems, has come the vital and pressing question of reconstruction. In answer to these many needs several most interesting types of welfare work have been started—Public Health and Safety, Recreation, Education, Industrial Betterment and many others.

When one stops to think of the hundreds of ways in which a man's—particularly a poor and working man's—health and safety can be harmed, it is a great relief to turn to the equal hundreds of preventatives offered by interested and educated bodies of helpers.

Take for instance one man—a foreigner, poor, uneducated, in not too good health and with a family to support. He leaves his home, in the morning, where he has spent the hot, summer night sleeping in the same room with his wife and five children—a room inadequately lighted and aired—his breakfast, cooked in the one other room of the house was prepared from food sold under appalling conditions—bought in a dirty store, of a

tubercular salesman—food that had been waiting far too long to be sold. But these conditions are entirely unknown to him and to his wife. He crosses a busy, unguarded thoroughfare and is perhaps hit by a truck and receives a serious injury. However, he may be fortunate here and arrive safely at his destination. His place of business—is in a factory where inspectors are unknown and where he works with only one-half hour off for lunch, and where he is in constant danger of unguarded machinery. Meanwhile, his children after school play in the crowded street or beg enough pennies to go to the worst possible “movie.” His wife, who also works has left the baby—who, by the way, is fed on milk worthy of condemnation—to the tender care of the half intoxicated woman across the hall.

Now, interest the city in which this man lives, in the lives of its working population—and see what happens. A Social Service worker visits the tenement which he calls home and sees among other things, that three boarded up windows which she finds are opened to the light and air. She gazes at the food remaining on the table and leaves a list of stores recommended by the Consumers League—and written in the language of the family—where they may buy clean and wholesome food—at cheap rates. When she meets her friend the District Nurse she tells her of the case and the latter puts the family on her list of daily visits. Now when the man crosses the busy thoroughfare he finds the traffic running smoothly under the direction of a traffic policeman who stands in the center, beside a small standard upon which one may read “Safety First”—but unfortunately the man cannot read—nevertheless he appreciates the friendly man. Also at the factory something has happened—an inspector has been and many things are changed—he now stands back to the light and the dangerous places in the machinery have all been covered; he has a whole hour for lunch and he hears from his brother who also works here that they may get an eight-hour day. The children have not been neglected in all these improvements and are now spending the hours when not at school at a playground opened not far away—and most

wonderful of all the baby now spends the day at a cool, clean Day Nursery and enjoys pasteurized milk obtained from a Milk Station in the next block.

We will leave our working friend for a while and consider something more definite. Everyone knows that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—so Public Recreation has become an important factor in Welfare Work. Playgrounds for children have become so common that one scarcely notices them in passing, except to smile back at the happy little girl in the pink dress and with the dirty face who is enjoying herself to the greatest possible degree in one of the many swings. Most cities are now enjoying, during the summer months, band concerts on parks,—made to be used not merely looked at. Parks where small children can wade in good-sized pools, where boys can play baseball and football, where girls can sit under shady trees and gossip to their heart's content—and where there are many seats for the older people who like simply to rest and watch others play. In connection with parks I think it may be stated that in 1913, 6390 of a N. Y. C. kindergarten had never seen a robin and half of them had never seen a dandelion.

Community sings are slowly finding their place in our cities and with movies, censored by a good board, libraries, museums, settlement house entertainments and social gatherings offered by churches almost everyone can find some form of healthy entertainment. Those who persist in street corners and low class commercial dance halls still form a problem for consideration and definite action.

The public school system of America offers besides the compulsory schooling, many advantages for all sorts of people. At present citizenship is beginning to find its way into all lower grade schools. The children are being taught to realize what it means to be an American citizen, to salute the flag, to distinguish between what is mine and what is thine, and are started on the road to be interested and educated citizens.

The foreigners are taught English in special classes and are encouraged to teach it to their families. Even now our friend the

working-man recognizes the words Safety First on the sign and smiles as he reads them—smiles because he is proud to know the American language.

During the war vocational schools have increased in number and scope and there has been a large demand for correspondence courses. As a result of the loss of trained workers Special Courses in all trades have been offered—in both day and evening classes. Even in the grade schools girls are taught cooking and sewing and the boys manual training. The Americanization schools are doing a splendid work both among the men and the women.

The minimum wage commission, a most necessary institution has been doing its good work for a little more than five years. Formerly, when wages were set by employers, working humanity suffered. Now a minimum wage commission, having it brought to its attention that workers in a certain field are getting too low wages, steps in and makes a living budget for the workers in question and decides on a minimum wage. It cannot forcefully put this through for it has to ask employers to pay these wages, but if they refuse, the commission has authority to publish names on a black list. Few firms have any desire to be on this list and so nine times out of ten the higher wages go through. In the last few years a few of the minimum wages decided upon for trained women workers were—Laundries \$8.00 a week—Retail Stores \$8.50—Men's Furnishing Factories \$9.00 and Wholesale Millinery \$11.00—this last went into effect last January.

With the end of the war there came to us more strongly than ever before the great need of amalgamating our foreign population.

In 1910, slight interest was aroused by the fact that five million, five hundred thousand could neither read nor write; but last year with the draft the same fact was brought strongly home to us, when out of the men drafted, unbelievable numbers could neither write their names or understand one word said to them.

In times of peace, just as much as in times of war the most important problem we have is of fusing our racial groups. With knowledge of our language and customs comes—gradually—

education—with education comes knowledge of the proper methods of living and from that health. Healthy people are usually happy—and happy people make good workers. Therefore it should behoove us to educate the foreign masses—for with their gain comes our gain—in short we could help each other to live happier and more satisfactory lives.

ISABEL CARPENTER.

A LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

We, the class of 1919, do hereby leave to the girls of Rogers Hall all the well known cracks and crannies of that same school, the back hall of the third floor of the Hall, so still and quiet now. Yes, it has seen busier days, however, when numerous excited girls crowded and pushed, each one eager to get her \$2 to spend at Page's and the Wild Rose Tea room. We do also leave our Saturday mornings, sacred for their irregularity in the past year. We leave the good old "gym," where we've had our basket-ball games, our military drills, parties, dances, yes, and senior suppers.

We leave our clubs. On looking back there seems to have been little rivalry. We feel as if they both belonged to us. We leave Cae with her splendid record for the past year and with the love which her faithful followers have bestowed upon her. That love surely will have its lasting affect. We leave Kava Club with all her fine traditions of which she is so proud. We know that the succeeding years will enrich her and all that which her members wished for her, their ideals they hold for her, will be realized. We leave the fun which we have had in our healthy, happy play to you, undergraduates. We ask you to accept our gift and to "carry on."

We leave the walks about Lowell. Perhaps prettier ones may be found at summer resorts but are there any which hold equal charm? That fascinating impulse to see the world outside of the white fence! The freedom experienced on those walks

as we swung along, hatless, with head held high! and the hospitality old R. H. offered when we returned hungry! Perhaps it was Thursday night! How we used to hurry to dress on remembering the good dinner awaiting us! To you also we leave the joys of "punging." We want you to enjoy them with the same fullness with which we did.

We also leave our Council. We sincerely hope that you may start out next year with the knowledge which we have attained this year concerning the council. We who are now aged and experienced realize that the council is a thing to be proud of. Next to Rogers Hall itself the council claims first place in our esteem. For on the council are the fairest girls, the girls of finest calibre, and, in almost every case, the "best sports." We have discovered that the being on the council is truly the highest honor in school. A councillor must be unselfish, therefore the rest of the school is indebted to her. We have learned this lesson by ourselves, you perhaps will have to learn it alone, too, but we wish to leave to you our appreciation of the council and our high ideals which we have held for that body.

Lastly we leave to you the greatest gift of all—comradeship. It grieves us to leave this behind us but we feel great happiness in bestowing it upon you. We wonder if there is any other place in this old world of ours where we will find such pals. We honestly believe that Rogers Hall has the finest set of girls alive to-day. We love you all more than we can say, nor can we express to you the enjoyment we have experienced in your company. Most of you will be leaving in 1920. We know that you will prove as good friends to the new girls next year as you have proved to us this past year. We congratulate the new girls on having you as older sisters who will hold high standards ever before them and we say to them to take heed and greedily take all the great good works which you leave behind you and try to do their part in "carrying on" as you will have done yours.

Because of our knowledge and experience we are able to say that these are the things worth while in R. H. which we bestow upon you.

A FANTASY.

In my earliest days I had a vague idea that fairies and angels were related, half-sisters, so to speak, only the former were more human and lovable. The first chance I got I would run off to a little wood and softly penetrate its depths in the hope that I might surprise Titania and her court. Perhaps they were only visible at night or perhaps a twig crackling under my foot warned them of my approach but I never came upon them. I haunted the most delicious spots, a little path running through fragrant pines, a small stream bordered in spring time with violets, but I haunted in vain. Occasionally, I heard their faint laughter mocking me or caught the flutter of their wings and finally came to the conclusion that the street cars ran too close for their comfort.

Even our own garden was far too noisy and modern, though in the early cool of a June morning I would run out and look in the center of an iris in hopes of seeing one sleeping there. Those delicate lavender and opal flowers with three petals forming a canopy seemed just the thing for a fairy's bed, but alas! either they disdained them or I was too late, for I found only the iris standing stiff and straight as if to say, "We could tell, but we won't!"

There was always a suggestion of fairies about one corner where a sweetbrier and syringa reigned supreme. The sweetbrier was almost as magic as a hawthorn and its delicate odor seemed to haunt the place even in winter. I had an idea that it was enchanted but I was too stupid to be of any assistance. Not far off was a trumpet vine and I suspected it of having something to do with the matter. It always had an evil look to me, there was something tropical and insidious in its red and orange blossoms and a flower that turns so black and ugly when it dies must have something wrong with it.

My swing was pleasantly situated in the shade of two plum trees and a catalpa, and in summer a green tub with goldfish was placed by the catalpa. The reflections on the water fascinated me—perhaps the fairies bathed there. But you never

could find out anything from goldfish, they were shy and silent and very exasperating to an inquiring mind. In winter they stayed in the sun-room with all the plants, a favorite spot for me to play in, for I loved the smell of the warm, damp air. The little castles in their aquarium through which they swam so leisurely, perhaps concealed some water sprite and I relied on my faithfulness in feeding them to reveal their secrets to me. The fish died, though, and new ones were acquired—I helped to select them from a lovely tank made to look like a rock spring and filled with water plants and all sizes of fish—and I had to cultivate these new ones all over again. So it went on until finally the aquarium broke, the sea castles were thrown away, the fish departed, and the sun room as I had known it became a thing of the past.

Now I keep my fairy musings to myself and await the time when I can search those very English woods where Puck cavorts or seek Herne the Hunter near Windsor Castle.

MARCELLA CHALKLEY.



SKETCHES.

It seems too nice in the garden to study there, rather more fitting to sit back comfortably and enjoy life. A few people can be seen in the school room, bending wearily over their desks. It is good to be out doors and free, certainly! From a practice room the sounds of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" drift melodiously out. The cries of the tennis players may be heard and one wonders at the make up of anybody who prefers bounding around in the sun after a ball to reclining under an apple tree, all pink and white with blooms. The Nature Study class saunters past, in search of a gold finch. That coral sweater looks well against the green in the distance.

Clack-clack goes the typewriter in the office and some voice pupil begins "Oh-ah-ee-uh!" Giggle, giggle from the other side of the lilacs where two students are sharing the morning's mail: "And he says that—". "Helen, what do you think?" What is mail on a day like this? Or tennis? Or even French, as the consciousness of the unopened book grows? In fact, life would be perfect here if there were only no lessons.

M. C.

A little tragedy took place the other day at our table. Towards the end of the first course, Jessie's hungry eye spied one lone roll on the plate. Her face lighted up and she asked her neighbor to please pass it to her. But there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip and en route the roll passed Anna Belle who was as voracious as Jessie. Blissfully ignorant of the anxiously waiting one, she helped herself to the sole biscuit. Jessie could not restrain a start of horror, surprise and grief at such a bitter disappointment and gloom radiated from each freckle. The rest of the table did not take it as much to heart as Jessie did, and amazed surrounding tables by their howls of mirth. A green and yellow melancholy hung upon Jessie for several meals afterward, it was observed.

M. C.

HORSEBACK RIDING—BY MAIL.

In this era of teaching by mail, one learns how to become a world famed artist, a concert pianist, an operatic star, a reader of character or a forty-five dollar a week stenographer—without leaving your own fireside or stoveside or registerside—which ever you choose. Why, we feel moved to ask, cannot one become an equestrian of undisputed renown in this same manner?

It would seemingly be *très facile* to direct a beginner in the rudiments of the equestrian arts and having been so frequently urged—we offer a few suggestions.

One would need advice as to a suitable mount. For obvious reasons one that rises not too great a distance from the ground is admirably adapted to the purpose. There is a certain breed of horses that cannot be surpassed—they are commonly known by the horribly unromantic name of “plow horse.” Nothing could be better and one should be purchased at any sacrifice. If it has a thick mane—so much the better—Why? We leave it to your imagination.

Then too it is necessary to know what kind of scenery is best fitted to the occasion. A quiet, country landscape is most adaptable—one minus all such obstacles as trains, automobiles, many pedestrians—and cobblestones! For these at times are not conducive to a beginner’s ease of mind. To successfully pass a friend, foe or stranger one should take the right hand side of the road—and this end is not attained by convulsive pulling of the left rein. For the right pull the right, for the left jerk the left, for straight ahead tug on both—wait—we are mistaken—do nothing, and for the express purpose of stopping perform the former.

It may seem strange that we have said nothing of mounting and dismounting. If you wish to face in the same direction that your horse does—put your left foot in the stirrup first—otherwise you will ride backwards. At first you may need the aid of friendly stumps, doorsteps or fences, but soon you will mount nonchalantly from *terra firma*. As for dismounting—we refrain from criticism or advice—you will soon find out for yourself. No doubt experience will teach you all that is necessary—and although a few may be sudden—take courage and persevere.

By all means do not put mucilage on your stirrups. It may give an added sense of security, but truly it is not being done in the best of society.

No doubt your sensations following the first few rides will be queer—the sidewalks will rise and fall under your painful tread, your bed will canter you off into a painful slumber and the very electric cars on which you ride will seem to singlefoot under you.

It is often important and vital that you talk to your horse, but one must be careful what one says, and so to carry on one of these edifying conversations one should study our pamphlet "Your mount—and how not to bore him"—sent on request.

I. C.



LITTLE ANN AND PEARL.

The class in A English has been studying the development of the novel this winter. We have just finished studying Galsworthy's "Patrician" and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." The following is a discussion of two of the characters in those books.

"The nature of little Ann habitually rejected fairies and all fantastic things, finding them quite too much in the air, and devoid of sufficient reality and 'go.'" Little Pearl, Hester Prynne's "elf-child," was so fay-like that her mother doubted sometimes whether she were a human child.

"Little Ann, marching down the picture gallery at Ravensham between the rows of ghost-like portraits of her ancestors, maintained her course with perfect composure; for she knew they were only pictures. And when she saw a stern and ugly old man frowning down upon her from a gilded frame, she stopped in front of it and wrinkled her "funny little nose." Pearl, she of

the "Scarlet Letter," would not have been afraid of the portraits either; but she would have stopped to talk to them. She made every stick and stone and flower and tree her playmate, and spent her time in chatting with them. If she had been sitting on the polished stairs at Valleys House instead of little Ann, she would have got up and danced around with the patch of sunlight, making it seem a part of herself, instead of ignoring it as Ann did.

Both little girls were imperious, only Ann seemed to have always been a princess, while Pearl merely looked like one. When Hester told Pearl to bring her the scarlet letter from the brookside, the child would not; but told her mother to come and get it herself. She commanded like a princess but obeyed like an untrained peasant-child. When Lady Casterley, "The Patrician" said, "No, Ann, we can't take you," Ann regarded her great-grandmother intently and replied, "Well, I can't come, you see, because I've got to go;" and then she bent over and examined a flower to show that she had found something much more interesting to attend to. *She* obeyed like a princess!

Both children, too, were inquisitive; but Ann examined everything from the practical, matter-of-fact point of view, whereas Pearl examined things from the imaginative view-point. When she saw flowers, she plucked them and ornamented her person with them. Ann would have been much more likely to pull up the weeds and to water the flowers. Pearl played that the sighing, moaning pine-trees were Puritan elders. Ann never thought of playing an automobile was an enchanted chariot; she knew it was just a convenient vehicle; but her inquisitive instincts forced her to learn the why and wherefore of the destination of every car that left the park gates. Pearl's flights of fancy were in the realm of supernatural things—she inquired whence she came into the world. Ann had an imagination; but it colored the practical things of life—she inquired if she could tame a bumble bee.

Pearl's wild nature was the embodiment of lawlessness; Ann had the laws of the patricians in the very dust of her bones. Pearl flitted hither and yon; Ann invariably said, "I've got to go now, good-bye!"

FAITH WYNNE SHAW.



SCHOOL NEWS.

TALK BY MRS. TALBOT.

March 14th—

Religion is not something to be used only on Sunday or some special occasion, but it is something to be used in our every day association with the world. Neither is prayer meant for just an emergency when we are frightened or desire some particular help from some power other than that of the world. Both are for our comfort and aid every day in the year for the commonest happenings of our lives. These are some of the things that Mrs. Talbot said to us in her Lenten talk. She went on to say that each of us is a ship carrying a cargo. Some of us will be just coastwise vessels; others will go out onto the high seas. Some will meet fair weather; others foul. Our only compass is our conscience which will keep us in the way we should go if we only learn to use it. Therefore it behooves us to keep our course straight unless we would come to grief.

R. W. S.

THE MOUSE TRAP.

March 15th—

The Mouse Trap a most amusing and clever play was given in the school room Saturday, March fifteenth, by the "Cottage."

Betty Akeroyd, who took the part of Willis Campbell the much abused hero, showed marked ability, while his fiancée Dorothy Beeler as Mrs. Amy Summers carried out in a most realistic manner his theory that women are physical cowards. At the beginning of the play the two are having an argument concerning the physical courage of women. At that moment Mrs. Summers heard a slight rustle which she of course thought was a mouse and leaped to a chair with a single bound. While they stood there arguing the door bell rang and Helen Smith as Jane the maid came to announce three callers. On seeing Mrs. Summers on a chair she also seemed to sense a mouse and with a leap she landed on a chair.

In a few minutes the three callers, Lois Niles, as Mrs. Bemis, Elizabeth Hayes as Mrs. Miller, and Ruth Trimbourn as Mrs. Curwen, came into the room with Virginia Lucas as Agnes Edwards and all four rushed for the nearest piece of furniture. Thus we beheld the spectacle of six women supposedly in their right minds standing on chairs, table and piano stool simply because of "the idea of a mouse."

Finally, however, all the women screwed their courage to the sticking place and made a grand dive for the door and Mrs. Summers and Willis Campbell were left alone. The two began to argue as to whether the mouse had left and Mrs. Summers refused to get down. Finally in desperation Willis Campbell triumphantly carried off Mrs. Summers.

HELEN FOGG.

THE BABY PARTY.

April 5th—

If you had been out in our gymnasium early in the evening of April 5th, you would have seen many strange sights:—dignified Seniors in socks, sucking delicious looking lolly-pops—those candy delights of childhood; tall, little girls in short little

clothes and big, bright hair-ribbons; short little boys, in tight little trousers and hair that ended oddly, in many cases, in a braid carefully tucked under a camouflaging collar.

These small children—otherwise known as the studious and dignified pupils of Rogers Hall—spent the evening playing *Going to Jerusalem* and *Drop the Handkerchief* and eating—partaking to their heart's delight of vanilla ice cream and chocolate sauce. I'm afraid that the one tall and stately nurse who was in attendance had a rather difficult task to keep all the small boys from pulling beautifully curly curls and from kicking and punching one another in a truly pugnacious and naughty boy way. However, she did very well and no tears were shed.

We suddenly grew up at the sound of a bell and retired from the world of childhood to tell the two teachers that had been in charge of the party what an awfully good time we'd had.

ISABEL CARPENTER.

MARK SULLIVAN.

April 7th—

A number of the older girls were fortunate in being able to attend a lecture given by Mark Sullivan at the Women's club on "Problems of Reconstruction in Europe." Mr. Sullivan is one of the editors of *Collier's* and is also one of the correspondents of the Peace Conference at Paris, so before touching on his subject at all he explained several reasons why there has been such a scarcity of news of the work of the Conference. There are several reasons for this, namely, the difficulty with which news can be transmitted from Europe to America due to the bad condition of cables which have had such wear and tear during the last five years and to the fact that comparatively few words can be sent via wireless every day. Another more important reason is the reticence of the four statesmen—Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando, who have practically entire charge of the making of the treaty. A daily report is issued however, but this contains only a mere mention of the business discussed.

Taking up the main subject of his lecture, Mr. Sullivan went on to say it was America that has done much to change European public opinion from a desire to get impossible reparation from Germany such as the paying of pensions for years to come and for all property of the devastated country, to a more sane idea of fitting the amount to be demanded to the amount reasonably possible for her to pay. Of course over here it is harder for us to realize the great amount of damage done by Germany and we do not have quite the same feeling as to the reparation we would demand of Germany. The French insist, and rightly, that they should have their own factories and railroads repaired so that they can become not only militarily but industrially safe from German competition.

The principal problem that is presented to the European countries who have suffered so severely from the war, is that of the great reduction of the number of men of the warring nations. In France practically three million of the ten million available men have either been killed or permanently disabled. Perhaps the most tragic problem of all is the condition of the children of Europe. The next generation will be feeble owing to the great privations and physical suffering undergone during these four years. An interesting fact told by Mr. Sullivan which really brought this condition home to us was a statement that if in the year 1939 some nation should fight against the same nations who fought in this war, excepting the United States, there would be only one half as many men available to be sent to the fighting lines. At the close of his talk Mr. Sullivan answered several questions dealing with these and relative matters asked him by some men in the audience.

ANNE ROBERTSON.

AMERICANIZATION.

April 10th—

I think very few of us realized what splendid work in Americanization is being done in Lowell, until Miss Hutton and Mrs. Rockwood spoke to us about it.

Miss Hutton told us how last May some Greek and Polish workers started in to do what they could. They were working

under the International Institute. During the year their work has grown considerably and they have been very successful. They have classes of over 100 girls a month learning English. They superintend vocational classes at the Normal School. Whenever there is any need of a special worker going into a foreign home an Institute worker goes. The Institute co-operates with the Red Cross and other organizations for the needy people of this city. During the recent influenza epidemic the workers were able to give much valuable aid both to the families and the health officials.

Mrs. Rockwood works among the Greeks and her work is of a purely social value. In the Greek colony of Lowell there are 13,000 or more Greeks. They have their own church, courts, police force and all that comprises a small city, yet most of them work in our mills and do not understand our language or our ways. In this colony Mrs. Rockwood is doing splendid work, she provides recreation for the working girl, helps her in employment difficulties and teaches English in many of the homes.

In many cases of sickness, the Greeks call upon the Institute worker for aid, to get doctors, help care for the patient, and get proper medicines. This not only shows what efficient work is being done by the Institute, but it also points out the confidence the people have in them. The work done among the Greeks serves for an illustration of the splendid help this organization is giving to all nationalities in Lowell.

We all felt, after hearing Miss Hutton and Mrs. Rockwood talk to us, that "Rogers Hall wanted to welcome the newcomers with open arms."

BETTY AKEROYD.

CONSUMERS' LEAGUE.

April 16th—

Miss Wiggin came out from Boston to give a talk on the Consumers' League. This was of especial interest to the Social Science class as it was intimately connected with the labor problems of the day.

Miss Wiggin urged that we make our school and university life a force in our community life later. So many of us drop

it all soon after leaving school. She said we might put our theories and aspirations of school life to very good practice and cited The University of Wisconsin as a good example of this community work. Its graduates have gone out and tried to better living and working conditions in their communities.

To do this work we have to have interest, so we must cultivate it, then we must find our responsibility and work for it.

The popular slogan today is,—“Industrial Democracy.” Everyone from the lowest step of the scale of life should have fair play. This is up to the public as well as the unions and employers. So this is where our part comes in. That is we can do our part toward bettering conditions for the working people, as has been proven by the Consumers’ League. We may have to curtail to help others up, but still the knowledge that we are helping our brothers is some gratification.

“It is a well acknowledged fact,” said Miss Wiggin, “that the workers are going to have more leisure in the coming years.” They must be taught how to use this leisure to advantage; not to their disadvantage both morally and physically. This is a field open to workers.

The Consumers’ League, itself, devotes most of its time to bettering industrial conditions. Their problems of the day are first:—how to influence factory administration; secondly:—how to influence legislation concerning factories, and last how to influence public opinion.

The League has done quite a lot but needs the co-operation of the public morally and financially. We all can do the first by buying in the shops which are credited by the League; and many of us can help financially to some extent, I know.

VIRGINIA THOMPSON.

GREEK INDEPENDENCE.

April 18th—

Friday, Mr. Cassavetes, Secretary of the Pan-Epirotic League, gave us a most interesting lecture on Greece. Many notable men of the Greek colony in Lowell and also the Greek Consul and his wife from Boston accompanied him.

In his talk Mr. Cassavetes said that the ancient theory of pedigrees is discarded as worthless, that a Greek is he who has Greek culture, not he who is born in Greece. A Greek is he who drinks of the fountain of Grecian art, traditions and history.

In the pages of Greek history can be found the best proofs that the Greeks are worthy inheritors of their splendid past. Her history is characterized by an abounding love of liberty and democracy. Byzantium was democratic when slavery prevailed everywhere else. Its rulers were constitutional rulers, not the Prussian Autocrat. "Greece has never tried to regain her provinces, we have fought many wars in defence of our country but never a war of conquest!"

In the Great War there were many, many Greeks fighting for liberty under the flags of the Allies. Their spirit is shown by what an old man told his son on the departure of the latter for overseas. "Remember, you are fighting for the spirit of Greece no matter what flag you are under." This boy saved his company when they were in a tight place and received the Congressional medal for his bravery.

When the German ambassador came to Venizelos about a secret alliance with Germany, Venizelos replied, "Sir, my country is too small for such infamy," and showed the German out of the door.

Among various other questions the rights of Greece are to be discussed at the Peace Conference. Each nation should choose its own form of government if it is capable of doing so. Where the population is homogeneous the will of the majority should be followed if the state is undivided and able to govern the minority fairly.

The Greeks and Americans will be unworthy of their liberty if they submit to the wills of men sitting around a green table at Versailles. Therefore we hope that American popular opinion will see that Greece gets a fair deal.

MARGARET HUSSEY.

THE GREEK GOOD FRIDAY SERVICE.

April 18th—

"Why, this is just like being in some foreign country," was the general exclamation as we hurried through the Greek quarter, the evening of Good Friday. We had been told that there were 15,000 Greeks in Lowell and it seemed as if almost all of them were standing outside the big church. Everyone was burning long yellow candles, and red fire cast a flickering light over all. Now and then someone would send off a sky rocket and there was a continual babble in strange tongues. A man was going through the crowd with a tray onto which we dropped nickels and dimes and in return he sprayed us with perfumed holy water, according to our generosity. Miss Parsons received a regular shower bath of holy water and a Greek blessing for her contribution. Finally we joined the line waiting to enter the church between long rows of soldiers who kept the crowd back. There were no seats inside and the people surged round the central altar where the priest in brocaded red robes was intoning a choir at one side and a group of little children on the altar chanted responses and the odor of incense made the air heavy. On the altar was a bier covered with flowers and candles with a picture of Christ in the center, which each one was supposed to kneel and kiss. All this was explained to us by our kind Greek friends who convoyed us safely through the crowd and helped us procure candles for ourselves. At ten o'clock the church bell rang and shortly after, the procession started from the church. First came the band, next the cross, then the little boys swinging incense burners, the bier, the choir, and last, the priest. The minor, wailing chant, the incense, the swarthy crowds, and the candles gave a most weird effect and it was hard to believe that only two blocks away the street cars were running on Merrimack Street. We got away from the crowds and through back streets, reached a spot where we could see the procession again. All the Greek coffee houses were decorated with flowers and candles, in fact every window had a candle in it. We had great difficulty in keeping our own candles from going out between the efforts of the wind and mischievous small boys to the contrary. After

a short wait the procession came round the corner, the people walking behind it carrying their candles. The haunting strains of the melody and the cry of the choir, "Kyrie Eleison," pursued us long after we had left them all behind and were waiting at Merrimack Square for our car, where, incidentally, our yellow candles caused us to be pointed out as "a bunch of Greeks."

MARCELLA CHALKLEY.

TRIP TO CAMP DEVENS.

April 22nd—

About ten o'clock one morning a rumor spread around like wild fire that school was to be dismissed and that we were all going to Camp Devens. With this rumor naturally spread a great deal of excitement. Leaving school to see a Military Review?—Impossible! But it wasn't long before Miss Parsons eased our minds by saying that the rumor was authentic. Much more excitement ensued as one might well imagine, while each one looked for "suitable clothing" as the ride to camp promised to be a cold one.

A light luncheon was served and after eating and running we found ourselves in one of our famous "special" cars—oh! precious thing—how insufferable life would be without thee!—

At last we came upon the scene of action and leaving our trusty car we walked a little way to the parade grounds, arriving just in time.

All across the grounds could be seen row after row of trench hats. It hardly seemed possible that so many men could be back so soon from the war—could have been in the war from just this one section of the country. The review was a most thrilling and inspiring sight and one we will remember always. The rows of marching men, the martial music, the cheering thousands all made a lasting picture in our minds.

SALOME JOHNSTON.

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON.

April 24th—

It was indeed a pleasure to be able to meet Mrs. Kennedy before her recital and listen to her interesting conversation. Meeting her so informally made the afternoon all the more enjoyable and we doubly appreciated her charming programme. Her first reading was a Carol of the 15th Century and in contrast to her other numbers. The life and verve of Shelley's Skylark made it one of Mrs. Kennedy's happiest selections and completely suited to her personality. Among her other selections were Thomas Edward Browne's "Thank God for a Garden," Herrick's "A Child's Grace," Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "A Musical Instrument," and two of her "Sonnets from the Portuguese." It goes without saying that the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet" was all that could be desired. As for the Forest Scenes from "As You Like It," it was hard to realize that Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando were not there before our very eyes. We are now all anxious to see Mrs. Kennedy on the stage in a "real" play, though I am sure we could not enjoy it any more than we did her recital.

MARCELLA CHALKLEY.

Y. D. PARADE IN BOSTON.

Every one wanted to go into Boston to see "New England's Own," the Yankee Division parade. But all of us had seen the Division reviewed at Camp Devens so only a few of the girls were able to go. Due to the fact that we had places reserved, we were able to go on a sight-seeing tour over the parade route before the parade started.

All Boston was decked in her finest. Flags and banners floated from all buildings and houses. "Welcome Home" streamers were found everywhere. Stands had been erected all along the route and every space on the street was filled with an interested onlooker.

Families, friends, admirers, and curious crowds watched our New England Boys parade. The crowds carried flags, wore patriotic badges, and cheered lustily. This parade proved an exception to most parades as it began on time.

Cheers soared loudly as we saw the idol of New England, General Edwards, passing before us, sitting very straight on his brown horse. Then Headquarters Company followed. We were at once struck by the healthy brown of these men. They had on their helmets, full overseas equipment, guns and all. But what a contrast they were to the wounded men which followed, filling over three hundred Red Cross cars. As these boys passed by, many of our eyes filled with tears for while they were smiling and jolly many of them were minus an arm or leg and some were horribly wounded.

Then column after column of "lads in khaki" marched by, splendid bands helping to make the parade more festive. Every once in a while you would hear some excited person cry out "There he is," and a frantic attempt would be made to attract the attention of one of the passing soldiers. There were many there whose sons had gone over with the 26th Division but had been killed in France, but these plucky parents wanted to welcome home their sons' comrades.

After we had seen the whole parade which lasted about three and a half hours, we felt New England had a right to be proud of her sons.

BETTY AKEROYD.

AN UNEXPECTED HOLIDAY.

April 25th—

Friday, April 25th, was the day of the big parade in Boston and some of the Seniors went in to see it.

Although the girls who were left at school were sorry at not being able to go also, there were so many nice things planned for us that the day is a pleasant one in our memories.

We began the holiday by sleeping late for the first time in many moons. Then we had an informal breakfast, followed by study hour, after that, there being no other appointments we all went downtown and spent the rest of the morning shopping.

That afternoon the girls stayed in their houses and celebrated by knitting, reading, and making candy.

The best entertainment of all came after dinner when Miss McMillan took us to see "Daddy Long Legs" at the Opera House. We enjoyed the play very much and it was just the right sort of an ending for a perfect day.

ANGELINE RUSH.

THE ANDOVER DANCE.

April 26th—

The return dance which the Andover boys gave for us at Peabody Hall was one of the most enjoyable dances of our school year.

We motored over to Andover arriving at seven o'clock all excited and eager for the good time. The reception lasted for a half hour, after which, the music commenced, and we all can say that that was what we were most concerned about.

The boys had decided that both the floor down-stairs, and the upper floor could be used for dancing. The rooms were attractively decorated with Andover and Rogers Hall banners. During intermission fruit salad and an ice course were served.

The dancing ended all too soon and before we knew what was happening cheers arose for Miss MacFarlane and for Rogers Hall. This ended our last Andover dance for the year.

LUCILLE H. WENTWORTH.

A PICNIC.

May 3rd—

"Susan, did you have a good time? Do come here and tell us all about it. Everyone says that it is adorable out there and that we were silly little fools for not going." "Well, where do you want me to commence?" "Oh, from the very first, tell us everything." "All right, here goes.

“We took a special car, as usual, at the Square and started on what we thought would be a nice ride. But we had no more than left the city when the Conductor started around with a little fare-register and demanded five cents carfare. We all gave it to him and thought nothing more about it. In a few minutes he came around again and continued to come for five more times. By that time it had become a regular joke, but we all looked rather glum because we had no money at all or very little. We got off the car at the entrance to a very attractive lane winding back into the woods. There were wild flowers of all kinds and violets grew right in the path. A lovely little shaded stream wound in and out among the hills. All of a sudden from the crest of a hill we saw the cutest little bungalow, painted green and white. It had a porch around all four sides and on the second floor balconies came out from the rooms. If the hilarity had been great outside it was twice as great when the door was unlocked and we all trooped inside. There was one big room with table and chairs, a buffet, book-case, fire-place and an organ to which the girls proceeded to amuse themselves with playing ragtime. This room was very prettily decorated with huge Japanese lanterns. Around the top, or what would be a second floor in a regular house, was a balcony reached by a small staircase. The bed rooms opened on to the balcony and they were so artistic built up under the eaves. In front of the bungalow ran the Merrimack River. It was very picturesque and beautiful. There were a number of other small houses around the main building and a lovely little foot path went back into the woods for miles and miles.”

“Say, Susan, pardon me for interrupting, but you haven’t told us anything you all did, you have just talked about the scenery.” “Well give me time, will you? You asked me to tell you all, and that’s what I’m doing.

“The first thing we did was to explore around and see all there was to be seen. Then we came back, after much calling and beating upon tin pans on the part of some of the teachers, to the most luscious food I’ve ever eaten on a picnic.” “Oh! I was going to say Susan, you ——” “It will take too long to tell you everything we had, but just for an idea;—sandwiches,

pickles, olives, ginger ale, pies, cookies and ice cream. I have never eaten so much in all my life. After the spread was over some went for walks, some went to sleep under trees, some played the organ and sang, some sat around and knit and others played the popular game of baseball.

“About half-past four we started to walk back to the car. Everyone was satisfied and glad they had come. I guess that is all girls. Now don’t you wish you had come along?” “Yes, but don’t rub it in. I’m going to go to everything else that the other girls go to, because I always miss out on something.” this from Edith.

VIRGINIA LUCAS.

GLADYS LAWRENCE.

May 3rd—

Miss Gladys Lawrence, one of our alumnæ who went to France two years ago with the Harvard unit, spoke to us very informally in the drawing room on May 3rd. She told us what the unit did during the two years of service and how at the largest drive they had only one hundred nurses in their hospital to two thousand patients. This one statement alone proves to us that nursing at the front is not so romantic as we have often been told, although Miss Lawrence did tell us how one of their nurses had a camp wedding.

She showed us some very interesting pictures of their hospital and a German prison camp which was not far from there, also a dog kennel where war dogs were trained.

We were interested to know that Miss Lawrence was the first of our Rogers Hall girls to be in service in France.

DOROTHY BEELER.

FIELD DAY.

May 7th—

This year, Field Day had a special significance. It was the 100th anniversary of Miss Rogers’ birth, and so many invitations were sent to Alumnæ. At the exercises, held after much scrambling and excitement—to get everyone’s name on your programme and to write your’s on everyone’s—Miss Parsons

told us a little of Miss Rogers—in whom we are ever interested—and read bits from a most interesting book written by Dr. Greene, about the Rogers family and Rogers Hall, in memory of Miss Elisabeth Rogers, and published just before his own death. We sang several songs and then departed for the exciting business of the day. We marched down onto the field and gave a little exhibition of how much military drill had accomplished in matters of straight backs, square shoulders and upheld heads.

Cae won the first two events, the fifty-yard dash and shot-put. After these two, Kava began to work and gradually—with first a Kava, then a Cae victory, the score was a tie—and then Kava began to slowly push ahead until a final victory was reached.

All of the usual events took place—high, broad—the record for the broad jump was broken and stretched two inches and is now 13.06—hop, step and jump, hurdles, potato race, sack and obstacle races, and 75 and 50-yard dashes.

Anne Keith won the individual cup—this being the second consecutive year she has won it—and Elizabeth Whittier and Ruth Trimbourn holding second and third places.

When these events had all been held, in spite of light showers, we ate with large and healthy appetites the usual Field Day luncheon of lobster salad and ice cream and strawberries.

In the afternoon came the School-Alumnæ baseball game—and it was the best baseball played at school all year—with few runs and excellent pitching by Mink Moses (Harris) for the Alumnæ. The latter won by several runs.

May 10th—

CONGRESSMAN ROGERS.

“How you goin’ to keep ’em down on the farm” has furnished a great deal of material for jest and good-natured railery, but Congressman John Rogers, in his talk to the Rogers Hall pupils, brought forth a more serious phase of this “rag-time” song. He said that reconstruction periods have always been critical years in history, but perhaps never so dangerous as

is the reconstruction period of today. It is absolutely essential to the prosperity of the United States that a large share of American men should remain on the farms. The great question as he presented it to us was, "How can the United States make farming appeal to our returned boys?" Every possible attraction must be presented in order to maintain the standard of our nation in the world. Waste land in New England might be cultivated so that the men, not desiring to go far from home, may still serve their country.

Congressman Rogers also touched upon the matter of the coming session of congress and the inevitable questions that will arise during the session. Illiteracy, Americanization, and Immigration are certain to be widely discussed as these are also vital problems of our national welfare and progress.

Congressman Rogers is a very interesting speaker and every Rogers Hall girl as well as our many guests voiced this belief at the end of his informal talk.

HELEN B. TRACY.

LOWELL CHORAL SOCIETY.

May 13th—

The Lowell Choral Society presented on May 13th the best of its concerts, Gounod's "Faust." We were indeed fortunate to have the opportunity to hear Paul Althouse, tenor, and Willard Flint, basso, both recognized opera soloists, in the leading roles of Faust and Mephistopheles.

The chorus portrayed their remarkable training especially when they rendered perfectly the "Soldiers' Chorus" and "Kermesse Waltz."

Miss Farrar, Mr. Althouse, and Mr. Flint received a great deal of praise and admiration during the singing of the "Garden Scene," but the grand climax was reached during the "Prison Trio" which left the audience in speechless admiration.

This opera was first produced March 19, 1859, at the "Theatre Lyrique" in Paris. Gounod conveys through this masterpiece many morals, beginning with the opening solo:

Vain! In vain do I call
Throughout my vigil weary,
On creation and its Lord!
Never reply will break the silence dreary,
No sign, no single word.
Years, how many! are now behind me,
Yet I cannot break the dreary chain
That to mournful life doth bind me!
I look in vain, I learn in vain!
Vain! Vain!

HELEN B. TRACY.

SOCIAL SCIENCE EXHIBITION.

May 16th—

The courses in Civics and Social Science this year were popular with many of our girls, who became intensely interested in their work under the enthusiastic leadership of Miss Mabel Hill, who comes to us twice a week from Wellesley.

During the latter part of the course the girls spent much time in making numerous charts; the Civics Class of the younger girls worked on charts which entered into their study of government, immigration and so forth; the Social Science Class, of Seniors and older girls, did the more advanced work on Child Welfare, "The City Beautiful," Public Health and Community Welfare.

On Friday, May 16th, an open meeting and exhibition was held in the schoolroom. The room was decorated with all the charts made by both classes; this gave the guests ample opportunity to see what sort of work the classes have accomplished.

Three girls from each class were chosen by vote to speak at this exhibition; those from the Civics Class were Helen Tracy, who spoke on "What the government does for the people" and as an example of this she took "The Reclamation of the West;"

Salome Johnston spoke on "Development of American Cities," and Helen Smith on "Immigration." These papers were read after a short introduction by Miss Hill. The three girls who represented the Social Science Class were Ruth Shafer, who had as her topic "Labor and Industry;" Isabel Carpenter, "Social Welfare of Today" and Virginia Thompson, "Child Welfare."

All of the papers were so interesting that great credit is due to the girls and also to Miss Hill. After the girls had finished giving their papers, Miss Cotter, who has been a social worker in Lowell, spoke to us on what is being accomplished in this thriving city, and gave us all some idea of the necessity of our help in bettering the undesirable communities of all cities.

ELEANOR WHIDDEN.

THE PARTY FOR THE GREEK GIRLS.

May 16th—

Last Friday evening we entertained thirty Greek girls from the Greek Club and fifteen Polish girls from the Polish Club.

They arrived about seven-thirty and each one of us had one or two girls to look after and see that they had a good time. Four girls had been asked to play tennis so as to show our foreign guests what a game of tennis was like. After the girls had started playing, we escorted our various companions to the courts and proceeded to explain by tongue or gesture, what it was all about. Quite a few of the girls, both Greek and Polish, weren't able to speak English. Some could understand it and would wisely smile and shake their heads when spoken to.

After a while it got rather cold and the novelty of watching the games of tennis wore off so we trotted back to the gym, to demonstrate the art of keeping afloat on and under water. It was the first time that many of the Polish and Greek girls had ever seen anyone swim in a pool. They shouted with delight when our girls dived and slid down the slide, landing in the water with an inviting splash!

Presently we marshalled our foreign friends upstairs into the gym and then after a grand march we had a series of mirth-evoking games: "Black and White," "Putting the Pillow in the Bag" and "Pinning the Clothes on the Line." Then we sang our Cae and Kava songs.

About nine-thirty we served ice cream cones and little cakes which it is needless to say were eaten by everyone. During the process everyone looked decidedly happy and contented, and the cones disappeared with pleasant rapidity.

As a farewell we all sang the "Star Spangled Banner," the Greek and Polish girls joining in. Between the rush of finding their respective belongings and saying good-nights a slight confusion reigned, but gradually the guests vanished through the door and were swallowed up in the darkness. We all agreed that we had enjoyed the party and hoped that our new friends liked our American game and fun.

HELEN SMITH.

COMMUNITY SERVICE TEA.

May 17th—

On Saturday, May 17th, six of the girls from Rogers Hall were asked to assist in serving at a Community Service Tea.

The purpose of the Community Service in Lowell and in every city is to give the working girls a chance to enjoy life a little more. It is a place where the girls can give dances and afternoon affairs. They have a large dance hall and several large reception rooms which are very attractively furnished.

The tea at which we served was given in honor of Mrs. Pennypacker, who had been speaking in Lowell and with whose name at least, nearly every one is familiar.

Our duties were extremely worth while for those of us who had the opportunity of going for it gave us the chance to meet some of the girls themselves and to see what good the club is doing.

MARY HINSCH.

MISS TUTTLE'S SPEECH.

May 21st—

On account of the great war, we have more or less forgotten problems near home, but Miss Tuttle in her speech Wednesday brought it all to us. In leading up to her subject, settlement work, she spoke of the wholesome, vigorous environment which our school has and said she believed that our great advantage of a good education ought to make us feel keenly our duty to help less fortunate girls. She talked very earnestly about the desire to be helpful which the war has given people all over the United States and the need of well trained minds and bodies and a willingness to sacrifice to meet the great reconstruction period now begun. For illustration she read a theme written by a Smith College freshman who had never considered going to college till the events of the past two or three years showed her that her education could make her more useful to a world that needs help from every individual.

Miss Tuttle gave us a very interesting little history of settlement work from the time of its foundation by four Smith College alumnae and its earliest days when it had only a few scattered houses to its present time of advancement and strength. She mentioned a number of its far-reaching branches, clubs and schools like Slaton Farm, a reform school where the word reform is never mentioned and the matron, Miss Falconer and her assistants are just, kind, practical and thoughtful, always devising some new form of amusement and improvement for her pupils.

To make her speech more real and convincing she even offered to find places to work in her settlement house for several of the girls here who had time and inclination for reconstruction work during the summer vacation.

ELIZABETH BERRY.

VISIT TO BAY STATE MILLS.

May 23rd—

Our Social Science Class has read a great deal from text books during the past year on conditions of factories, their lighting, heating, ventilation, cleanliness, safety appliances, and

on May 23, 1919, we had a chance to see these things for ourselves. Miss Taylor took us to the Bay State Milling Co., where rough materials such as canvas and heavy cottons are made. We were first shown the first aid department which was spotlessly clean and with every modern equipment. A trained nurse is in charge here who cares for any accidents, which might happen to employees, and also their families. The offices were large, light, clean and well ventilated; and as we passed from here to factory part we hardly expected to find the same conditions. We did, however, with the addition of safety appliances on machines as well as fire equipment. In fact, if all factories were like those of the Bay State Milling Co., there would not be so much need of our Social Science study. ELIZABETH HAYES.



YE CHRONICLE OF YE CLASSE OF 1919.

After that I had accomplished and finished certain divers histories, as well of contemplation as of other historical and worldly acts of great conquerors and princes, and also of certain books, many noble and divers ladyes of this school of Rogers Hall came and demanded me many and oftentimes, why that I did not cause to be imprinted the noble history of the class of 1919, for it is notoriously known, through the universal world that it be the most worthy and the best that ever was. And as for all those that deny this there be many evidences to the contrary. First ye may see their gift to the school in the library, an exceeding large and fine table of wood from that foreign part known as Circassia. And in divers places in Rogers Hall many remembrances be yet of them and shall remain perpetually of them.

First, in the athletic records ye may read of how four of the six R. H.'s given the previous year were received by members of this illustrious class, to wit, Margaret Hussey, Anne Robertson, Ruth Trimborn, and Elizabeth Whittier; how on Field Day a record was broken by one Isabel Carpenter, and also how the Athletic Medal was achieved by one hight Ruth Trimborn. Item, that also of them were the best and worthiest player of tennis, one Elizabeth Whittier, and the best and worthiest swimmer, one Helen Lambden. Also that in their time they were renowned for many pleasant and joyous feastings and merry-makings on the eve of each Friday; even venturing into a town nearby to the house of one of their members where they did sit themselves down and feast upon confits, cates, and all manner of delicacies. Likewise went they to the house of another where midst sweet smelling blossoms to the sounds of gentle music they did eat divers goodly things. And at the feast given for them by their principal, yclept Mistress Olive Parsons, they did rejoice the ears of their hearers by their sweet and gentle singing. Divers of their number did betake themselves to an island in the river where they did disport themselves, each after her own fashion. And all aforesaid things alleged, I could not forget that of a pleasant evening, this same Mistress Parsons did conduct them to behold an holiday and celebration of certain Greeks.

For herein may be seen many deeds of courtesy, humanity, love, friendliness, hardiness, friendship, and virtue. Do we after these and even so it shall bring unto you good fame and renown.



CLASS POEM.

When the last book is closed, when the last paper's done,
 When the last swim is taken, and the last game is won,
 When the last tear is shed, and the friendship made,
 Let us always remember—then our last prayer is prayed.

And let us go with a host of friends, loyal and staunch and true,
 With memories of fun and of frolic, with friends both old and
 new.

Send us away with spirits high, to meet the things that are hard,
 And in the world where'er we go, these memories we'll guard.

And when Commencement's over and graduation in the past,
 Each and everyone of nineteen shall pledge faith until the last.
 Although each may go to a far off place, far out of sight and call,
 Grant that each of us may never forget—the others, and Rogers
 Hall. ISABEL CARPENTER.

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement this year was particularly lovely—everyone said so; friends, parents, undergraduates, and last, but not least, the graduates themselves. It was warm, truly, but for everyone, I think, the heat was offset by the nice things that happened.

Sunday morning we had our Baccalaureate sermon, preached by the Rev. A. R. Hussey at All Souls' Church. Everyone who heard it understood it; it was simple, straightforward and inspiring. I overheard several very quotable persons say that it was the best sermon of its kind that they had ever heard. Certainly the Seniors themselves thought so.

Monday evening came the Musicale. It was so exceptionally good, so varied and interesting, that one cannot say too much in its praise; and it seems impossible and unfair to pick out any special numbers for criticism. However, I think it may be said that Martha Sheppard, Ruth Trimborn, and Genevieve Burger were the musicians of greatest talent.

After the programme, Miss Parsons presented the R. H.'s for the year. Those who received them were Ruth Trimborn, who has been President of Cae this year and who also won her R. H. last year—also the athletic medal; Helen Lambden, Captain of the Cae swimming and basket ball teams; Dorothy Beeler, another loyal Cae, and Elizabeth Whittier, Margaret Hussey and Anne Robertson, all Kavas, and all girls who won their R. H.'s last year as well.

The carriage cup, the baseball, swimming and tennis cups were also given. Cae Club won cups for carriage and baseball; Kava for swimming and tennis.

The clubs then sang several of their songs and held elections for next year. The girls elected Presidents were: Cae—Helen Tracy, and Kava—Eleanor Whidden.

The next day, Tuesday, was the all important day. Everyone was up early and soon after breakfast, which was delightfully informal, friends began to come and the excitement started.

First came the reception. A long line of mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and, yes, even (a few) one or two fiancés passed through the two drawing rooms to wish 1919 all good things in the years to come.

The exercises were held in the gymnasium; the faculty, the undergraduates and Seniors—the latter in the traditional cool white of a "sweet girl graduate," carrying armfuls of pink and lavender sweet peas—marched in to Mr. Vieh's own march, and the Seniors took their places on the stage.

The opening prayer was offered by the Rev. Arthur Wynne Shaw and was followed by an address by Professor Burton of the University of Minnesota. His address as the Lowell Courier-Citizen put it "concerned itself with the proper place of 'humanities' in modern education." Professor Burton said among other things that "The reason why the vocational holds so great a place now, is because we have to take care of our millions of young people who have to leave school at 14. * * * * * Nevertheless, we must not lose sight of the cultural ideal, the preparation of the individual not for livelihood, but for living. * * * * *

Do your best to keep not only the truth,

which is science, but the beauty, which is God, central. Do all that you can in your influence, in society, in the home, and you will find your essential self-expression."

After this address the Reverend Appleton Grannis gave us our diplomas, after a short speech. Following this Martha Howell, the class president, presented to Miss Parsons, in behalf of the class, a mahogany table for the library.

The Honors were then awarded by Miss Parsons. They were given as follows:

Anne Robertson, Paducah, Ken., Underhill Honor, for excellence in academic work.

Margaret Hussey, Lowell, Mass., Underhill Honor, for excellence in college preparatory work.

Ruth Shafer, Kingston, N. Y., Underhill Honor, for high scholarship, good influence, and initiative.

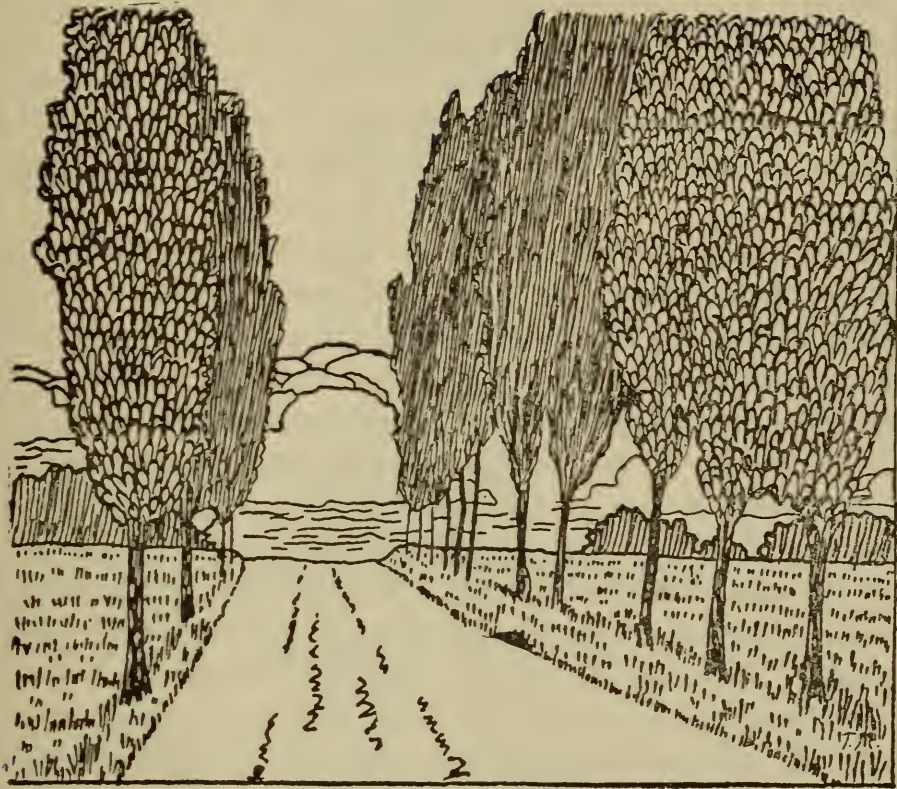
Ruth Shafer, Kingston, N. Y., Cup given by Mary Frances Ogden, 1918, for doing most to promote good government and loyalty to school ideals.

Isabel Carpenter, Fall River, Mass., Medal given by Anne Keith, 1918, for executive and literary work done on "Splinters."

Helen Lambden, New Rochelle, N. Y., Athletic Medal, for highest honors in athletics.

Scholarship Honor Roll, for maintaining an average of not less than 85 per cent. in all subjects, throughout the year—in order of rank—Virginia Stewart Thompson, Marcella Howland Chalkley, Helen Bernadette Tracy, Genevieve Burger, Frances Anne Hartmetz, Elizabeth Akeroyd, Helen McCullough, Margaret Betts, Lorna Curtis Bugbee, Marjorie Coulthurst, Elizabeth Clark Hayes, Faith Harrington, Faith Wynne Shaw, Elenora Blood Carpenter, Ethel Hortense Blomquist.

The exercises closed by a benediction pronounced by the Rev. A. R. Hussey—and graduation was over and we of 1919 were Alumnæ—full-fledged and invited to the Alumnæ meeting in the afternoon, after luncheon in the garden, and to the Alumnæ dinner—for this is reunion year—in the evening. We went to both, sad because no longer students at Rogers Hall and happy because of our new dignity—as Alumnæ. ISABEL CARPENTER.



SENIOR PARTIES.

Our Senior Class has been exceedingly fortunate in the matter of Senior gaieties. Of course we had our usual Friday night suppers, during the spring term, in the gymnasium—and of these parties, where we danced, sang, knit and talked, the food, although delectable, is not the only thing we have to remember. In place of one of these we all went out to Chelmsford to Hazel Peterson's to tea—and certainly our tales of the good time we had, made the whole school envious.

On our next-to-last Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Thompson and Virginia honored not only the Senior Class, but the entire school, by entertaining us most beautifully at their home on Westford Street. Virginia's friends presided at the tea-table and during the afternoon we had the pleasure of hearing some delightful music.

Miss Mudge and the class known as II Dom. Sci., gave the eight Seniors who hold office in school, a dinner long to be remembered. We ate in the Laboratory and to any one who has ever been to a Domestic Science dinner or luncheon or tea, it is sufficient to say that this one equalled, if not surpassed, all others.

Then came two more dinners; first, the formal one given to us by Miss Parsons, at which the envied twenty-four sat at tables in the school room and each in turn was made the subject of many well known songs of praise. We sang one of our own songs and in so doing felt rather important and not a little sad. After dinner we all marched around the grounds and up in the park and sang at and to all of our old haunts and friends—the House, the Hall, the Cottage, the Gym, the old apple tree, to Clive, Jr., our adorable school baby, to Miss Hill, to Mr. Vieh, and last, but not least, to Mary and Julia, those masters of the culinary arts. What should we do without all these?

The next night, after the swimming meet, came our own strictly private class dinner, prepared and partaken of by only ourselves. Between courses we had the Prophecy, the History, the Poem, and something else—which perhaps we'll tell you about when we are old and grey—although I doubt it. And would you like to know who ran around the table? Well, we won't tell—ever.

Saturday afternoon the undergraduates gave all the Seniors an automobile ride—during which we visited a “movie” studio in Middlesex Fells and an ice cream store in Woburn—and in the evening of the same day these same generous friends of ours took us to the “movies”—that rare delight of boarding school.

And now don't all of you who have read this account of our good times, wish you were a member of the best of all classes—1919?

ISABEL CARPENTER.



ALUMNÆ REUNION.

Another class has become Alumnæ and another Reunion is over. Some of us were here by Sunday afternoon to enjoy again that tea time atmosphere which is typical of Rogers Hall on Sunday nights. It was pleasant to be here with the girls again singing "Day is Dying in the West" and "America the Beautiful."

Monday the real "gathering of the clan" started, some of the girls arriving for luncheon and others drifting in during the rest of the day. The usual "do you remember's" and "will you ever forget's" were heard from every part of school. To us very recent Alumnæ there was a certain amount of dignity and decorum to be preserved when we were requested, and even urged, to sit still and let the girls serve us. We made the most of our opportunity, thinking of the time when we had rushed here, there and everywhere to serve other Alumnæ and families of graduating classes.

Everyone seemed to lack the necessary ambition for a Field Day or baseball game, for the heat grew more intense and the pool seemed the only sane place of amusement. That evening the old girls with the girls in the Hall—for we all had rooms

there,—retreated to the porch, to partake of ice cream and cookies. Then most of us gathered round with those of our particular cronies who were back and had a regular gossip, such as only may go on among old friends who have not seen each other for some time.

After the Commencement exercises were over the Biennial Meeting of the Alumnae Association was called to order by the acting president, Margaret Wood, for as we all know Miss Harrison is still overseas. The report of the last meeting was read by the secretary, Susan McEvoy, and accepted, and Helen Smith gave her report as treasurer which was also accepted. The following officers were nominated and elected for the two ensuing years: President, Lydia Langdon Hockmeyer, '13; Vice President, Margaret Wood, '16; Secretary, Susan McEvoy, '12; Treasurer, Sally Hobson, '10, and Alumnae Trustee, Harriet Coburn, '95.

The heat prevented everyone from doing more than talking during the rest of the afternoon and at seven o'clock we assembled at long tables in the school room for the Alumnae Dinner. There were over fifty of us and we certainly did have a good time. We had delicious things to eat and the best of company so what more could one possibly want? The various overseas representatives whom we had hoped to have with us were not back, but there was no lack of conversation. The graduating class sang their class song for us and I imagine there were not many present who did not know just how queer, yes, and sorry, it made them feel to be singing like that for the last time. It was very sweet, however, and we were glad to hear it.

After dinner letters and pictures were passed around and once again we strolled around in small groups, just as we used to do. Then after more gossiping and exchanging of news we did go to bed for some of us took the familiar seven fifty-six train, and before noon we had all departed, wondering how soon we could come again, thinking of Miss Parsons' delightful hospitality to us all, and deciding that on the whole the girls in school were just about as nice as they could be, considering the fact that they were after us!

E. H. W. '18.



ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

HOUSE-SCHOOL BASKET BALL.

The House has won its laurels—won them by the work and enthusiasm of each and every dweller. We have always known that we people who live in the House are clever. But when after challenging the entire school at basket ball we successfully defeated them, I repeat it for emphasis—successfully defeated them—we are sure of it. Sure of what—you ask? That the House people are clever.

Our team was strong—but why shouldn't it be with so many members of the Cae-Kava teams on it?—that even the strong school team was helpless in our hands. No—not helpless

—for they certainly worked themselves—and made the House team work for every single point they gained. Every girl on both teams was playing her best and hardest and even if the game was a bit rough, it was good basket ball.

Although the “rooters” for the School outnumbered those for the House by about five times—the latter made up for numbers with noise—if you can call very good singing noise. We had several new songs, not quite so extemporaneous as those of the School, it is true, but “under the able direction of our leader—Miss Jerry Blackman,” proved quite a success—at least we think so.

The lineup was:

HOUSE	SCHOOL
H. Lambden, center	center, B. Akeroyd
F. Hartmetz, side center	side center, R. Trimborn
M. Adams, forward	forward, A. Keith, (Capt.)
A. Robertson, forward	forward, D. Beeler
E. Whidden, guard	guard, H. Tracy
M. Howell, (Capt.), guard	guard, H. McCullough

The score was 49 to 19.

I. CARPENTER.

GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

Patriotism may be displayed everywhere and perhaps there is no better place than the gymnasium to demonstrate this fact. Visitors' day in the gymnasium arrived giving an opportunity of showing the benefits derived from a year's work in physical culture, fencing, drill work, apparatus work, and the all-absorbing feature, military drill, made the programme very interesting.

Of course, it is absolutely essential at Rogers Hall that Cae vs. Kava be given a prominent place and this is true in our exhibition work. The excitement of the rivalry on “gym” day turned out very satisfactorily, Cae winning Volley Ball, and Kava, Military Drill.

Everybody may rightly ascertain that our athletic work at school is very necessary and helpful, and it certainly fills a large portion of our school life.

HELEN B. TRACY.

SCHOOL-ALUMNÆ BASKET BALL GAME.

April 12th—

The School-Alumnæ basket ball game, played on April 12th, resulted in an overwhelming victory for the school. The first half was played according to the old rule of having the floor divided in three sections and the second half with only two divisions. In the second half the score for the school was made even higher by Helen Lambden's well known skill in throwing baskets from the center. The playing throughout the game was swift and the alumnæ put up a stiff fight and showed good team work, considering their lack of practice together. A great part of the credit for the victory should be given to the quick pass work of our centers, Hartmetz and Lambden, a combination which can't be beaten. The final score was 14 to 62, in favor of the school.

The lineup was:

ALUMNÆ	SCHOOL
L. Pratt, forward	forward, M. Adams
A. Keith, forward	forward, A. Robertson
M. Holden, jumping center	jumping center, H. Lambden
R. Trimborn (school), side center	side center, F. Hartmetz
L. Jennison, guard	guard, E. Akeroyd
M. Wood, guard	guard, H. Tracy
	HELEN McCULLOUGH.

 THE CAE-KAVA BASEBALL GAME.

On Tuesday, May 27th, the weather proved favorable for the Cae-Kava baseball game which was to have taken place on Friday, May 24th.

The game was very exciting and proved a great victory for Cae; the final score being 27-17.

Peggy Stover's good pitching and the heavy hitting of Rosalie Smith and Frances Hartmetz did much to win the day for Cae.

Eleanor Whidden, the Kava pitcher, caught several sensational flies, that combined with the good catching of Eleanor Whittier helped the Kavas put up a good fight.

Lineup was as follows:

CAE

P. Stover, p.
 R. Trimborn (Capt.), c.
 D. Beeler, 1st
 H. Lambden, 2nd
 F. Hartmetz, 3rd
 E. Hayes, s. s.
 R. Smith, r. f.
 V. Lucas, c. f.
 H. Tracy, l. f.

KAVA

p., E. Whidden (Capt.)
 c., E. Whittier
 1st, E. Whittier
 2nd, H. McCullough
 3rd, A. Robertson
 s. s., M. Hussey
 r. f., I. Carpenter
 c. f., M. Hinsch
 l. f., M. Shephard

Substitutes

E. Carpenter
 M. Coulthurst

H. Fogg
 J. Nicholson



ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

February 20th, Hortense Colby, '05, was married in Metuchen, N. J., to Lieutenant William Reynolds Coates of the Air Service of the U. S. A.

March 14th, Emily Jane Judah, '17, was married to Mr. George Reily Bayard in Vincennes, Ind.

March 22nd, Marjorie Fox Pitcher, '08, was married to Mr. Wallace Freeman of Boston. For the summer they will be in Kansas City, returning to Boston in the fall.

April 26th, Ethel Stark, '14, was married to Mr. Paul S. Jones in Milwaukee. They will be at home after June 1st, at 311 Barr Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

April 26th, Mildred Daniels was married to Mr. Matthew R. Blish in West Hartford, Ct.

March 7th, a daughter, Geraldine Douglas, was born to Capt. and Mrs. Paul Moulton (Olive Douglas) in Lowell, Mass.

April 1st, a son, Tristram, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Tristram Coffin (Rachel Jones, '11) at their home, 9 McKinstry Place, Hudson, N. Y.

Nancy Burns has announced her engagement to Mr. Lyman Herbert Brooks, Jr., a civil engineer of Sheridan, Wy. Nancy plans to be married during the summer or early fall.

Marion Billings has announced her engagement to Mr. Luther Judd Parker.

In May, Carlotta Heath, '11, announced her engagement to Mr. Albert Wheeler Moore, a Colgate man.

Gertrude Parker, '12, announced at Easter, her engagement to Mr. Frederick Clark, Jr., of No. Billerica, a brother-in-law of Eugenia Meigs Clark and Ethel Hockmeyer Clark, '13.

Florence Harrison, '02, expects that her canteen at Bordeaux will be closed by July as the Army expects to have its hospitals there evacuated by that time. She will report in Paris either for further duty or possibly she may be sent home. From her recent letters come some interesting bits: "Our Red Cross

personnel had tea the other day with Marechal Petain, Generals Castelnan, Mangin, Harbord and others, while Pershing made a speech the other day in our hut. I had a long talk with General Mangin whom I saw deserted in a corner. I took him some tea after fully preparing myself in what I intended to say and began by saying it was interesting to see the American cross worn by a Frenchman. He replied it was his good fortune to have the Americans as part of his army and then told me about Chateau Thierry. After that my part was easy, only yes or no with an occasional question for I can understand French fairly readily now * * * I'm giving five minute talks on Current Events and Nineteenth Century History before the movies which we have in our hut every evening. I laugh now when I think how scared I used to get talking to the Girls' Friendly at St. Anne's. The first few nights I was nearly paralyzed, but I don't mind any more. Then I'm doing some teaching at the Army School. I have a class of men who cannot or rather couldn't even write their own names. They can do that now. It's rather pitiful how many of these men over here have never had a chance for there are over three hundred illiterates at the school, all volunteers from this section alone and in my class of twenty-four every one was born in America." Through another letter from Florence we learn that she has had one flight in an airplane over Bordeaux and was hoping to fly to Paris if she could get the necessary permissions. She and Cornelia Cooke, '08, had taken a week-end together at Biarritz.

From Katharine Kessinger, '10, came this letter in March: "The past week I have had one of the most interesting experiences of my life—a visit to Chateau Thierry and Soissons. The devastated areas are not open to the public but the Red Cross has been granted special permits from the French government and I went with a party from headquarters. We started at seven-fifteen in the heaviest snowstorm of the winter. There was nothing of particular interest until we came within about half an hour's ride of Chateau Thierry, and then I stood out in the corridor with my nose glued to the dirty pane in order not to miss anything. A very obliging French officer pointed out all the things of interest, and as he had been in both battles of

the Marne he knew every inch of the ground. We passed through Meaux, the place where Mildred Aldrich lived in her 'Hill-top on the Marne.' For quite a distance the railroad ran along the Marne and as we neared Chateau Thierry we saw barbed wire entanglements in the fields and at intervals we could catch a glimpse of trenches. The officer also pointed out Belleau Woods to us, which is within walking distance provided you can devote a day to the trip. We finally arrived about ten-thirty and were met at the station by a very modern automobile. You cross the river as you enter the town, and they have a temporary wooden bridge built on scows to replace the one that was destroyed during the battle. Many of the houses are complete ruins and nearly all are badly damaged. However, even now the old inhabitants are trickling back and a few pathetic little shops are open with a stock that brings tears to the eyes, judging from the few weazened little oranges and the little odds and ends they show in the windows. * * The drive on to Soissons was wonderfully interesting, for the ground had all been fought over and there were so many things to look at that you were fairly worn out by the effort not to miss anything. The ground was scarred with trenches and you could see barbed wire entanglements on all sides, some of them down in the fields but often as erect and in as good order as if the attack was expected any moment. All along the road and over in the field you could see the pathetic wooden crosses marking the graves of the men where they fell. Quite often the soldier's tin helmet would be hanging from the cross and sometimes the grave would be decorated with the queer bead funeral wreaths the French seem to love. We passed through one wrecked village after the other, but in every case you could see that a few people had wandered back and had taken up their old lives again. Children would wave to us from some wrecked house seemingly as happy and care free as if their homes were not practically ruins. * * Soissons isn't a town any longer, it is a pile of bricks and rubbish with a few walls left standing. The hotel where Von Kluck had his headquarters during the battle of the Marne is still standing and there we had lunch. It is about the only thing in the town that boasts a roof, not to mention four walls. After lunch we walked

about the town and visited the cathedral or rather the remains of it. Some of the walls and a part of the tower are standing but it is a total wreck. German prisoners are working in the church clearing away the rubbish and they were keeping warm by a camp fire built in the church. There are no civilians to speak of in Soissons, but there are many French soldiers about and prisoners are at work everywhere clearing up the ruins

* * * We next drove out along the famous Chemin des Dames, the most interesting part of the trip. At least it gave the best idea of the real battle conditions and the way the men lived, not to mention the horrors they went through. We passed dug-out after dug-out made in the side of hills and one of them boasted a little porch and instead of the conventional roof it was covered by a huge tin helmet. In the fields could be seen the places where the men had dug in when they made a stand and the whole way was riddled with trenches. Many of them are even now rapidly filling up and are scarcely half as deep as they were originally. All of the ground is riddled with shell holes but in some places whole fields are just one huge shell crater after another. It does not seem possible that a human being could have escaped * * * The forests were in almost complete ruin, some of the trees lying along the ground and in other cases the branches stripped from them. Often whole forests would be entirely bare. Bits of camouflage to hide the food could still be seen at different places. There is no difficulty in believing all the horrible things you hear from the men who fought, after taking that trip, for the proof was right before the eyes."

Miss Linthicum keeps us posted as to her doings and is greatly enjoying her transfer to a Foyer at Chalons-sur-Marne. "Our Foyer is open from ten in the morning until eight at night with just one hour off for us to have dinner. It means long hours but there are two French ladies here to share the work with me * * * When I have a little time off I can visit the hospitals and other institutions in town and keep in touch better with the world. The Red Cross has a very busy canteen here at the station and is doing a very helpful work for the French. The Quakers have a maternity hospital and are doing

a great deal for the civilian population of the devastated region. Our own Foyer for the French soldiers, in addition to the 'Y.' hut for the Americans, has reading and writing rooms, quite an extensive library of books to lend to the men, a balcony where we have a piano, on which some one bangs all day long and a phonograph also help make a noise. Downstairs we have a large room with tables where the men drink their coffee and chocolate which we serve at our modest canteen and where they play games. Recently an American Y. M. man gave our boys a talk—in French—about the United States. He had lantern slides and the boys were thrilled. The French poilu is very appreciative of what is done for him so that our room, big as it is, is never large enough to hold all the boys when we have a special feature. * * There is so much need for this work here at the Foyer that I see no likelihood of my returning for months. I was glad to receive 'Splinters' and the new school catalogue the other day. I showed it to some of my boys and they were thrilled. They were also jealous to think that so much is done for girls in America that is not even done for boys in France * * * Recently I spent a few days with friends in Paris and could see quite a change, with the streets gayer and the people looking happier."

Eileen Patterson writes: "I have 'canteened' under all conditions over here—good, bad and indifferent, but the last months of the war saw real experience at the front. I was billeted in unspeakably, filthy, French villages just back of the lines with rats and other domesticated animals accompanying. From there, woolen clad and in high rubber boots I made trips along the lines with 'smokes' and chocolate to the mud-soaked men who hadn't had any for weeks, much less seen an American woman. Even those terrible villages where it is fatal to even taste the drinking water and all of the other hardships were heaven in comparison with the conditions under which the doughboy lived. Next I was located near Metz, helping some hospital companies look after British prisoners coming from Germany, a sorry lot! After Christmas I had leave area work in Nice, a change to warmth and good living conditions with my return home probable in the late spring."

At the end of January Ruth Burke was transferred from Bordeaux to Paris where she was made directress of the Montparnasse canteen of the Red Cross. This is one of the largest and most important of the Paris canteens since it feeds about a thousand men daily. Ruth has an assistant with twelve French helpers and sixteen American girls to manage and to help her in carrying on this good-sized restaurant! "Today Mrs. Wilson came to call on me in my canteen and I can assure you we had the biggest day of our existence. We knew that she was coming so that the morning was spent, of course, in feverish excitement by the French servants getting things ready. I made the most of their unexpected zeal and we had a wonderful spring house cleaning. Fortunately we had just gotten new oil cloth on the tables and counters, and new table-cloths for the reading tables, the boys had made little writing tables with lights over them so that she could not have come more opportunely * * *

I was told that Mrs. Wilson would be at the canteen at eleven, so I told the boys to come early for their dinner, and they did, six hundred strong! A major came early to dispose of any movie men who happened around and stayed to help me receive her * * * Mrs. Wilson joined the group which by that time had gathered around the parrot's cage (a gift of Radcliffe College which attracts a great deal of attention and much conversation) but as one might expect of a parrot, he remained stubbornly silent. From that she was interested in all the Divisional Insignia, which we have painted above the windows all about the canteen, some done by the boys and others by the girls, and if, by chance, a boy comes in and finds his Division isn't up, there is trouble until we get it painted. Next I took Mrs. Wilson behind the counter to see the working, secure in my knowledge that everything shone as it never had before and probably never will again. By that time we were serving the dinners and the canteen was beginning to swarm with boys * * *

Today we were short of girls so that I had to be the dessert maker. It turned out a great joke on the boys for I made a cornstarch pudding, serving it in the little dessert dishes with half a canned peach on the top and some of the juice. The general effect was of baked eggs and some of the boys made the fatal mistake of

putting salt on it. For tonight we are going to have chocolate pudding which began life this morning as a porridge, but mixed with a thick chocolate sauce and raisins will end as a pudding!"

Marion Stott is stationed at Chateauroux, France, where she is doing canteen work under the Red Cross and she writes home very enthusiastic letters about her work.

In March, after her return from France, Carlotta Heath, '11, came up to school. She and Julia Burke Mahoney, '11, greatly enjoyed a dinner party given by the Advanced Domestic Science class in their honor, and afterwards Carlotta talked informally to the school about her nine months' experience in canteen work with the Red Cross.

The week-end of May 3rd, Gladys Lawrence, '08, came out to school and told us of her two years' service in a hospital with the B. E. F. in the Harvard Unit. In April Gladys accepted a position as one of the nurses in the operating room at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Later she may go into industrial nursing, a new field that is opening up due to the requirements of the new federal law.

Anna Kuttner, '11, returned from France in March and is again doing bacteriological work with the New York City Health Department.

Margaret Bracken, '06, is a member of the College Women's Unit located at the Y. M. C. A. headquarters in Paris, doing canteen work with our army and helping in the evening with the entertainments for the men. "The Y. M. entertainments have done much for the morale of our boys. I truly think that if they had done nothing but run the movies, theatres and other shows, they would be justified in their existence. * * Last Saturday night, twenty of our college unit women went to a camp at Fontainebleau where we met nine hundred enlisted American boys who entertained us royally at supper and a dance. The music was splendid and every boy was just breaking his heart to dance with us. Each time the boy in charge blew his whistle to change partners we were literally lifted off the floor by a dozen arms all trying to get us. After the concert, which followed the dance, the officers escorted us to our hotel and Sunday we were their guests at camp. The feature of the day was tank

riding, and it was great fun to be knocking down trees and other large objects. A young captain took me out for revolver practice and I may say that I might have done much better even if it were my first try."

Polly Piper, '15, writes: "Last summer my application as stenographer, which I made at the Scituate Proving Grounds was accepted, and I worked for the next two months as I had never suspected I could. Another stenographer and myself were on the Constructing Quartermaster's staff, seven officers from a major down, and we took care of all their correspondence, blue prints, etc. We spent the first part of the winter in Chicago so as to be near father, but after he received his discharge returned to Detroit. I have visited Margaret Sherman in Toledo and have kept busy with canteen work and my singing in the cathedral choir. Before long I hope that I shall be returning to enter my young sister at Rogers Hall."

Alice Faulkner Hadley, '02, writes: "We are very happy in our new home here in Gary, Indiana, and find the people very congenial. It is most interesting to see how the city is improving. We were a bit worried about the Bolshevik outbreak early in May but the situation was handled so well that nothing serious occurred. Barbara has started kindergarten and enjoys both the work and the children. She entertains us with minute details of what happens each day."

Margaret McJimsey Kiplinger has moved to Caspar, Wyoming, where she and her husband will make their home.

Mary Jeannette McJimsey, '17, has been discharged from the nurses' training camp at Camp Taylor, Ky., and is home again in Vincennes, still very enthusiastic about her experiences.

Emily Jane Judah Bayard and her husband are building a house near Emily's old home in Vincennes.

Sybil Wright Eaton, '04, regrets that she cannot be at school for the Victory Reunion. "I spent all of last year following Stanley about the country. From January till May we were in Tacoma while he was at Camp Lewis. We had the summer at the University of Maine, the fall in Amherst, and the winter at New Hampshire State College in Durham. In each place

Stanley was Commanding Officer so that it made it a very interesting year and one that I should not ask to have changed. But we have purchased a home here in Sioux City (2902 Jackson St.), and I look forward to settling down to a normal life again

* * * I have been much interested in the accounts in 'Splinters' of the work of the girls who are overseas and a short time ago met a Dr. Welles of the Harvard Unit who knew Gladys Lawrence."

Ethel Stark, '14, had Helen Towle Creighton, '14, with her during the winter and visited Helen before she and her husband moved back east to Wilmington, Del. Ethel frequently sees Anita Graf Kasten and her lovely baby girl. Ethel was busy with Red Cross and canteen work in Milwaukee up to the time of her marriage the last of May. Her new home will be in Pittsburgh.

During May, Helen Squire and Esther Watrous, '18, were in Boston, Helen taking special work at Bryant & Stratton's and Esther a course at Miss Farmer's school. Esther helped in a "Fat Conservation Campaign" in Clinton from Christmas until May. "We are very well satisfied with our efforts, since Clinton has been reported one of the eight places in this country to make a successful campaign for saving waste fats. I have already made nearly one hundred cakes of soap and shall have another large batch soon. We have reports of our work in the Cornell Bulletin in the 'Farm Bureau News' published by the N. Y. State Department of Home Economics."

Jeannette Rodier, '17, worked in the Red Cross Civilian Relief from February to May doing the filing and making out the individual reports.

Josephine Morse, '07, was chairman of the Women's Committee in Lancaster for the Victory Loan and in addition she has a group of Girl Scouts for whom she is leader. "With twenty-five colonies of honey bees becoming very active and needing attention, you can see why I am too busy at home to think of returning even for Field Day."

Marie Elston writes: "I certainly do wish that I lived near Lowell so that I could return for Field Day. Florence Mars and I have made many plans about going east but last year war

work prevented us from putting them through. Florence is now at Excelsior Springs with her family. She expects to visit Dorothy Woods in Kansas City before she returns * * * When I was in Chicago during Christmas, I saw Alice Lang Bogardus and had such a good visit with her. Little Tommy is quite perfect."

Helen Easton Baker says: "It is with such deep regret that I must decline for the Victory Reunion for the memory of the twenty-fifth anniversary is still such a delight. Since the Red Cross activities in Glens Falls have subsided somewhat, I have indulged in many 'birding' expeditions. My family tease me about this hobby but I am so interested and know all the thrills of seeing and identifying a new one. The woods mean so much more than they used to when one can place the songs and sounds. My husband is a fisherman and we have such good times when we can run off for half a day. Trout streams are near us and he seems to have the real sporting proclivity in that he has a wonderful time whether the fish are biting or not! If I see even one new bird the trip is rewarded. We love our location more and more as time goes on, and have selected a lot on a pretty street on which we shall build eventually. Already we have begun to cut out pictures of houses, corners of rooms or gardens and I find the advertising sections of the magazines most fascinating."

Joanna Carr Swain, '08, and her husband are again settled in Syracuse, N. Y., where they have an apartment at 919 Ackerman Avenue. "It is good to end the uncertainty of the past two years. We went to Camp Dix last July and I was fortunate enough to be at the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House all the time that Burr was in camp, and remained when he went to Georgia for machine gun training. In October I came up to New York to work for the Y. M. C. A. and was with them when the armistice came and worked until my husband's return at Christmas ended my career as a business woman * * * Kath Carr Wilson and her husband have come back from France and are doing Y. M. C. A. work in New Brunswick where I hope to see them before the freshness of their overseas experiences has been lost."

Marion Kennedy, '10, spent the winter at Palm Beach, Fla., and had a glorious time. "I have been very frivolous and my one serious thing is taking a stenographic course last summer. For two months I worked in father's office but after the war ended, I fled and have been playing ever since instead of applying for a government position as I planned."

Elizabeth Johnston, '17, visited Marcia Bartlett Denault, '17, in No. Oxford for the week preceding Field Day when both girls drove over to school for the day.

Kathryn Redway, '13, the first of May began work as a secretary for Mr. Grannis in her home parish of St. Anne's Church.

Margaret Bigelow, '15, has been driving for the Red Cross Motor Corps in Worcester, but resigned in May when her fiance returned from France as she plans to be married during the summer.

Elizabeth McCalmont, '17, was unable to return for Field Day but spent the preceding week-end at school. She is working very hard at her singing but frequently meets at the Three Arts Club in New York City, Virginia Muhlenberg and Dorothy Burns, '15, for a Rogers Hall old girls' gossip!

Elouise Bixby, '16, has had a very busy and happy year in her art work. The entire class went on to New York to paint for a week and stayed in Greenwich Village. Elouise spent several days with Dorothy Johnson Salisbury and also met Lucy Clark Alexander.

Marian Huffman, '15, has spent a busy winter working in an office in a position that she characterizes as "Chief Office Goat" but even so says she would not have missed it. She expects Polly Piper for a visit when she comes east and later will be with her at Scituate.

Ethel Merriam Van Horn has moved to a new home in Springfield, 197 Florida Street, next to her father's house. Lois Fonda Willson has visited her and Alice Bailey stopped over for a night.

Eleanor Taylor, '18, expects to finish her course at the Burdett Business College in August so will be north until then.

Doris Jones, '17, came on for Field Day, driving her car all the way from Chicago. She and her mother hope to be east for most of the summer.

Gwendolen Perry, '11, is to have a miniature girls' camp at Lake Megunticook, Me., for the summer, starting with about a dozen girls under sixteen years of age.

Anthy Gorton, '05, has been working hard this winter at her singing and taking French lessons. Anthy has sung for the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. huts while in Boston and has done some translating and clerical work.

Agnes Tibbetts Owens, '10, writes that she is very busy with her small family. "The twins are the dearest boys but very lively! and with the young lady four years old added to them, I can't begin to keep up with all my duties."

The old girls who were in school when Miss Annable (Mrs. Trefethen) was teaching, will be interested in a recent letter of hers to Miss Parsons: "The copy of 'Splinters' that came to me in the spring was a revelation of the growth of social spirit in the war activities. What wonderful records the Rogers Hall girls have made! Isn't Miss Coburn's sketch spirited in the school history which you have just sent me? It visualizes those early days so clearly. Now I am eager to come back and see all the new buildings and the various activities which you have stimulated."

May 22nd, Marjorie Potter Willson gave a piano recital in Boston at the studio of her teacher, Harold Vinal.

Kathrine Kidder, '14, had charge of the Salvation Army drive in Woodstock and the aftermath of this prevented her from coming on for Reunion. "I really don't know what I am going to do when I can't beg any more! I know people hang on to their purses a little tighter when they see me coming for I have asked so many times for all sorts of drives."

Kathryn Kenney Goettel has a new address, Box 585, Mineola, Long Island. She had planned to come on for Reunion but her husband had to undergo very suddenly an operation for appendicitis.

Irma Richardson, '17, writes that she has been working at the Worcester State Hospital for nine months where she is now doing double duty under two physicians.

Margaret Wood, '16, was graduated from the Boston School of Physical Education in May. During the summer she is to take charge of swimming and tennis at the Brockton Y. W. C. A. for June, and to be a councillor at Camp Quinibeck for a month. She has accepted a position at Miss Master's School at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. for next year where she will have sole charge of the corrective gymnastic work.

Helen Eveleth, '15, was graduated this June from Miss Wheelock's School in Boston where she has studied kindergarten.

Of the class of 1919, eight expect to enter college, Marjorie Adams, Vassar; Elizabeth Berry, Simmons; Pauline Goodnow and Virginia Thompson, Sweet Briar; Margaret Hussey, Bryn Mawr; Judith Sessions, Smith, and Ruth Shafer, Columbia. Faith Shaw will enter nurses' training at the Children's Hospital in Boston.

From the Biennial Alumnæ record we learn that Margaret Blanchard, '08, is Mrs. George F. Smith and her address is 6 Cedar St., Montpelier, Vt.

April 13th, a son, Thomas Talbot, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Clark (Eugenia Meigs) in Lowell, Mass.

Emilie Ordway Weymouth, '13, has moved to Maryland, where she is living in Elk Mills, Cecil County.

Helen Porter has moved to Hollywood, California, where her address is 1447 Fuller Ave.

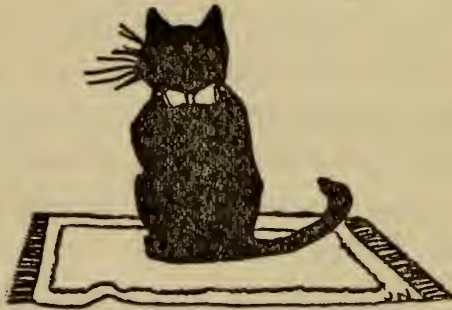
April 10th, a son, Philip D, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H. Case (Clara Smith, '02) in Worcester, Mass.

Prudence Robinson, '10, has served as secretary at the Red Cross Convalescent House, connected with the U. S. A. General Hospital, No. 3 in Rahway, N. J. "It's a wonderfully interesting life for the hospital is filled with a capacity of sixteen hundred men, mostly from overseas. The Red Cross House is a busy spot from ten in the morning till ten at night. During

the day it serves as living room and hostess house for the convalescents and in the evening there is always an entertainment for them."

The following statistics may interest our readers, culled from the one hundred and nine replies that have thus far been received out of the six hundred and thirty odd questionnaires sent out: We have 47 sons, 31 daughters, 72 home-makers, 1 bee keeper, 6 social workers, 1 teacher, 7 nurses or nurses' aids, 4 secretaries, 2 dancers, 1 newspaper writer, 1 farmer, 3 professional musicians, 23 girls have the right to vote, 12 are opposed to suffrage (2 from suffrage states) and 70 are in favor.

Louise Jennison, '16, has been elected president of the Idler Club at Radcliffe College for her senior year. This is the highest honor that can come to a girl in Radcliffe which is within the gift of the students.



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